e Saturday Evening Post · August 27, 1966 · 35c

POST

SEP 14 '66

Can we stop SOVIET MISSILES?

I CAME BACK FROM DEATH

The trials of CANDY MOSSLER

IS PRAYER PHONY?

Here they are again–THE BEATLES

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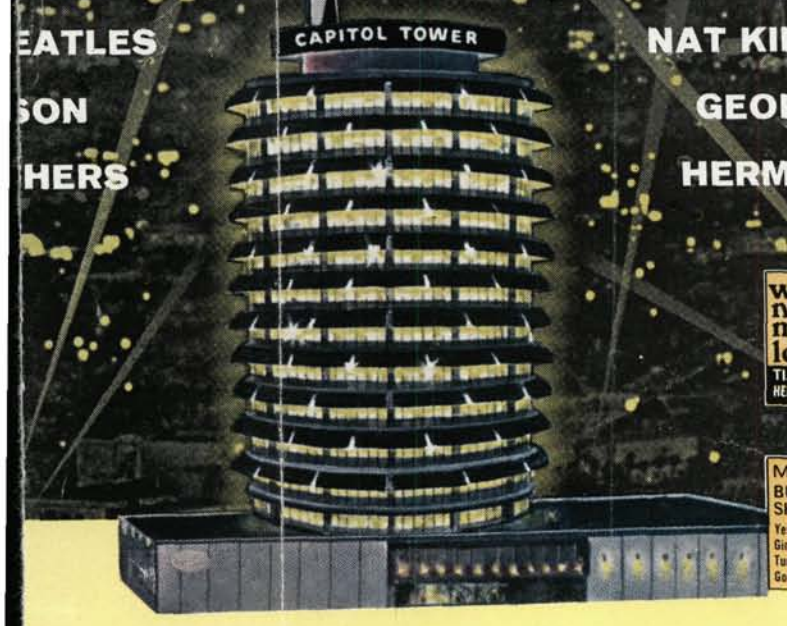
n out of life ... with the greatest hit



EATLES
SON
HERS

NAT KING COLE ★ TIJUANA BRASS ★ RAY CHARLES SINGERS ★
GEORGE JONES ★ STAN GETZ ★ GUY LOMBARDO ★ LOU RAWLS
HERMAN'S HERMITS ★ CONNIE FRANCIS ★ ELLA FITZGERALD ★

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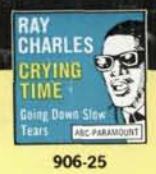

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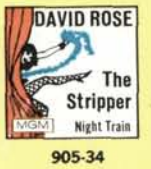

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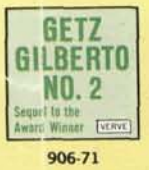

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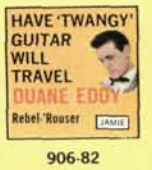

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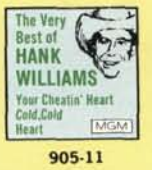

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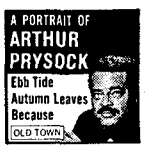

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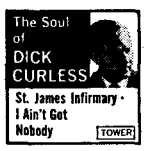

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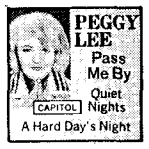

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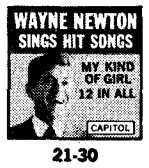

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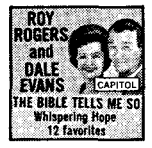

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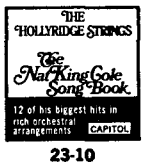

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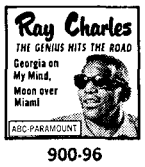

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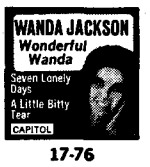

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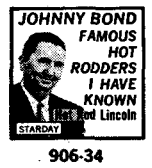

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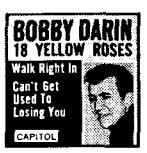

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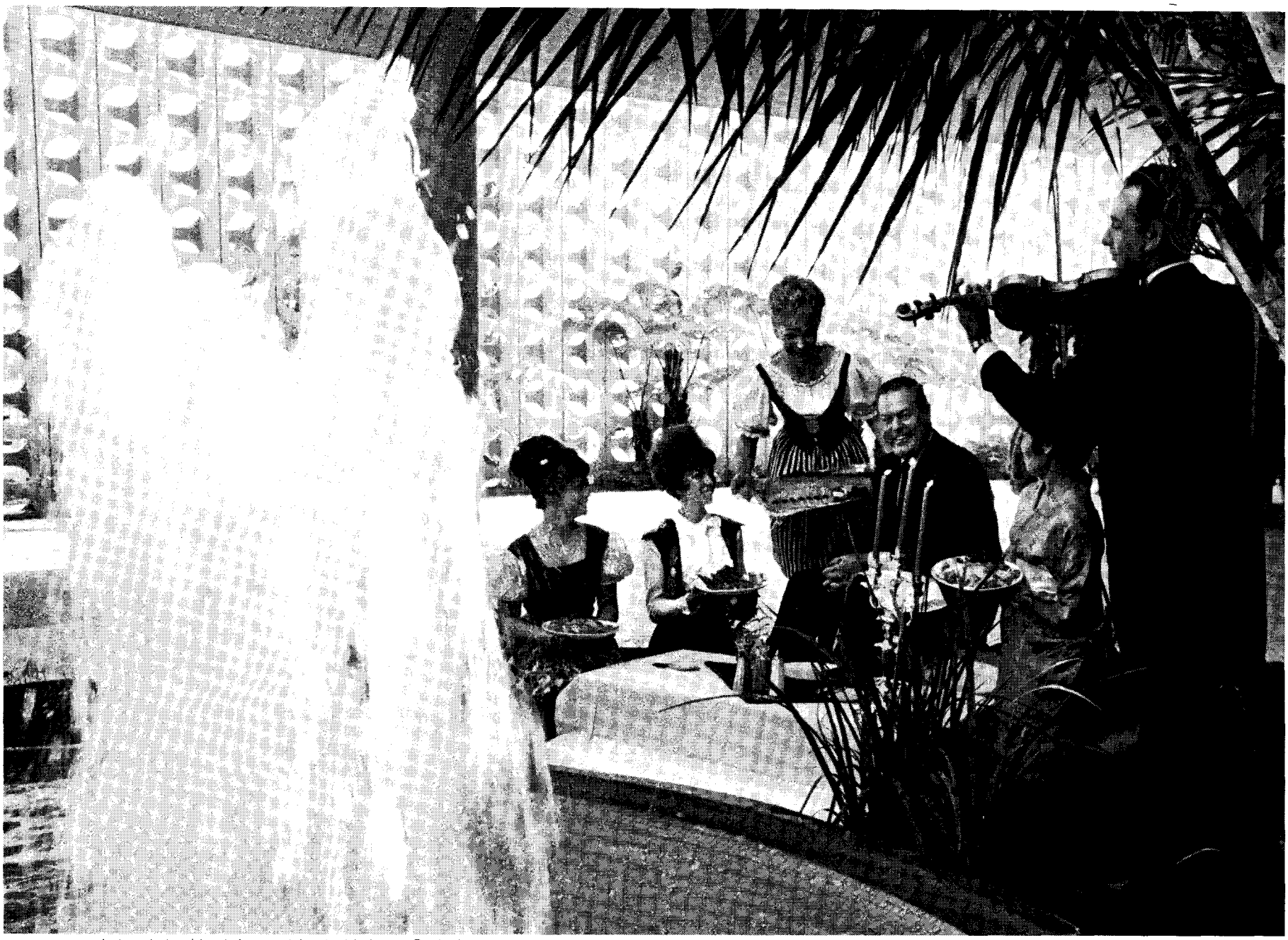

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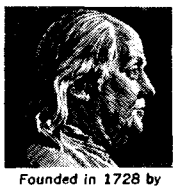

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About this issue

Michael Shaara

Jacques Lowe

LEWIS H. LAPHAM, whose report on the Candy Mossler trial begins in this issue, is currently represented in *Best Magazine Articles: 1966* with 'HAS ANYONE HERE SEEN KELLY?' A detailed account of the life and death of Broadway's most expensive flop, KELLY was four months in preparation and appeared in the *Post* of April 24, 1965; Lapham devoted six months to THE TRIALS OF CANDY AND MEL, and is now at work on a novel. . . . An assistant professor of English at Florida State University, MICHAEL SHAARA writes in this issue of his frightening encounter with death. This year Shaara received F.S.U.'s annual award for excellence in teaching. . . . JACQUES LOWE, who photographed the Shaara article, is best known for his pictures of the Kennedy family. In 1960 Lowe was John F. Kennedy's campaign photographer. . . . The current film, *How to Steal a Million*, is based on two *Post* stories by GEORGE BRADSHAW, whose story, THE GAY HEARTS, appears in this issue. / Cover photo by BILL FRANCIS.

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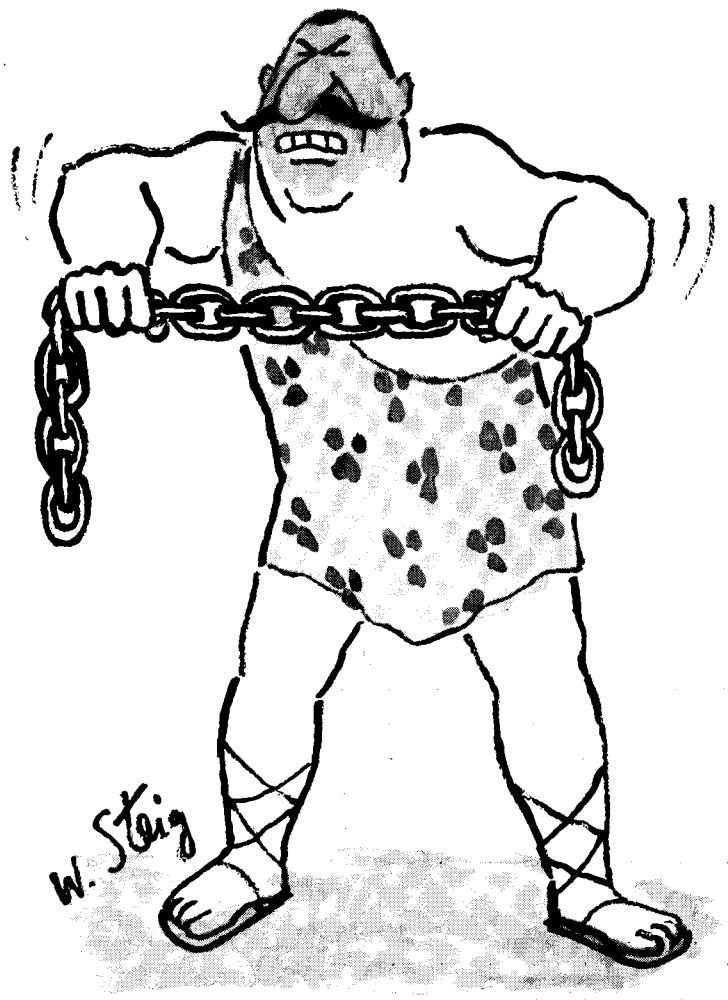

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Letters

Message from the First Lady

Dear Mr. Emerson:

What a pleasure it has been to read Mr. Bagdikian's wonderful article, THE RAPE OF THE LAND [June 18].

If the news that flows across my desk is any indication, from East to West and from North to South, Americans are waking up to the thoughtless destruction of their Nation's natural beauty. They want to do something about it, and they are asking their local officials and their national representatives to do something about it too.

Mr. Bagdikian's report illustrates the need for a beauty-minded citizenry to plan well, and to plan early, if those places we all cherish are to endure.

Thank you for such a timely coverage, and I shall be looking forward to further articles in your series on saving America's heritage.

MRS. LYNDON B. JOHNSON
Washington, D.C.

Kidnapped

Editors:

To my surprise, I noticed our 11-year-old son reading KIDNAPPED! by Peggy Ann Bradnick [with John Bird] in your July 16 issue. The story had been so very well written and the young lady's attitude so courageous and sympathetic toward this sick, lonely man that I'm sure our son benefited by reading of her experience.

Brava, Miss Bradnick—thank you, *Post.*

MRS. RALPH J. HARMON
Sacramento, Calif.

Gentlemen:

What a cheap and vulgar display of sensationalism! What some people will do to make a buck, and what some magazines will do to help them make it!

CHAS. F. PENDLEBURY JR.
Tucson, Ariz.

Dear Sir:

I would hope that journalists could find many other responsible young people like Peggy Ann Bradnick to write about. It might make all the difference in the general morality of our country if they did.

MRS. MATT KAZDA
Quincy, Wash.

Women watching

Dear Sirs:

Good for Elaine Kendall [WHY DO THEY TREAT WOMEN LIKE GUINEA PIGS? July 16]. By all or *any* means—LEAVE US BE!

MRS. ROBERT PIERCE
McMurray, Pa.

Dear Sir:

Three good rousing cheers! It's time the average American woman realized just how much she has been exploited and maneuvered, and struck out energetically for herself!

MRS. EDWARD J. MAHAN
Randolph, Mass.

Dear Sir:

The article should be reprinted by the millions and handed out in every supermarket in the country. HOORAY!

MRS. S. A. WILSON
Carmel, Ind.

Letter Editor:

Elaine says, and I quote, "For 50 years women have been the victims of gross invasion of privacy." What's so private about a fat woman dressed in a sausage casing? What's private about a topless waitress? Who gave Dr. Kinsey the material for his books?

Woman are and always have been their best press agents.

RALPH B. SPRAGUE
Van Nuys, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

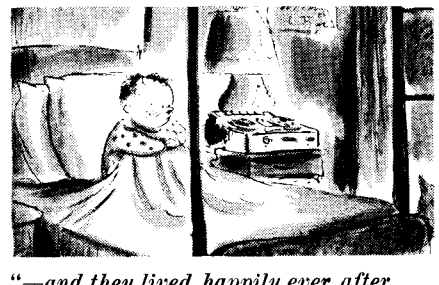
The day they quit watching us is the day to fear. We are like children and will have our attention one way or the other. Who cares what the watchers say as long as they don't ignore us?

HELEN MCKEE
Walnut, Calif.

Dad in Vietnam

Gentlemen:

This cartoon [Tannenberg, July 16] is sad and ironic, as this is exactly the way my husband "chats" with our four children—he is in Vietnam.



"—and they lived happily ever after.... Now be a good boy and go to sleep, and don't forget, Daddy loves you...."

And please continue your excellent articles concerning Vietnam. It helps to encourage me in my job at home while my husband is doing his job.

MRS. HERBERT W. BRILL
No. Little Rock, Ark.

Son in Vietnam

Sir:

I would like to thank Harold H. Martin for his wonderful article, MY SON IN VIETNAM [July 16]. It was just like reading a letter from our son, who is a medic in the 1st Cavalry, Co. B, 2nd Battalion.

Let us hope they can all return home soon.

ERMA WESTEDT
Hillpoint, Wis.

Gentlemen:

Mr. Martin's love for his son and his respect for him as a man is very heartwarming.

DORIS BOENDER
Wenatchee, Wash.

Dear Sir:

Into the jungles, through the villages, down the rat holes, and right up front with the men of the Airmobile Cavalry. Harold H. Martin makes us see it the way Ernie Pyle used to.

ROD BRINK
Cardiff, Calif.

Continued on page 6

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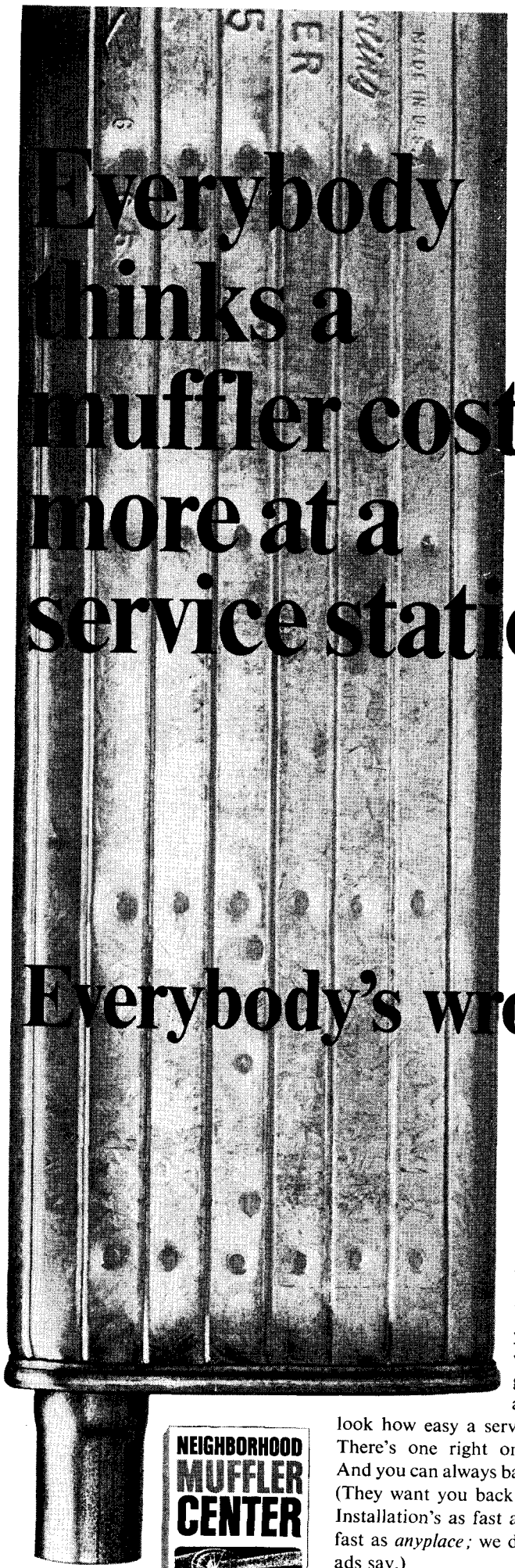
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Letters

D. C. Jail

Dear Editor:

Having recently served two years in federal prisons, I find myself in something more than complete sympathy with the plight of those incarcerated in the D.C. jail [THE DANGEROUS POOR by Stewart Alsop, July 16].

This simple truth should be made known: In order for rehabilitation to take place in an individual, he must be first properly fed and clothed, and second, but by no means less important, he must be protected from his fellows and their problems.

That an individual is in prison would indicate that he was unable to cope with his own problems—he doesn't need those unnecessary situational problems that plague our prison system today.

D.E.C.
W. Hartford, Conn.

Dear Sir:

Since time immemorial, jail conditions in every city of every country have been the target for the do-gooder. Does Stewart Alsop think these vicious animals should be accorded any better treatment than they meted out to their victims?

WM. H. RICHARDS
Philadelphia, Pa.

J. I. Rodale, Inc.

Sirs:

What a magnificent, vital human being! [APOSTLE OF THE COMPOST HEAP by Eleanor Perényi, July 16.] In an age when to care much about anything, including his wife, marks a man as peculiar and suspect, J. I. Rodale is worth cherishing.

DONNA TRELOAR
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Gentlemen:

Congratulations on not "throwing out the baby with the bathwater." Mr. Rodale may be an eccentric, but it was delightful to see someone noting that nonconforming ideas need not all be funny fads or Communist plots.

MRS. RAY WHITE
Woodstock, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

J. I. Rodale may expound some false or even dangerous ideas. The author, however, with unjustified vehemence, seemed to be condemning the man himself to the compost heap simply because he "crosses the contemporary American grain."

M. BARBARA PETERSON
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Sirs:

The fabulous J. I. Rodale is revealing again the massive gullibility that showman P.T. Barnum found so rampant in bygone years. Ponder feeding the world without chemical fertilizers that are the only logical source of expanding crop production. The organic gardeners and farmers should know that compost plant food is identical in makeup with synthetic fertilizers—soil bacteria break down both into the same plant-growth stimulants.

GUY TRIAL
New Haven, Mo.

The Sport

Dear Sir:

For an article about volleyball [THANK YOU, ANNETTE FUNICELLO by Arthur Kopit, July 16], the photographer got good shots of the pretty girls, and very little of the sport of volleyball (as an American male I enjoyed that, though).

Mr. Kopit gives a history of the game I had never heard of before, and I would question the reality of Jacques de Vollet and that volley ball "was played at first with a loaf of overbaked pumpernickel, four naked chambermaids to a side. . . ."

According to the National A.A.U. *Handbook of Olympic Sports*, 1965, and the *Physical Education Handbook*, Prentice-Hall, 1954, volleyball was invented in 1895 by William G. Morgan, Physical Director of the Holyoke, Mass., Y.M.C.A., who called it "Mintonette." A year later, at a Y.M.C.A. Physical Directors Conference at Springfield College (Mass.), Prof. Alfred T. Halstead suggested the name be changed to volleyball.

PHIL GRADY
Physical Director, Y.M.C.A.
Wooster, Ohio

Mr. Kopit says that while volleyball's origins are debatable, he got his history from the two volume classic, Sporting Life of Louis XV, *Pompadour Press, 1874.—Ed.*

Watts

Dear Sir:

As a former resident of L.A. county, I congratulate you on THE UGLY MOOD OF WATTS [by John Gregory Dunne, July 16].

JAMES M. SINGER
Soquel, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Ron Karenga [leader of a black-nationalist group called US] once lived in a small apartment house that was managed by a white woman who never doubted he was every bit her equal.

I would like him to know why she managed that house. Not for money—the most she ever got was half-rent and use of the washing machine.

She lived there because she wanted to widen her white horizons. She was the first manager in an all-white neighborhood to integrate her building, and for three years she endured the same taunts and insults, the same mysterious visits by the police, and the same window-smashing hatred as Ron.

And she endured at least one agony that Ron will never know: No matter how sincerely and bitterly you care, the blacks will never, never, never trust you, and the whites will never, never, never forgive you.

MELBA L. HERIC
Los Angeles, Calif.

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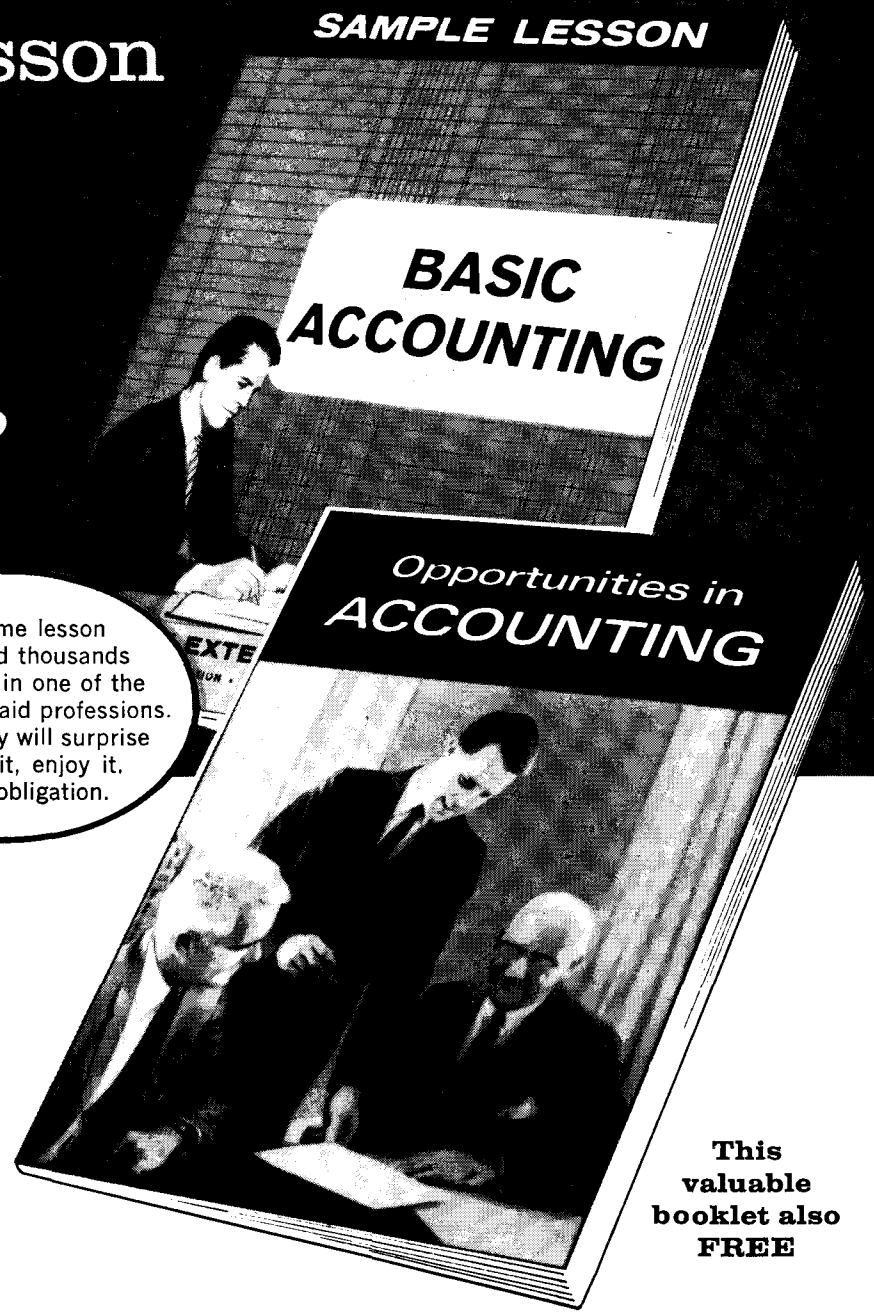

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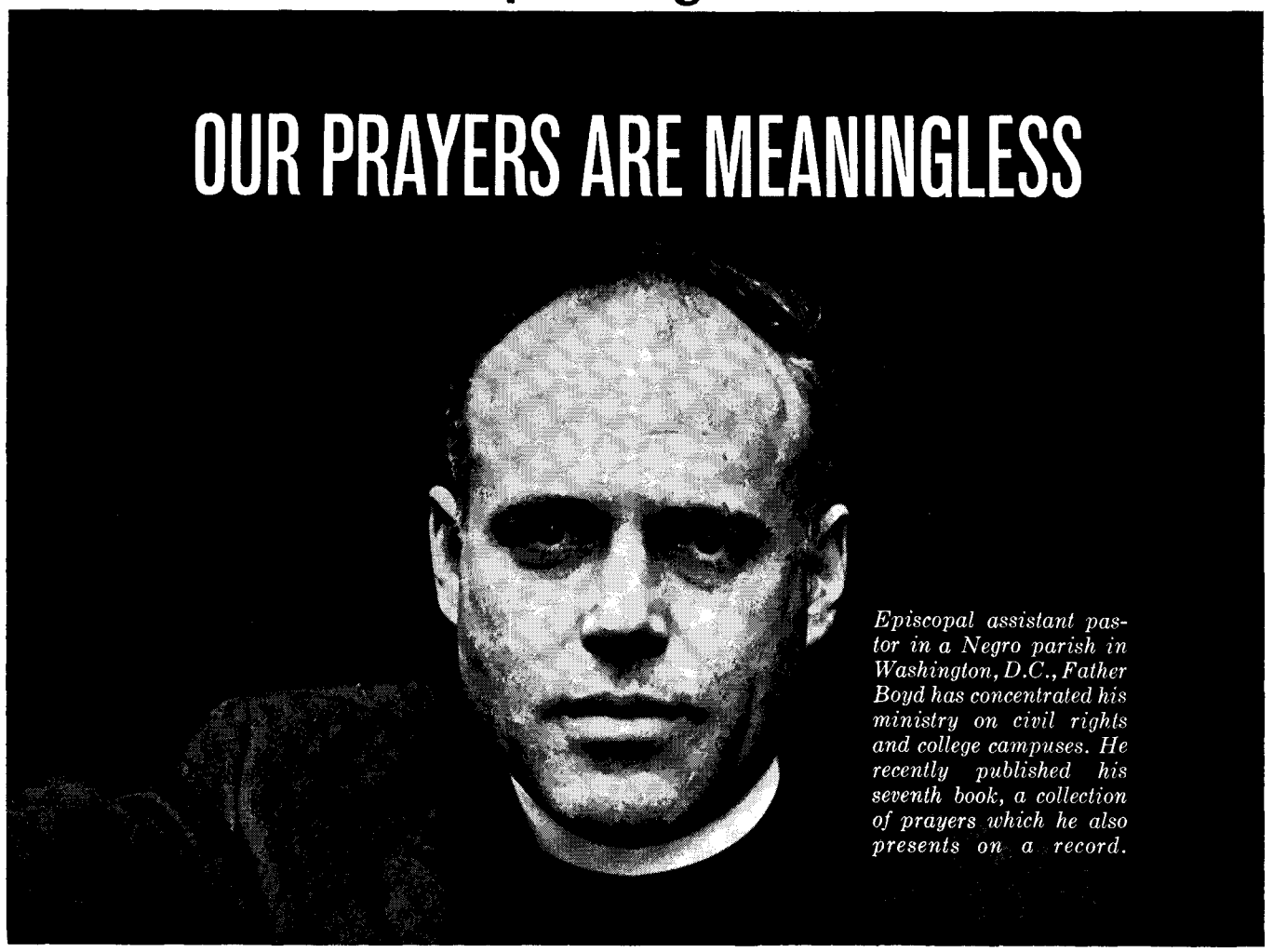
Speaking Out

OUR PRAYERS ARE MEANINGLESS



Episcopal assistant pastor in a Negro parish in Washington, D.C., Father Boyd has concentrated his ministry on civil rights and college campuses. He recently published his seventh book, a collection of prayers which he also presents on a record.

By Rev. Malcolm Boyd

The family is gathered around the dinner table, Jimmy is late, and Dad somewhat angrily declares that *everybody* must be present before grace can be said. Jimmy straggles in, there is a pause, and then Dad announces that it is Ann's turn.

"God is great, God is good, and we thank Him for our food." Ann is speaking hurriedly, in a singsong pattern, not at all her natural way. "By His hands we all are fed. Give us, Lord, our daily bread." And then, without taking a breath, Ann mutters "Amen." Food is served, and suddenly Ann says something. The pseudo-religious, baby-twangy rhythm and tone of voice are gone. Now she is speaking naturally, without a trace of her bizarre behavior during the grace.

Why is this drab scene repeated in millions of homes every day? Why is prayer invoked in such a way as to make it seem phony? Precisely because, for many people, prayer *is* phony. It is dragged in as magic, or a respectable custom, or because "it's good for the kids." It seems strange that parents don't realize how attitudes and actions are the real teaching devices, not mere words. To put it another way: Even the holiest words, when used in a phony manner, teach youngsters that the words themselves are phony.

We have killed prayer by making it phony. We have made it phony by not really meaning what we have said in the form of prayer. So it has become a cultural cliché. An elegant woman at a cocktail party kisses a friend and purrs, "God bless." Meaning good-bye. But it's chic this way. Not, in this setting, "God bless *you*"; that would be vulgar, and could even be construed as sincere, Heaven forbid. Then there is the cliché that occurs when somebody sneezes. Even in a tavern or hamburger joint, a voice may ring out: "God bless you." Meaning God-knows-what. Maybe "Get your handkerchief out" or at best, "I'm sorry you sneezed."

A nice, warm, prayerful glow is conveyed by the announcer who signs off the radio late at night with "Peace be with you." What does *that* mean? He can't mean "peace" in any serious Biblical or theological sense. "There is suffering and sinking, a being lost and a being rent asunder, in the peace of God," wrote Karl Barth, the Swiss theologian. A famous hymn refers to Jesus' disciples in this way:

Contented, peaceful fishermen,
Before they ever knew
The peace of God that filled their hearts
Brimful, and broke them too.

What kind of "peace" *is* the announcer talking about? Exactly the same kind of peace most people talk about when they pray—selfish, ingrown, uninvolved, meaning personal security and to-hell-with-other-people's-problems.

Religion does, in fact, become an opiate of the people when prayer is reduced to a supplication, however heartfelt, that life remain as it is. Prayer of this kind isn't saying "Thy will be done"; it's saying "My will be done, with Your blessing." And this is more than phony. It's blasphemy because it's playing a perpetual childish game with God. And this, I believe, is the way most of us pray today.

A child may be taught that prayer is foolish and hypocritical simply because he learns to say by rote, every night, "Now I lay me down to sleep." The child dutifully says this prayer along with going to the toilet, kissing mommy and daddy, and asking for a last drink of water. But the day comes when the child grows up and puts away childish things. One of them is prayer. He was never taught there could be the slightest tinge of maturity or reality in prayer. So he drops it.

For many, prayer is merely superstition. "*If* God is up there, I'm going to try to be on His good side." The theory is that prayer will produce magical results. If one prays hard enough, our team will win, Susie will be Homecoming Queen, God will heal a sore throat (presumably by punching a Medical Insurance file number in the Celestial Hospital). If one prays *very* hard, God will murder the enemy in war.

The immaturity of otherwise mature people, in approaching prayer, has often frightened me. I recall a 40-year-old man, an intellectual and cultural leader, who confessed that he had stood in agony at his young son's grave, unable to pray because he did not know the words of a single prayer. What made him think prayer consists of *words?* I remember the long discussions I had with a college student who wanted to pray but in her sorority house she couldn't kneel by her bedside; her roommates wouldn't understand. Anyway, she felt like a hypocrite praying at night after she had drunk a beer or been smoking. So she gave up praying.

A married male student I know told me: "I can't imagine saying a prayer and then leaping into bed to have sex with my wife." An older man put it differently: "When I am engaged with my wife in the sexual act, God turns His back." I often wondered how this anthropomorphic God looked; did he resemble Edward G. Robinson, Charlton Heston or Max von Sydow?

So prayer is fenced off from the rest of life. These are not the misconceptions of a tiny minority; these are the views of the vast majority. And many people indulge in a gambit when they tell someone else: "Pray for me." Meaning "I'm sad. I'm loused up." Meaning "Good-bye," or "See you next Tuesday." Meaning *anything.*

Let's go back to that grace before the meal. Ann said: "God is great, God is good." How would members of the family around that dinner table define God, not out of the catechism, but in their own words, out of their own experience, in a natural, honest way? *Is* He dead (for them), or is only their way of speaking about Him dead? Do they imagine He is *up there* or *down here?* But, if so, *where?* Some people have very definite ideas about where God is. I recall speaking about evangelism, of all things, to a group of suburbanites in an inner-city church building where they meet once a week. Otherwise they never go near the place and want nothing at all to do with anybody who lives in the neighborhood, which is a poor one. Evangelism (for them) concerns India, Brazil and Ghana. I happened to ask these evangelistic people if they had ever been inside the tavern across the street from the church. They reacted in shock and not a little anger. "You're here to talk about *evangelism,*" someone reproved me. So God couldn't be in the tavern. Then, precisely, where would He be?

Ann continued the grace: "By His hands we all are fed." But some of us are not fed. Does that mean He is mad at those who are hungry—perhaps punishing them for some sin—while He loves those who eat? So God loves the Haves and hates the Have-nots. God is the chaplain of the Establishment. These are the implications of the prayer, as Ann mouths it so mechanically. A priest who works in an urban slum area told me how an angry, hungry, unemployed ghetto family has modified Ann's grace. It goes: "God is great, God is good. God lives in our neighborhood. God!"

Ann is falling into the perpetuation of a false relationship with God when she says in a tone as peremptory as the one she'd use to get a long-distance number on the phone, "*Give me....*" She is being taught magic, dependence on the Great Paternalist, a holy kind of con game, though in fact we are co-creators with God in His continuing act of creation. What Ann learns about prayer at home will influence her for the rest of her life, more than anything else she

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

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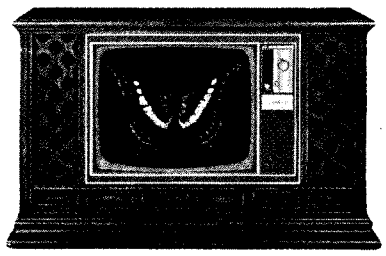

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may learn at a church or in a school. Her family perverts prayer so that it becomes a tranquilizer, and Ann will probably do much the same thing. She won't think about prayer until she becomes ill, or wants to be elected most popular in her class, or devoutly hopes Harry will win the track meet, or learns that her mother is dying of cancer: *Then* Ann will pray, dictating requests to God for His signature.

Though she has prayed, or been prayed over, every day of her life, Ann has never had a chance to examine the elementary questions: What is prayer supposed to be and do? Why pray at all? Does God need to be cajoled and chit-chatted into helping, for example, some starving children in Brazil? Will God, as a result of *my* prayers, manipulate some rich landlords in Rio de Janeiro or São Paulo? Is God waiting for a certain quota of prayers before taking divine action?

Basically, I believe that God prays in us and through us, whether we are praying or not (and whether we believe in God or not). So, any prayer on my part is a conscious response to what God is already doing in my life. Prayer, then, is response to, and communion with, God. It is an affirmation of one's belief in God's fatherhood of humanity and the brotherhood of all men.

When I pray, I believe that I somehow cut through the egotistical barriers I have constructed, in my life, to make myself as god, to have it all my own way, for my own interests, on my own terms. Prayer is both an affirmation I make that God is my life sovereign (instead of myself), and also the sovereign of my world. In praying, I seek to reach out from the shell of self-love and interest, and affirm human responsibility for others and the incredible dignity and beauty of every human life.

My prayer for some starving kids in Brazil, for example, is not in any sense meant to invoke magic; God is *not* a Rainmaker or Sacred Magician. Clearly, God has invested men with free wills. In prayer, when I bring my own free will to express an awareness of God's purpose for human life and a concern about hungry children, as well as to respond to Christ's prayer of human compassion within me, I am able to become a source of unity rather than disintegration within the universe. I am able to accept some of my responsibilities as a co-creator with God. Instead of being a cry for magic, my prayer becomes, in effect, an affirmation of order, mercy and social responsibility. In this sense, when I participated in a Freedom Ride in 1961, I considered it primarily a prayer because it fused words, action and life-style.

This leads to a related question: *What* should anyone pray for? Anything or everything, I believe. But the sensitivity of my prayers and the integrity of my own humanness will be enhanced as I become more specific in prayer (and in inseparably related actions). If in my prayers I do not draw back from life (or in the outreach of my life), or hold back from my communion with God (and my fellow man), I will increasingly be enabled to embrace God's creation with passion, and redemption without reservations.

When I am honest, I am striving to address God in prayer: "*Your* will be done." God's will is for justice, fulfillment, love, dignity, forgiveness and purpose. On its human side, prayer reaches its greatest meaning, I believe, when the life of the pray-er, and his prayer, become one. This does not mean piety worn on one's sleeve, or conventional words, but commitment, action and deep involvement on the basis of servanthood rather than exploitation. It means, really, that a man has enlisted in the cause of God's will. You may ask, what *is* God's will? I suggest that you pray and find out.

The fact that prayer has been perverted, that even the grace said by a young girl like Ann can be phony, has been demonstrated to me often since a book of mine was published a few months ago. It is a book of "modern," personal prayers; I titled it *Are You Running With Me, Jesus?* for that is a question that sometimes enters my mind when I am engaged with theology, or confronted by parishioners with desperate problems they expect me to solve, or even when I merely must get up in the morning of a difficult day. Reactions to the book have been fascinating. A TV commentator asked me, for example, what right have I to take Jesus with me into a homosexual bar? (One of my prayers begins with the words: "This is a homosexual bar, Jesus"; I believe that a priest must be concerned about all people, not just the ones society approves.) I told the interviewer, truthfully: "I don't take Jesus into a homosexual bar. I just join Him there for an hour." For those who see Jesus locked up inside church buildings and the religion sections of newspapers, it is inconceivable that He is really the Lord of life, present in every facet of humanity. Another of my prayers begins: "This young girl got pregnant, Lord, and she isn't married." It prompted one lady to comment about my "dirty" prayers. Did she mean that when she looked at a pregnant young girl, she saw something that the Lord of life would find "dirty?"

Meditations on many subjects are included in the book—for example movies. Many persons, I have found, don't see any connection between movies and prayer. Therefore, they see a connection between prayer and some things but not with everything. I disagree. I do not worship Jesus Christ merely as the Lord of religion. My relationship in prayer with Jesus is, as best I can manage it, without fear or constraint. This prayer from *Are You Running With Me, Jesus?* illustrates how I feel about that relationship:

It's morning, Jesus. It's morning, and here's that light and sound all over again.

I've got to move fast . . . get into the bathroom, wash up, grab a bite to eat, and run some more.

I just don't feel like it, Lord. All I seem to want today is the big sleep, and here I've got to run all over again.

Where am I running? You know these things I can't understand. It's not that I need to have you tell me. What counts most is just that somebody knows, and it's you. That helps a lot.

So I'll follow along, OK? But lead, Lord. Now I've got to run. Are you running with me, Jesus?

Malcolm Boyd.

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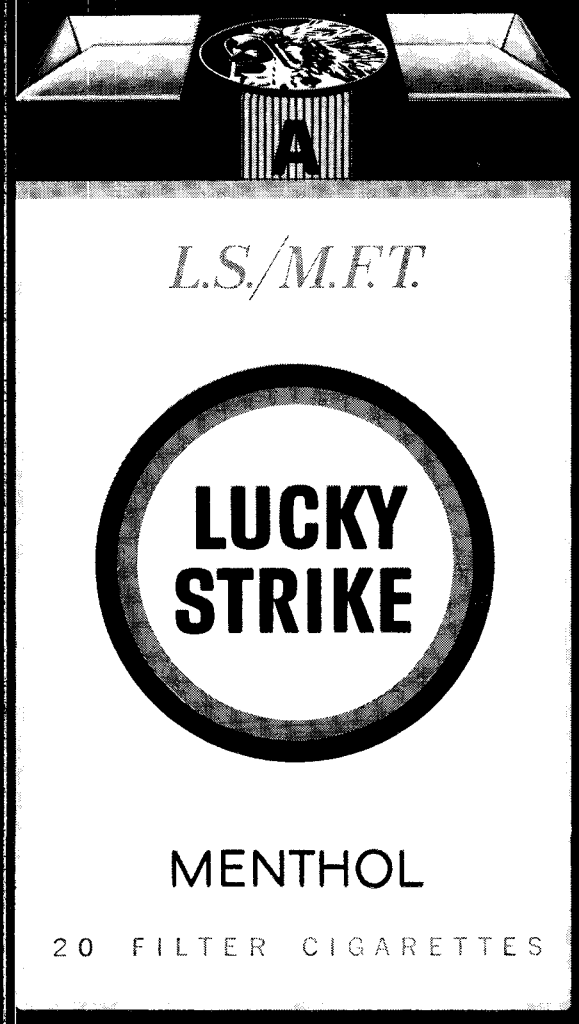

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The Kennedy Hurricane

WASHINGTON:

The most fascinating human-political equation in American politics today is the relationship between Sen. Robert F. Kennedy and President Lyndon Johnson. Washington argues interminably about two questions:

Can Lyndon Johnson exercise a veto power over Robert Kennedy's presidential ambitions? And if he has a veto power, will he use it?

The questions are unanswerable, of course, because the future is unknowable. But it is safe to predict that the Democratic Conventions of 1968 and 1972 are going to be climactic moments in the Kennedy-Johnson drama. It is therefore useful to recall the 1964 Democratic Convention in Atlantic City, as a guide to these conventions to come.

There was an unforgettable Orwellian flavor to the 1964 convention. Two vast photographs of Lyndon Johnson totally dominated the hall, and the delegates bore to the President the relationship of particularly sheepish sheep to their shepherd. Speeches were submitted in advance to the White House for review and correction, and every detail of convention procedure was tightly controlled by the President himself.

The President used his iron control to make absolutely certain that the strong undercurrent of pro-Kennedy emotion should not get out of hand. A tribute to the dead President and a speech by Robert Kennedy had been scheduled for the convention opening. The President shifted the tribute and the speech to the last day, when his choice for Vice President, Hubert Humphrey, had already been nominated, and no accidents could happen.

As the incumbent President and inevitable candidate, Lyndon Johnson will certainly dominate the convention in 1968 as totally as in 1964. As Harry Truman demonstrated, incumbent Presidents are almost impossible to defeat, so it seems a reasonable bet, politically as well as actuarially, that Lyndon Johnson will still be President when the 1972 convention is called to order.

To be sure, Johnson will be a lame-duck President in 1972. The convention will therefore be his last hurrah. Johnson being Johnson, his last hurrah is sure to be a loud and emotional hurrah, with every spotlight trained full on the President, and on no one else. Moreover, Johnson is no Eisenhower, and it seems safe to predict that a great many delegates—perhaps a majority—will still be in a sheep-to-shepherd relationship to the President.

All this suggests a logical conclusion—that Lyndon Johnson will have a veto power over Robert Kennedy's presidential nomination right through the 1972 convention. As for the second question—will he exercise his veto power?—there is a simple but vital element in the Johnson-Kennedy equation. This is the fact that the two men have always disliked each other very much.

Like Jack Sprat, who could eat no fat, and his wife, who could eat no lean, they are opposites—they simply do not speak the same language. Nothing has happened recently to change this mutual dislike into affection.

The President still quite often talks about John F. Kennedy as though he were trying to exorcise a ghost ("I may not have style, but I get the bills passed"—"I didn't go to Vienna and get down on my knees to Khrushchev"—and so on). This sort of talk inevitably gets back to Robert Kennedy, and it does not please him a bit.

As for the President, he is not a bit pleased either by Kennedy's politically damaging strictures on his policies, above all his policy in Vietnam. What pleases Johnson even less are the polls that show Kennedy much more popular than the President almost everywhere in the country.

Especially since those polls were published, the President's attitude toward Robert Kennedy has been, for public consumption, benign and avuncular. "I have no quarrel with Bobby Kennedy," the President is quoted as saying, "and he should have no quarrel with me." Kennedy himself has received small marks of presidential favor—a note on his 40th birthday, a luncheon invitation, a request for a briefing on his return from South Africa.

There have also been White House hints that "Hubert doesn't seem to have measured up." All this has been taken by some knowledgeable Washingtonians to mean that Lyndon Johnson is seriously considering dumping Humphrey and tapping Kennedy for his Vice President and heir apparent in 1968.

Anything can happen in politics, and no doubt even this could happen, if Lyndon Johnson decided that otherwise he faced defeat. But such a public confession of his own weakness would require the President to swallow a lot of pride—and Lyndon Johnson is a man who has a lot of pride to swallow. A little Kennedy-appeasement as reinsurance is one thing, but to dump the loyal Humphrey to make the man he very much dislikes his heir apparent is quite another.

It seems a lot more likely that President Johnson will use all his power to block Robert Kennedy, as long as he has the power to do so. Logically, for the reasons stated above, he *ought* to have the power to do so, right through 1972. But politics is an illogical business, and an illogical but widespread conviction is growing in Washington that Robert Kennedy is headed for the White House, and that there is really nothing much Lyndon Johnson can do to prevent it.

For Robert Kennedy's premature presidential candidacy seems to have become an irresistible phenomenon, a political hurricane or tornado, which no one, neither the President nor even Kennedy himself, can wholly control. Take Iowa, as an example of the irresistible force of this Kennedy phenomenon. Protestant, Middle-Western Iowa ought to be Johnson country, not Kennedy country, just as it was Nixon country when Nixon outpolled John Kennedy in Iowa in 1960 by a crushing 57 percent to 43 percent. Instead, the polls show the President in bad trouble in Iowa and Robert Kennedy a shoo-in. When the President made a speech in Des Moines a few weeks ago, this reporter asked a tableful of Iowa newspapermen for an explanation of this remarkable reversal of form.

"A lot of people voted for Nixon because they thought Jack Kennedy would put the Pope in Lincoln's bedroom," said one reporter. "Since the President was killed, they feel kind of guilty, and they want to make it up to the Kennedys. Besides, all the young people like Bobby." The other reporters at the table nodded in agreement.

The second part of this explanation is as important as the first. Robert Kennedy has a mysterious quality which Lyndon Johnson, for all his vast talents, wholly lacks. This is the rare quality of communicated excitement, a quality which concentrates the attention and shakes off apathy and cynicism. If Robert Kennedy, and he alone, still has this quality six years from now, nobody—not even the powerful and sagacious President—can prevent him from going where he wants to go.

Stewart Alsop

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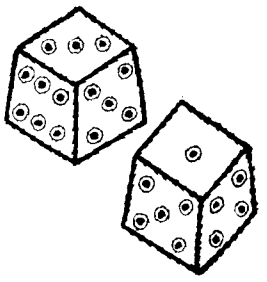
The Human Comedy



Plead Insanity and Skip Three Turns

BY NORMAND POIRIER

The old kick just isn't there anymore, Charlie," the gray-haired fellow standing next to me was telling his friend at the commuter bar. "She landed on my *Boardwalk* with a *hotel* and I didn't even care! She was wiped out and all I did was yawn."

"Well," Charlie said, "maybe we're getting too old."

I felt a chill. *My* Monopoly wasn't giving me any bangs lately, either. I'd caught myself trading properties with my wife before the game was two hours old. I would go by GO and forget to collect $200. Was I getting too old? Had our marriage gone stale? Was I jaded from too many stops on posh Park Place, too many rides on the Reading? The answer hit me two days later when I read a newspaper headline:

WATER WORKS CLOGGED BY POLLUTION

Of course! I hadn't grown too old for Monopoly. Monopoly hasn't kept up with me. My Water Works never gets clogged by pollution. The only trouble I have with my Water Works is figuring four times the numbers on the dice. Monopoly was great in the Depression, but does it relate to the Great Society?

Take the Community Chest and Chance cards:

Go to Jail, Go Directly to Jail, Do Not Pass Go, Do Not Collect $200.

The law isn't that blunt anymore. Card should read: "Go to jail, unless preliminary hearing shows you were improperly advised of Constitutional rights against self-incrimination, in which case, roll again."

Get Out of Jail Free.

Why should anyone get out of jail free? A card reading "The American Civil Liberties Union Defends You Free" would be liberal enough. Or why not just "Plead Insanity." ("Insane" players should remain immobile for three rolls of the dice.)

Take a Ride on the Reading.

The Reading and Pennsylvania railroads long ago merged their runs to Atlantic City—which inspired most of Monopoly's place names—and the number of passengers has plummeted. Card should read: "Take a Ride in a Car Pool."

Bank Error in Your Favor—Collect $200.

How often does this happen in this day of coded checks and computers? Card should read: "You Have a Friend at Chase Manhattan—Collect $200."

You Have Won Second Prize in a Beauty Contest—Collect $10.

The ante will have to be raised. Second-prize winners now get at least a sports car, a movie contract, a scholarship and a handshake from Bert Parks.

You Have Been Elected Chairman of the Board—Pay Each Player $50.

This sort of payoff is much too blatant for today's image-conscious tycoons. The SEC would ask questions. Make it, "New Stock Option—Collect $200."

The game rules and the board itself need updating, too. Why, for instance, limit a lush green property like Pennsylvania Avenue to four houses? Any self-respecting home builder would squeeze in at least a dozen houses and call it Golden Leisure Homes.

That FREE PARKING corner should adopt the currently popular rate schedule: Mon/Fri $3 1st hr $1 addtl ½ hr to 8 hrs $5 24 hrs xcpt Sat/Sun/Hol $2 1st hr .25c addtl ¼ hr. And there should be more parking lots. Slum areas like Mediterranean Avenue (rent $2) and Baltic Avenue (rent $4) should long since have been cleared of tenements by urban renewal and asphalted for metered parking.

One or two ciphers should be added to all sums to eliminate obvious anachronisms like "Doctor's Fee—Pay $50." Players would need more money—but that could be solved by providing charge plates for routine expenses, and credit cards to be used when landing in an opponent's hotel. A player could pay off debts by having his salary garnisheed when passing GO.

The Income Tax structure—10 percent or $200—wouldn't raise enough for foreign aid to Mali. We have a Poverty War now, and Medicare, and Vietnam, and a Clogged Water Works. A graduated tax at a base of 20 percent should be withheld, although loopholes—business deductions, charitable contributions, oil depletions—could be worked into the Community Chest cards. ("You Have Established a Foundation—Deduct $500 From Income Tax.")

The modern security-minded Monopoly player should be able to buy Insurance Policy cards which would protect him against any major losses from bad rolls, unlucky Chance cards, or acts of God such as a power shutdown at his Electric Company.

In addition to the "banker," a player designated "C.P.A." should keep track of things, and an "attorney" should interpret new rules and handle appeals to Parker Brothers. Finally, the classic tokens used for moving around the board should be modernized. A thimble was a fine homey symbol when women were sewing, but it should be replaced (say, by an open purse). A Polaris sub would be better than the Maine-type battleship. Replace the Stutz Bearcat with a rear-engine dragster, the flatiron with a three-speed mangle and the top hat with a plastic Beatle wig, and Monopoly may still make it. □

NAIAD EINSEL

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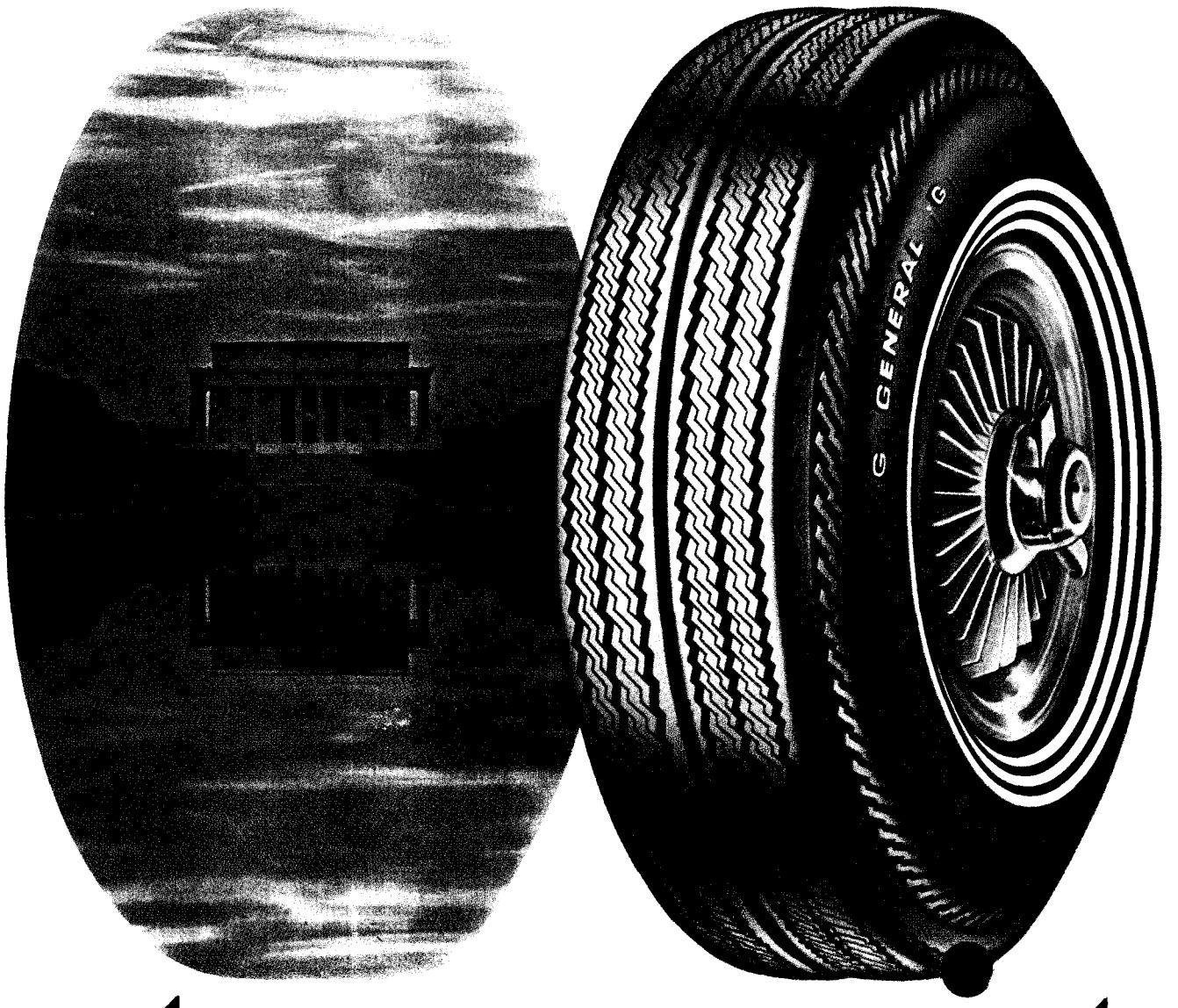

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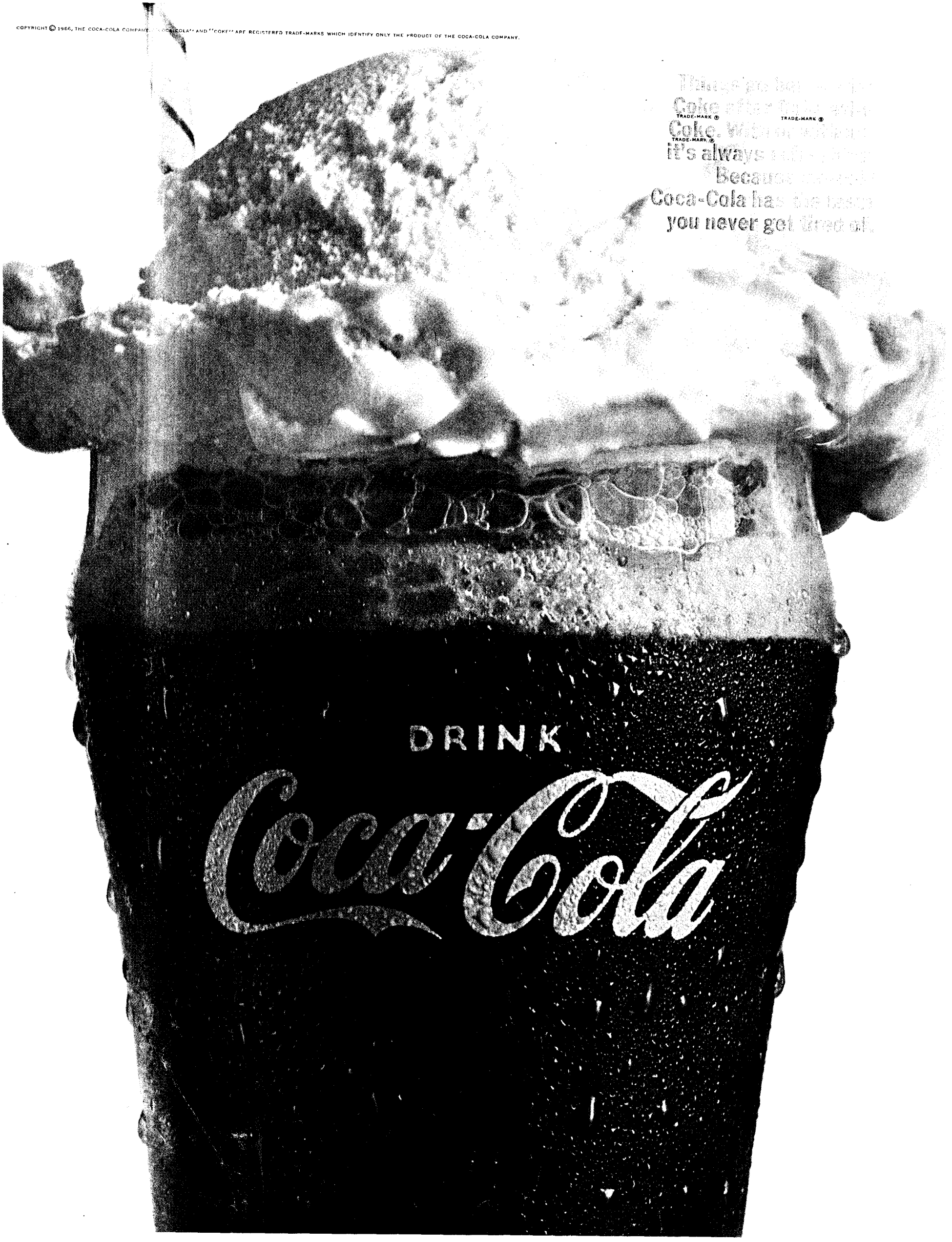

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The Saturday Evening POST

Can Nike X save us?

This fantastic weapon can track down and destroy any attacking missile—but it may never be built.

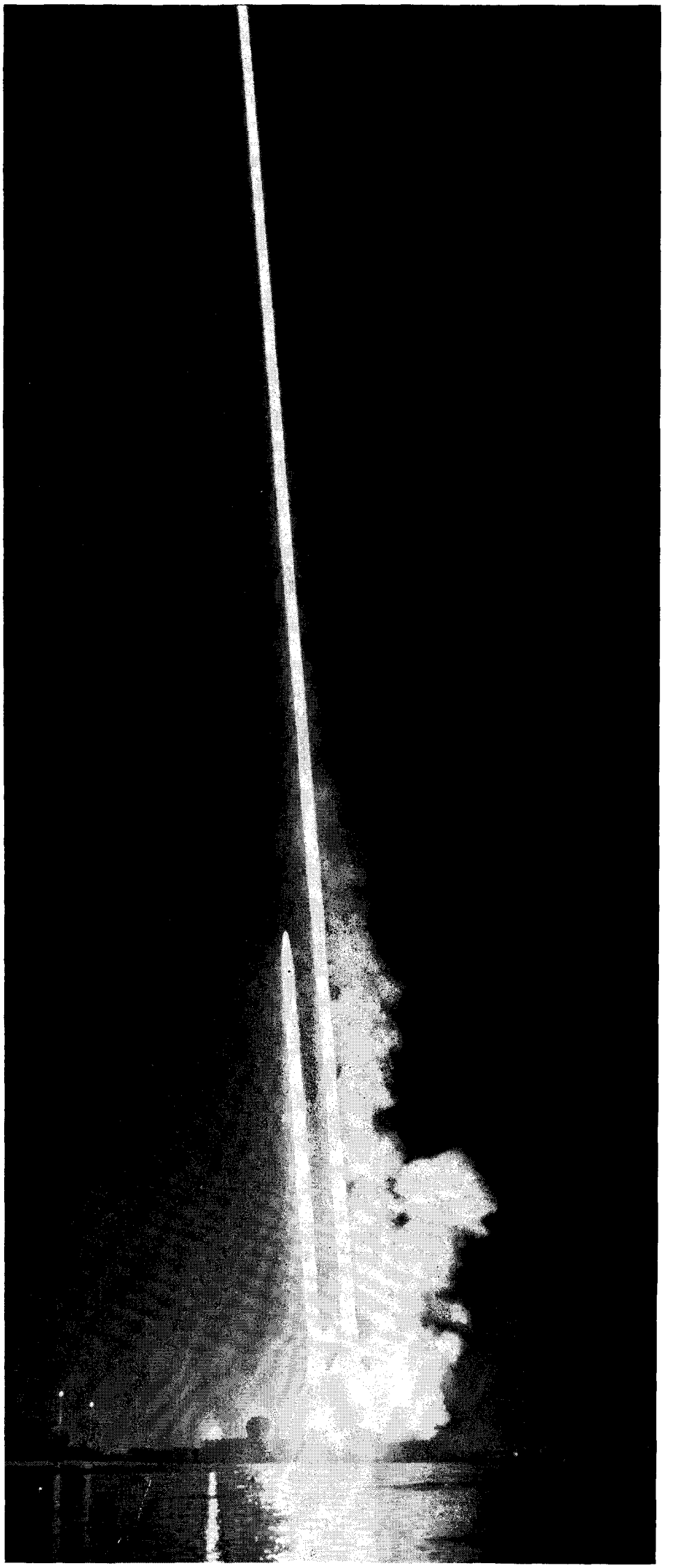
By Bill Davidson

It is a day which, pray God, will never come. Our long-distance radar has picked up a series of fast-moving clouds streaking toward our major cities at 16,000 miles an hour. The warning is given and dozens of missile defense centers go on the alert.

From a tense military installation hidden among the dairy farms of the Hudson Valley, thousands of probing beams of radar shoot into space to investigate the cloud approaching New York City. In split-seconds the beams cut back and forth across the cloud of dummy warheads, balloons, metallic chaff and other "penetration aids" designed to hide the real nuclear missiles. Computers analyze the radar echoes and find three actual warheads in the cloud—each capable of devastating 60,000 square miles of territory and killing millions of people.

An order is given in a concrete blockhouse. Three graceful arrow-shaped missiles—called DM15X-2's—erupt from their underground silos. Nuclear-tipped, the 53-foot-long missiles speed up into and beyond the atmosphere, each locked by radar onto one of the targets. In the blockhouse, technicians watch their radarscopes, as the green lines traced by our DM15X-2's approach the red lines made by the incoming warheads. In seconds the green lines intersect the red lines, which waver and disappear. Three hundred miles or so out in space the interceptions have been made. At a point close to the incoming missiles—a point determined by computer—the nuclear warhead on each of the DM15X-2's has been detonated.

But the danger to the city is not yet over. The nuclear explosions have caused an ionized cloud to form, temporarily blinding our radar—and a fourth enemy warhead is slipping through the cloud. This fourth warhead is streaking down on New York at more than four miles per second. In another blockhouse much closer to the city, another order is given, and a slim, 27-foot missile called the



Two Nike Zeus missiles streak skyward in a test interception of an invading warhead.

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Sprint is catapulted out of its underground silo at a speed so fast that it can hardly be seen. A short-range, last-resort weapon, it reaches the incoming warhead less than 150,000 feet above the ground. Its nuclear-armed tip is detonated, and the enemy warhead, broken and riddled by fragments, falls harmlessly into empty fields.

This DM15X-2-Sprint missile team, combined with its remarkable radar network, is called "Nike X." It is one of the most fantastic defensive-weapons systems ever devised by man. The only thing wrong with it is that, except for research components developed over the last nine years (at a cost of more than $2 billion), Nike X does not exist. It may never exist.

One reason is that it would cost an estimated $25 to $30 billion to produce and deploy such a system to protect perhaps two thirds of the country's population. Another is that, without the sort of full-scale testing forbidden by the Nuclear Test Ban Treaty, we can't be certain that Nike X would really do even as well as that. It could shoot down some attacking missiles, but no one knows how many other missiles would get through. Under the circumstances, the Administration has flatly opposed pushing the weapons system beyond the research-and-development stage.

Thus the United States lacks the kind of defense against I.C.B.M.'s that the majority of Americans believe we have. In fact, if World War III should start tomorrow, we could not shoot down a single modern enemy missile that was equipped with penetration aids. The original Nikes—Ajax and Hercules—were widely deployed, but they were designed for use against manned bombers. Nike Zeus, which has proved as accurate as the Soviet antimissile missile that Nikita Khrushchev boasted could "hit a fly in space," has never gone into production. "We, too, can shoot down one fly," says Dr. Charles Herzfeld, director of the Defense Department's Advanced Research Projects Agency, "but finding and shooting down one warhead hidden in a cloud of chaff is something else again."

Only the nonexistent Nike X could do that. Because of this capability, Nike X is currently causing one of the bitterest behind-the-scenes controversies in Washington since the decision to produce the hydrogen bomb. If it weren't for the distraction of the Vietnamese war, the Nike X controversy undoubtedly would be raging now in Congress and on newspaper front pages. "It *has* to erupt into public discussion," says Sen. Henry Jackson of Washington, a member of the Senate Armed Services Committee, "because in all its history, this country has never faced a more vital decision. At stake is whether millions of us survive or die in a nuclear holocaust."

Like the Vietnamese struggle, the Nike X controversy has its "hawks" and "doves." The hawk argument is a simple and primitive one. It says, "Forget the detente we seem to have reached with the Russians, the nuclear-test ban, the dangers of an arms race. The only important factor is saving American lives." One of the most articulate hawks, Gen. Arthur Trudeau, former U.S. Army chief of research and development, has said, "The difference in having the Nike X system is the difference between about 140 million and 70 million lives. Well, if you can save 70 million lives for 25 billion dollars, which is $350 per person, I think it should be done. I consider my life worth at least that much."

Another noted hawk, Rep. F. Edward Hébert of Louisiana, a member of the House Armed Services Committee, cannot understand why we do not simply produce a defensive weapon against a known offensive threat, just as we developed the antiaircraft gun to combat enemy bomber planes in World War I. Rep. Hébert says, "How can we stake our whole future on the deterrent factor of our own offensive missiles, which may or may not work when the showdown comes?"

The doves argue that in the nuclear age all past theories of offense and defense are meaningless. Jerome B. Wiesner, former scientific aide to President Kennedy and now dean of the School of Science at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, declares, "In the Battle of Britain in World War Two, the British won by shooting down only ten percent of the attacking Nazi bombers. In a nuclear war, these percentages would be reversed. If only ten percent of the attacking missiles penetrate our defenses—and not even the most avid proponents of Nike X think we can intercept more than two thirds—the United States would be so devastated that there would be nothing left to defend."

Much of the American scientific community agrees. Dr. Ralph E. Lapp, who helped develop our first atomic bomb, says, "The best the hawks can promise with Nike X is 140 million survivors and 70 million fatalities. They talk about 70 million dead citizens as if that would be some kind of a victory. And what about the 140 million survivors? Nikita Khrushchev once said, 'If nuclear war comes, the living will envy the dead.' That is so true. With everyone's bone marrow irradiated, our defenses against viruses and bacteria will be so reduced that the population will be ravaged with uncontrollable epidemics. There will be no food, and even if we replant immediately, the strontium-90 levels in grains will make them inedible for years. All the birds will have been killed by radiation, which means that the insects, which have higher resistance to radiation, will literally take over the world, since there will be no birds to eat them. Also, much of the ground cover will be gone, especially the evergreens, and floods will devastate the continent."

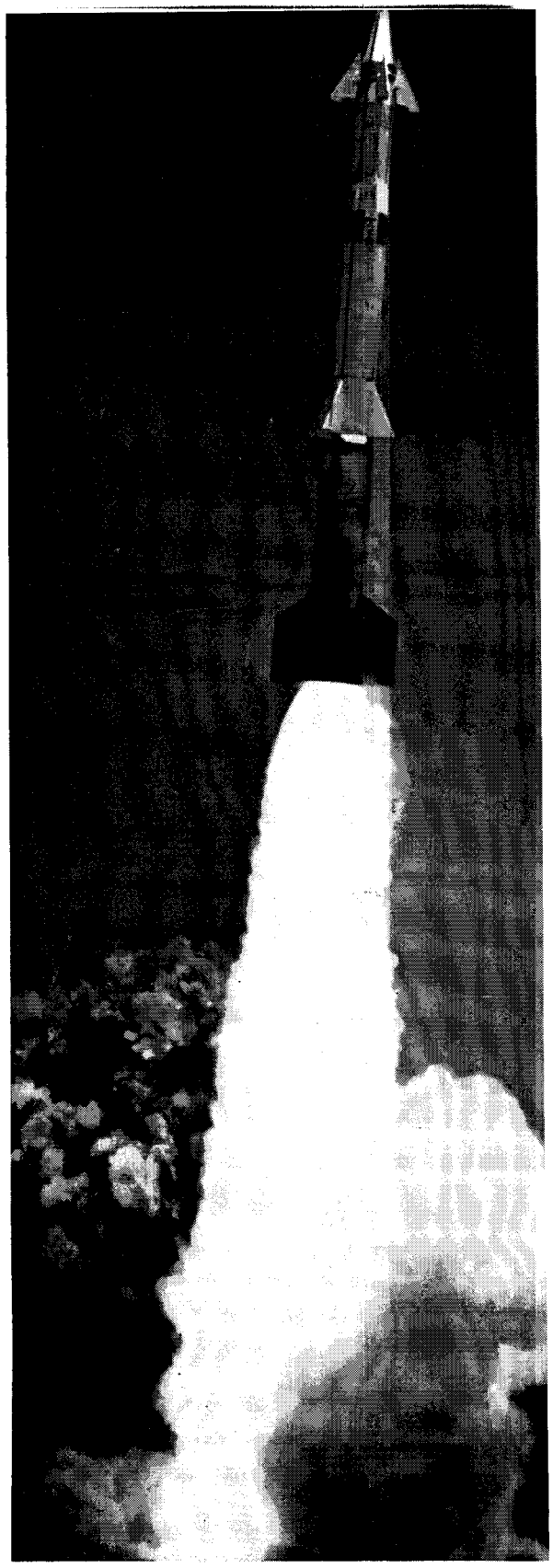
The only answer, according to the doves, is to press for disarmament or, at the very least, maintain our 4-to-1 ratio of offensive deterrent against the Soviets. This force of 1,600-odd I.C.B.M.'s deters our enemies because even a surprise attack would leave us with enough missiles to destroy the aggressor with a retaliatory strike.

The hawk faction in the Nike X controversy includes the Joint Chiefs of Staff, most U.S. Army generals, most members of both the Senate and House Armed Services Committees and a great many members of Congress. The dove faction is centered mostly in the Administration. Opposed to deployment of Nike X at the present time are the President of the United States, the Secretary of State and the Secretary of Defense.

Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara, while willing to spend some $400 million this year for further Nike X development, has flatly told the Senate Armed Services Committee, "There is no system or combination of systems within presently available technology which would permit the deployment now of an anti-ballistic-missile defense capable of giving us any reasonable hope of keeping U.S. fatalities below some tens of millions in a major Soviet nuclear attack on our cities."

He has steadfastly refused to go into production with Nike X, thus precipitating a fight with Congress as bitter as his struggle with the legislators a few years ago over their insistence that he go into production with the B-70 superbomber. On that occasion, Congress appropriated money for B-70 production, which McNamara refused to use. This year the House and Senate Armed Services committees have tacked on an additional $167.9 million for Nike X preproduction tooling-up, and again McNamara has refused to make use of the extra appropriation. He says, "There isn't a senior official in the Pentagon today who believes that the B-70 wouldn't be obsolete if we had acceded to Congress and produced it. It would be the same with Nike X."

The controversy over the Nike X really has its roots in the sad experience of its immediate prede-



Secretary McNamara:

"The B-70 bomber would be obsolete today if we had produced it. It would be the same with Nike X."

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cessor—a defensive-missile system called Nike Zeus, which the Army began to develop in 1956. In fact, the DM15X-2 missile of the Nike X system is basically the same weapon as the Nike Zeus, except that its range has been greatly extended by the use of more-efficient propellants. Nike Zeus looked like the ultimate answer to the I.C.B.M. problem, and when test firings began in 1959 it seemed to live up to all its promise. Its powerful radars *could* pick up a "fly in the sky," and its electronic computers could guide the Zeus to meet and intercept the fly.

At least 10 times in the past eight years, the Air Force has sent Atlas missiles roaring across the Pacific from launchings in California, and the Army's Nike Zeus teams on Kwajalein Island 5,000 miles away have been able to spot and intercept them. There have been misses too. After viewing an Army film of a Zeus interception, Sen. Richard Russell of Georgia said drily, "The missiles always hit the target—in films, anyway."

By 1963 a concerted campaign was under way, both in Congress and in the press, to go into full-scale production of the Nike Zeus. Magazines carried ads by companies hoping to get Zeus production contracts. The ads proclaimed Zeus as the infallible antimissile weapon. The Department of Defense now believes that these ads helped support the misconception among Americans that we actually have an effective defense against incoming I.C.B.M.'s.

In the Senate Armed Services Committee, Sen. Strom Thurmond of South Carolina, an Army Reserve general, led a move to appropriate money to go into Nike Zeus production—again against the wishes of the Secretary of Defense. The Senate killed the Thurmond proposal. That was only three years ago. Today members of the Thurmond faction in the Senate Armed Services Committee admit that, as one of them put it, "Nike Zeus would have been of limited effectiveness if we had gone ahead." Pentagon scientists are even more pessimistic. Lt. Gen. Austin W. Betts, the Army's chief of research and development, explains, "If we had the original Nike Zeus today and the Russians had not reacted, we might have a reasonable defense capability. But the Russians *could* have reacted. They could have given high priority to adding penetration aids to their missiles, so that they could come in hidden in a cloud of decoys. With the old Nike Zeus, we'd use up all our defensive missiles chasing decoys."

At the time of the Thurmond imbroglio, the Army research people already were working on Nike X as a possible remedy for the flaws in Nike Zeus. It was then that the Advanced Research Projects Agency, along with scientists working under Defense Department contracts at a number of private companies, broke through the fundamental handicap of the Zeus's slow "mechanically slewed" radar (the familiar big-dish antenna, rotating on a motor-driven shaft as it scans the sky). This radar couldn't look at a lot of targets simultaneously. The breakthrough was the development of "phased-array radars." Unlike the old-fashioned rotating antenna, the new radars consist of huge bubble domes, through which scores of stationary electronic eyes called radiating elements look up into space. Each eye, controlled by computers, focuses a single radar beam. The beams can be switched back and forth with the speed of light, covering hundreds of targets virtually at once. By comparing target blips, high-speed computers on the ground can determine which objects are warheads and which are decoys.

When this remarkable radar discovery was proved out with tests in the field, the Nike X package was assembled. For long-range "area defense," the souped-up Nike Zeus missile (renamed the DM15X-2) was wedded to the M.A.R. (Multi-function Array Radar). For short-range "spot defense" against missiles that penetrate the "area defense," the new Sprint missile, with its incredible launch speed of several thousand miles per hour, was teamed up with M.S.R. (Missile Site Radar), which complements M.A.R. and backs it up if ionization makes it ineffective. Still a third radar system is being developed by the Army for inclusion in the Nike X complex. This is a low-frequency radar, which is poor in its ability to penetrate ionized clouds but which can "see" objects at fantastic distances. The theory is that such radars can activate our DM15X-2 missiles before ion blackout becomes a critical problem.

When these developments were revealed to Congress in 1965 and 1966, the furore over Nike X started again. Much of the argument has been over cost. The generally accepted figure for any kind of a defense against the Soviet Union is $30 billion. The hawks say we will spend more than that on the Vietnamese war with no visible strain on the economy, and aren't 70 million lives worth it? The doves say the $30 billion will protect only 12 to 50 cities, and who is to determine which cities? All experts agree that a Nike X umbrella over the entire United States is impossible, both technically and economically, and that even protecting most big population centers could escalate the cost of Nike X to perhaps $100 billion.

A second argument has been over measures that the Department of Defense insists must accompany Nike X in order to provide a "balanced defensive posture." For example, Russian submarines are equipped with "cruise missiles," which are low-flying nuclear-armed pilotless devices designed to skim in just above the surface, where they would not even be picked up by our Nike X radars. Some experts consider the cruise missiles an even bigger threat to the U.S. than the Soviet I.C.B.M.'s, and we are developing a "SAM-D" system to combat the cruise missiles as well as low-flying enemy aircraft. We also must continue to build high-speed interceptor aircraft to counter the still-existent threat of Russian manned bombers. And most controversial of all, we must spend $5 billion for fallout shelters to house the civilian population in the event of an attack.

The shelters have caused much of the controversy over defense. Even the hawks in Congress have steadfastly refused to appropriate money for a comprehensive shelter program. Secretary McNamara argues that Nike X would be all but useless without shelters. He points out that an enemy will know where our Nike X installations will be located and might deliberately *not* aim his missiles at the defended cities. He could shoot into the open area west of Chicago, for example, raising tons of deadly radioactive fallout. The fallout, borne onto Chicago by the prevailing winds, would then wipe out the entire population of that city if the people were not huddled away in fallout shelters.

A third point of dispute between the hawks and doves involves the matter of testing the Nike X system. Army research chief Gen. Betts says, "We can spend billions of dollars on this system and not really know all the answers as to how it will work, short of full-scale testing in the atmosphere and in space. And yet we can't fire nuclear weapons aboveground because of the nuclear-test ban that our government has signed. There are still a great many things we'd like to know that we can't learn by testing underground. We need a precise assessment of the blackout effect of high-altitude nuclear bursts on our radars, for example."

The hawks say, "Forget the test ban and fire Nike X in the atmosphere anyway. The Russians are building an anti-ballistic-missile system, and *they* won't hesitate to violate the test-ban agreement if it suits their purpose." The doves say, "The surest way to precipitate a nuclear war is to renounce our hard-won preliminary disarmament agreements. If the Russians see us breaking our word and feverishly testing new nuclear weapons in space, they'll guess that we're preparing for imminent war, and they might then strike first."

Of late the controversy has taken an unexpected new turn, which has aroused optimism among the hawks. The rapid emergence of Communist China as a nuclear power has opened the way for a possible compromise on the Nike X issue. In his report to Congress on February 23, Secretary McNamara indicated for the first time that the Department of Defense might be willing to undertake a "thin" Nike X defense against "a relatively light attack, such as the Chinese Communists may be able to mount in the mid to late 1970's."

Against the relatively unsophisticated Chinese missiles expected by 1975, said McNamara, "an area defense might be very effective, offering the possibility of avoiding any substantial damage." This type of thin defense would cost only $8 billion and could be expected to stop at least nine out of ten, and probably all, Chinese missiles launched against us. McNamara went on to state, "With regard to Communist China, the timing of a light A.B.M. (anti-ballistic missile) deployment should be linked to the pace at which the threat actually evolves. Since we do not now believe the Chinese could deploy any significant I.C.B.M. force before the mid-1970's, no production decision on that account is needed at this time."

Despite this dampener, the hawks have been exultant. After years of unyielding resistance from McNamara, they almost universally believe that he is finally moving in their direction—as he did in the Vietnamese war. However, this reporter recently had a candid and revealing interview with McNamara in which the Secretary of Defense seemed to be as steadfastly anti-Nike X as ever.

"The *offense* still is the key to our entire program," McNamara said. "The only deterrent against nuclear warfare today is our 'assured destruction capability'—the fact that any enemy who considers striking us first knows he will be wiped out by our retaliatory strike with our offensive weapons, in which we have overwhelming superiority. We must maintain that superiority no matter what the cost. Letting the offense lag is suicide. Our continuing research-and-development work on Nike X assists in keeping the *offense* from lagging. In preparing experimental defense systems we learn more about penetration aids that can foil *our* defenses, and in this way we can add the same penetration aids to our own offensive missiles to foil the enemy defense. That, I think, is a principal value of our Nike X research."

Asked about whether the defense ever could catch up with the offense in nuclear warfare, McNamara said, "I don't know anybody with any expertise in this field who thinks so. It costs two to three times as much to deploy a unit of defense as a unit of offense costs. That means that for every Nike X missile we could deploy, the enemy, for one-third or one-half the cost, could buy an I.C.B.M. to overwhelm it. You can't win a race like that."

Does he think there is *any* defensive value in Nike X? "A thin anti-ballistic-missile defense against the Chinese might buy us ten years of protection, say from 1975 to 1985. Against the Soviets it would buy us little or no time. Particularly in the latter case, I can only ask again, 'What are you trying to do here?' If you want to increase your deterrent, you can't add to it with Nike X."

Why then are the Russians apparently going ahead with a defensive system similar to Nike X? The Secretary said, "It's no argument that if they are doing it, *we* should. They've been wrong many times in the past and have been guilty of extremely poor judgment. They spent vast sums for bomber defense in the 1950's and early 1960's, for example, and we *know* we could have penetrated those defenses at will. Why should we rush in blindly and duplicate their errors?"

McNamara paused and peered out the window of his office. The usual dapper McNamara look was completely missing. He badly needed a haircut, and his face bore the deep imprint of fatigue. "It is clear," he said, "that you just cannot win a strategic nuclear war today." □

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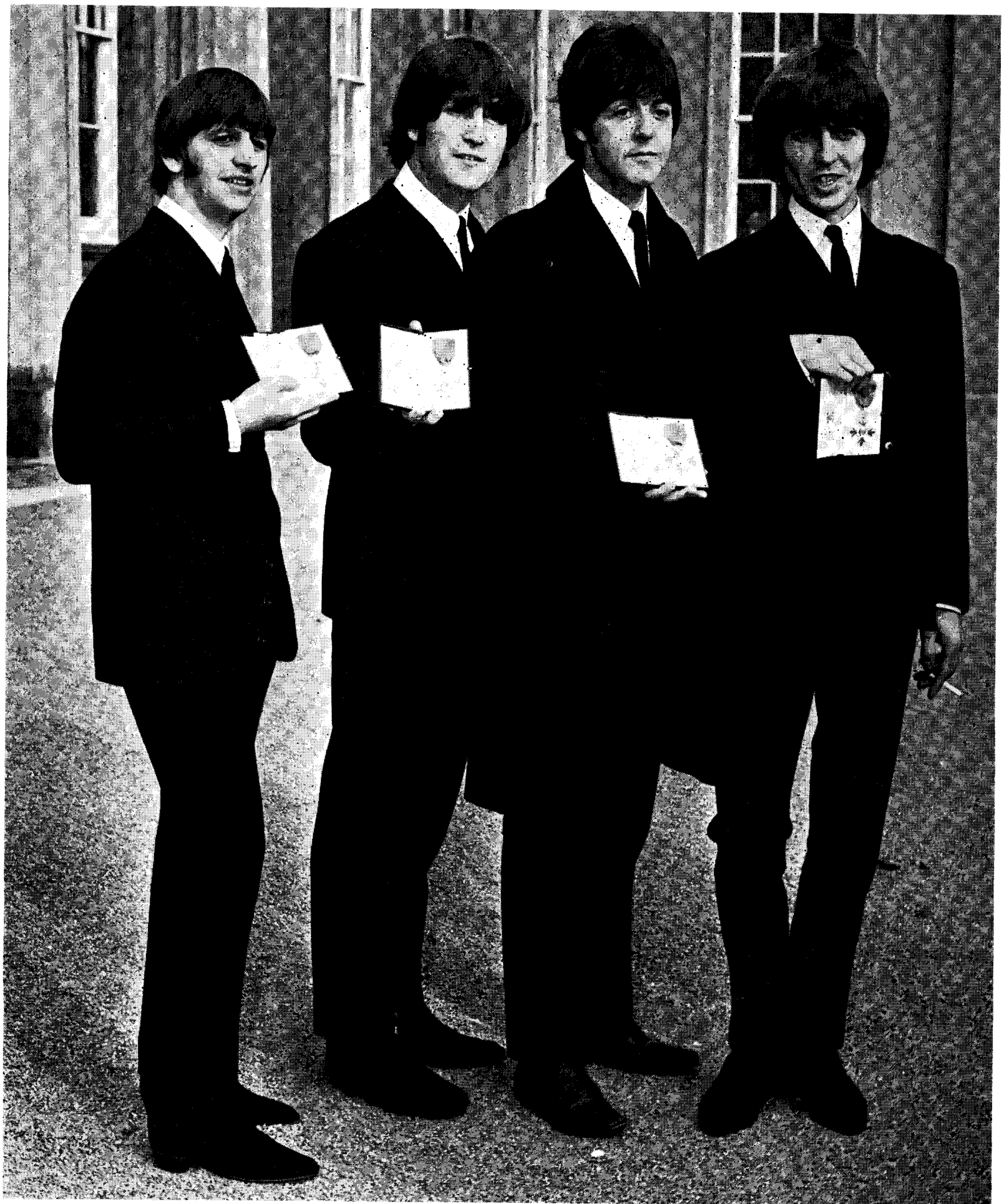
THE MONARCHS OF



Standing in a Beatle version of attention, Ringo, John, Paul and George show their medals after being made Members of the British Empire by the Queen last fall.

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THE BEATLE EMPIRE

Here they come again—richer, more respectable, but cheeky and changeable as ever. Some people even call them folk heroes.

By JAMES MORRIS

The Beatles are coming. *Again!* Not many seers, I suspect, would have forecast in 1964, when the group first fell upon the United States, that in two years' time they would still be at the very top of their slippery profession, still be inciting teen-agers into peculiar paroxysms, still be raising wry smiles among the cops, the clergy and the multitudinous rivals. But now the Beatles are coming again. Their arrival in New York promises to be almost as riotous now as it was then, and the fact that they are coming at all, fresh from tumultuous tours of Germany and Japan and the cutting of a new LP, proves that there is something resilient and unique to their talents—something that expresses more than pop fashion or skillful selling and springs from the deeper roots of public impulse.

Of course, the first hysterical Beatle-boom is over. Sophisticated challengers have nibbled at the cult, the Beatles are getting older, the original dreamlike inanity of it all is spent. Some avant-garde children mutter that they are old hat. In Liverpool recently I asked a taxi driver to take me to Admiral Grove, the birthplace of Ringo Starr. "My," he said, "nobody's sent me on *that* pilgrimage for six months and more"—and sure enough, Ringo's mum had moved elsewhere and the neighbors talked of their local miracle as though it had all happened long, long ago, like a folktale. The Beatles have abandoned Liverpool. "I'll take you where Gerry of the Pacemakers used to live," said the taxi man obligingly, but Gerry's mother, too, looked back on Liverpool's Beatle-age with a fairly distant nostalgia. "All the Beatle boys used to come here," she said, "to practice with Gerry and the rest, but we never hear from them now, they've all gone—but my Gerry's still in Liverpool, of course," and she showed me a sort of zither thing, presented to Gerry by American fans when he appeared on *The Ed Sullivan Show.*

Inevitably the Beatles have gone grand. They are, after all, millionaires. Three of the four are married now—only Paul is a bachelor. John, George and Ringo all live in substantial modern houses, popularly referred to as "mansions," in the stockbroker belt around London—very respectable country, full of vice. Paul has just acquired a house in London itself, between the cosmopolitan shambles of Hampstead and the graver dignity of St. John's Wood, where rich men of enlightened views tend to congregate. Two of the Beatles have Rolls-Royces—Lennon's has a television set in it—two others have Aston Martins, and all four double on Minis. They seldom appear together in public in daylight nowadays, but sometimes you may see them after dark in one of the racier London discothèques, legendary figures out of the night.

Their boyish appeal to the mothers of the world has inevitably declined, and their old air of throw-away celebrity has thickened with time, money and experience. But the more the Beatles change, the more they remain the same. There are a few manufactured things, like the Model-T Ford or the DC-3, whose design lasts and lasts not only because it is efficient but because it expresses a social or historical condition. They not only fulfill a need but are organic to the time and so exactly fit their period that we come to see it in their image.

The Beatles are not manufactured goods, but they, too, fall into this category. Other models come and go, but the Beatles are beyond fashion or gimmickry. Nobody now supposes that they will simply fade away. Already their music is performed by colleagues as varied as Ella Fitzgerald, Peter Nero and Arthur Fiedler. No history of the 1960's will be complete without a Beatle footnote, and above all, no future history of England will be true to itself unless it has a paragraph, fond or scathing, frivolous or profound, about these irrepressible scions of what Winston Churchill loved to call "The Island Race."

For the Beatles mean most, and make most sense, if you see them against their British background. They are citizens of the world now, of course, and light the same unexpected spark in people everywhere, Reykjavik to Kyoto, but Liverpool is their cradle, Lancashire English is their language, and their proper *milieu* is the tangled jungle of the young urban British, all crisscrossed with transition. They have grown up in an era of revolution—peaceful revolution, but more drastic in its effect upon ordinary people than many a bloody coup in Bolivia or Iraq. They are children of change, and everything about them—their music, their humor, their gear—is the very antithesis of the generally accepted British Tradition.

Take their hometown, where the Mersey sound was allegedly born (by local pride, out of rock'n' roll). To most English people, not so long ago, Liverpool seemed the back of beyond—a great port and not much else, a vast, dingy Victorian mess of a city, whose only excitements were apparently provided by ships, riotous Irishmen and drugged Chinese, and whose proper symbol seemed to be the enormous, smoke-blackened insurance block that dominated its pierhead. Liverpool! The very name was a heavy joke, and stood for all the ham-handed and unimaginative Philistinism of the English north. Nobody of taste or spirit, it seemed, lived in Liverpool: No grace or color illuminated its heavy streets.

In fact Liverpool is, and always was, not only one of the toughest but also one of the boldest cities in Europe. It is a sailors' city, wide open, full of marvelously ornate gin palaces, gambling joints, bluenosed comics, noisy young thugs and blustering winds off the Irish Sea. It is a city that has always thought big, and intermittently embarked upon crazy and gigantic enterprises—like building, as it is at the moment, two of the largest cathedrals in the kingdom, both at the same time. It has large Irish and Welsh minorities, together with many Chinese, and a shifting population of seafarers, and the standards of the bourgeoisie have never ruled the place—long before its Cavern Club became famous, Liverpool had its hundreds of shebeens, dives and cellar clubs, with a guitar down every other alley. It is a very stimulating city, with a dreadfully high crime rate and a manner of instant and open-handed response.

This is the Beatles' hole, and it is the Beatles who have unleashed the spirit of Liverpool upon the British at large. To the great mass of the English, the bouncy irreverence that was indigenous to Liverpool has come like a revelation, releasing them from many an austere inhibition. The Beatles were like emissaries from some freer clime. Their Mersey accent, which not long ago would have seemed to most Englishmen perfectly

The Beatles and their fans

In the music business it is axiomatic that Beatle fans are just like other rock-'n'-roll fans—only there are more of them.

The Beatles have sold more records in less time than any other performers in history. Since 1964, eleven Beatles records have reached No. 1 on *Billboard* magazine's sales chart; their nearest competitors, The Rolling Stones, have had three No. 1 songs during the same period. The Beatles' best-selling album is their first, *Meet the Beatles* (almost 5 million sold), and their best-selling single record is *I Want to Hold Your Hand* (4.5 million). Capitol Records estimates that the Beatles have grossed more than $100 million in the U.S., where they have sold 20 million albums and 24 million singles.

The Beatles' public relations have not been uniformly rosy. In Japan last month followers of *budo*, the martial art which includes *judo* and *karate*, were outraged when the Beatles were booked into a new arena built specifically for the semisacred rites. Posters demanded *Kick the Beatles out of Japan*, and security precautions were the tightest in Beatle history; the ushers for the five sellout performances were all *budo* experts. In Manila, the Beatles missed a visit to the presidential palace (they said they hadn't been told) and were booed and kicked at the airport. Members of the British Embassy received death threats over the incident.

The fans are not much more temperate. "All my life I will never forget hearing George had got married," said a Japanese girl, with tears in her eyes. "I'll remember where I was, and the day, and everything, I was so disappointed." An American girl put it most simply: "I'd hate to have grown up when there weren't any Beatles."

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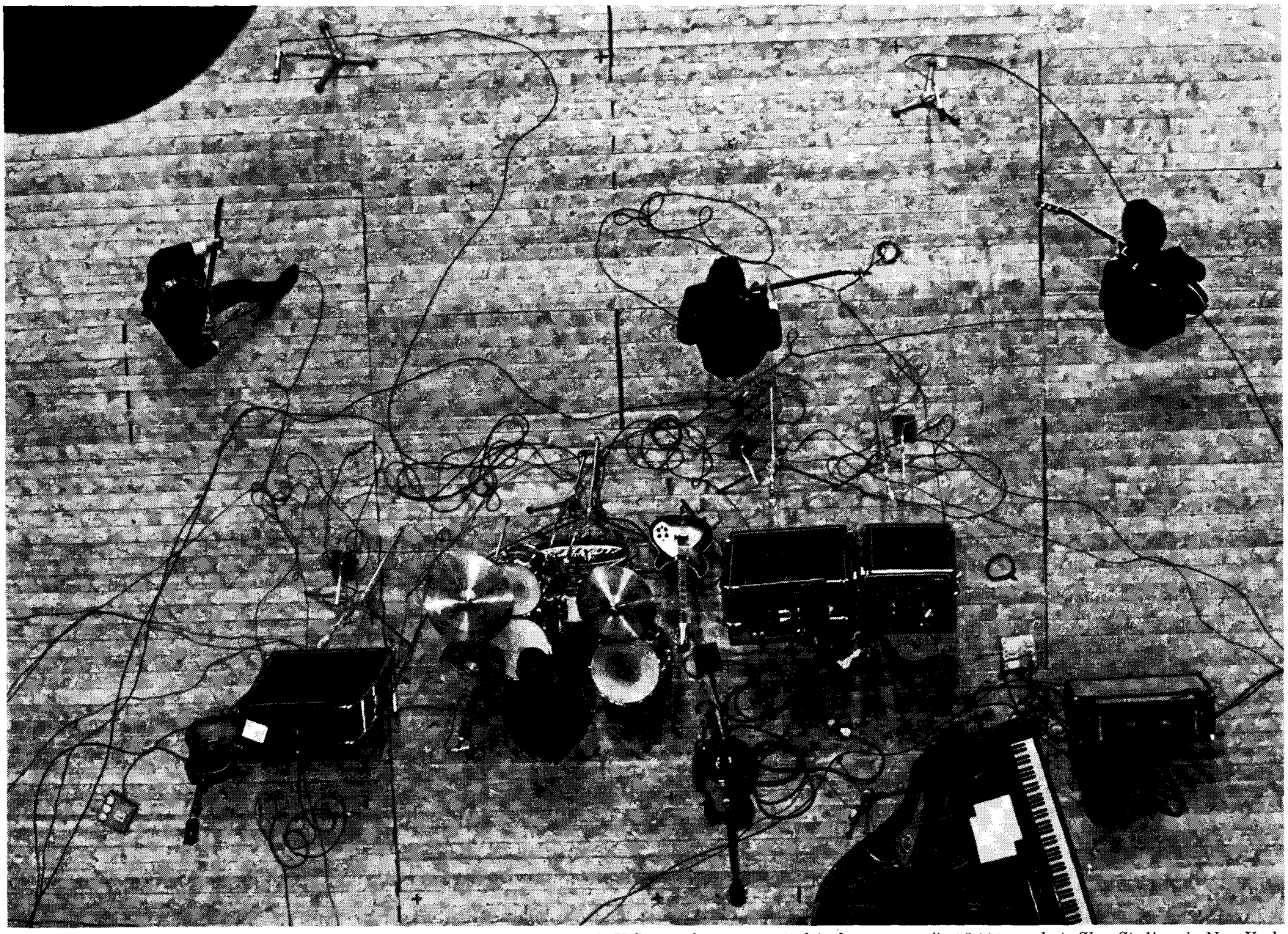
"There are many people around with no respect. I am sick to death of most of them.



Plugged in and fancy free, the Beatles cut loose during a concert in Paris. On their U.S. tour they are expected to draw a capacity 55,000 people to Shea Stadium in New York.

barbaric, now falls with an attractive bite upon the ear. Their unpolished manners seem engagingly fresh. They are remote from all the sophistries of the London theater and endowed with a sort of innocent urbanity—the urbanity of very intelligent provincials, eying a listless set of socialites. When they arrived upon the world's stage three years ago, they somehow seemed altogether detached from the old hash of it all: four young roosters from the north, oddly but excitingly crowing.

In a country so long hag-ridden by class, they are classless—that is to say, they don't care, or make clear, what their social background is. "They're all grammar-school boys really," somebody said grumpily to me in Liverpool the other day, implying that they were really more privileged than they pretended—but the point is that they have managed to make the whole subject of personal origins, so long an obsession of the English, irrelevant to themselves. In the past a regional character in England has almost always stood for broad comedy—Yorkshire knockabout, tedious Scottish japes about kilts and stinginess, or that perennial of the music halls, the cheeky Cockney. The Beatles have neither exploited nor

The art of adequate music

Q. How do you rate your music?
A. We're not good musicians. Just adequate.
Q. Then why are you so popular?
A. Maybe people like adequate music.

—from a press conference in Japan last month.

Ever since the Beatles first burst upon the public's ear, their music has been delighting millions, annoying other millions, and puzzling almost everybody. The early Beatles songs were clearly rock 'n' roll, but recently some have edged close to folk music (*Yesterday*) and even standard pop style (*Michelle*). George Harrison has lately been using an Indian instrument called the sitar, further muddling the mixture.

Whatever it is, the Beatles' music has continuously expanded its appeal, and a lot of people rank John Lennon and Paul McCartney among the most talented songwriters of the day. Their songs have now been recorded by such diverse talents as Peggy Lee, Duke Ellington, the Kingston Trio, Lester Lanin and Xavier Cugat.

Two leading American composers recently gave their opinions of Beatlesong.

"It has an unanalyzable charm," said Aaron Copeland, the composer. "It's very hard to say what they do, but the result has a fascination about it. It is immediately recognizable and it sticks in the mind. It will definitely mark the period of the 'Sixties. I like it."

"I find it monotonous," said Richard Rodgers, the Broadway composer. "I know some people—Leonard Bernstein, for instance—disagree, but I don't understand what the mystique is. I can't make any sense out of them. I don't think there's anything creative or original about it. It's just loud. I think their music won't last. These things fade."

Probably the only unarguable analysis of the Beatles' music comes from Count Basie, who has recorded an entire album of it. "Well, you see, they have their own department," he said, "and they do it right."

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But the Beatles' disrespect has been of a different kind. It is eminently genial.'

disguised their Lancashire origins. They have not changed their public manner one iota, so far as I can see, since we first made their acquaintance. They have simply ignored the old English social divisions and effortlessly stormed the barricades of custom.

In this they are envoys of a generation. The headmaster of Eton said not long ago that the new social layers were of age rather than of background—that young people everywhere felt themselves part of a community far more magnetic than the old vertical structures of wealth and class. The Beatles share with the latest generation of Old Etonians a universal quality of young confidence, even of brashness. They seem to bear no resemblance at all to the English generation that preceded them, the generation of the cloth cap and the steel helmet, eating fish-and-chips out of newspapers at Blackpool, or frigidly inquiring after the vicar's health. Filtered through the songs, the quips, the presence of the Beatles, the old social certainties turn out to have been no more than quaint and unnecessary delusions.

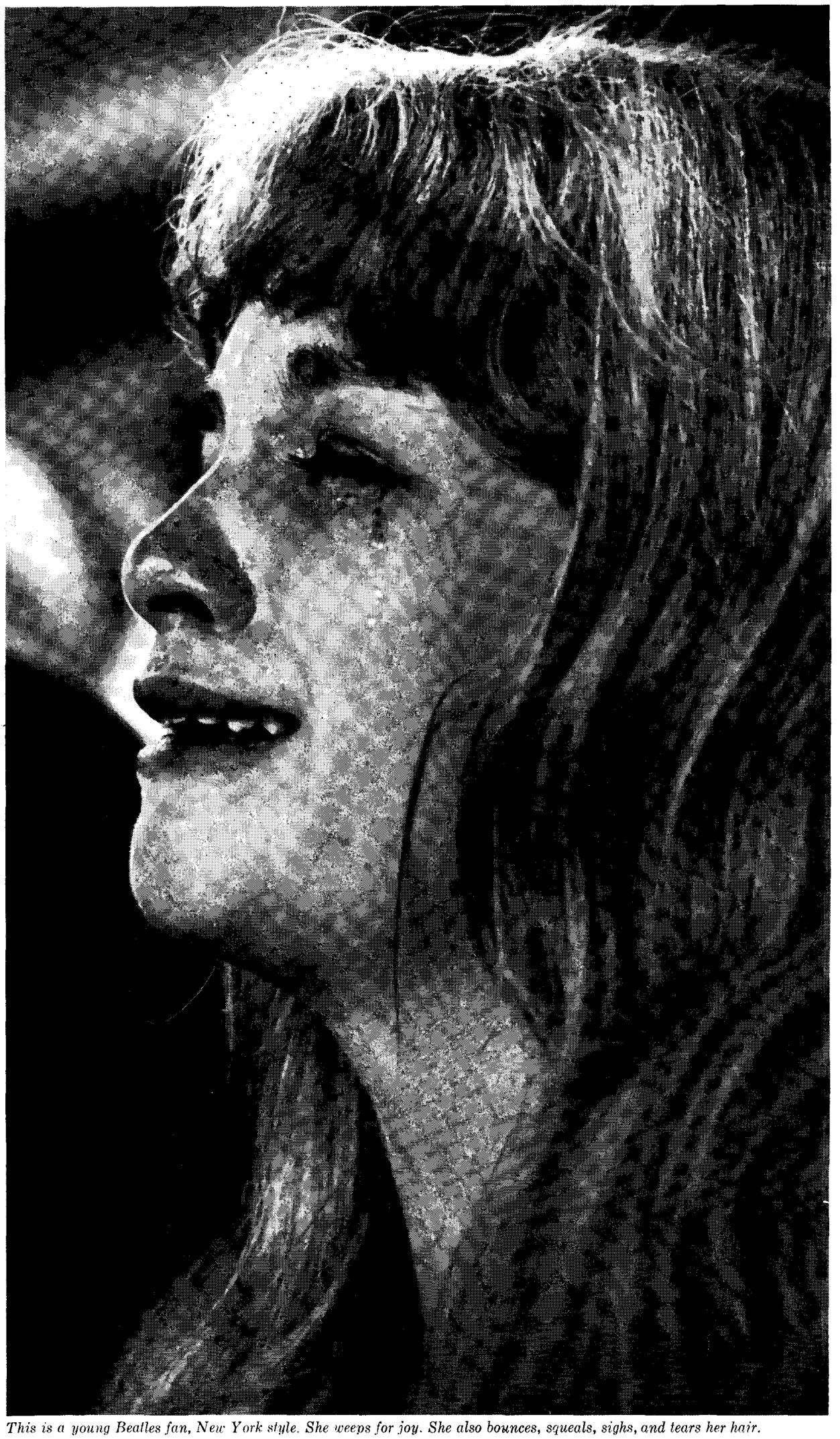
This does not mean half so much in America as it does in England, and it has perhaps been correspondingly harder for middle-aged English people—over 35, that is—to adjust to the message of the Beatles. At first their astringent songs seemed to me the very epitome of the New Barbarism: without melody or harmony, breaking all the rules of musical construction I dimly remembered from the childhood keyboard, and sounding to me like some ominous pulse of savagery out of the Liverpool slums. I did not much warm to the uncouthness of the Beatles, and I was particularly irritated by people of my own age who claimed to find them too, too divine.

And yet, and yet, they have grown on me. I still don't much like their earlier music, tolerable though it can sound when calmed down by the Boston Pops or Ella Fitzgerald; but when I was in India last year I was amused to find myself actually enjoying, for the first time, the harsh intricacies of Indian melody—an unexpected bonus from the composers of *Help!* and *She Loves You*. I still, to be honest, don't awfully like the look of them—which is to say, I don't like their faces, just as I don't happen to like caraway seeds or Rubens. But the Beatles' absolute aloofness to old prejudices and preconceptions, their brand of festive iconoclasm, has developed an attraction for me, as it has for millions more skeptics the world over. It is like a yeast, to a society which was fermenting already.

"Like their faces indeed!" said an elderly acquaintance, when I told him what I had written in the last paragraph. "I don't like a single damned thing about them. I'll tell you what the trouble with the Beatles is: *They've got no respect.*"

There are many people around with no respect. I am sick to death of most of them myself, and I daresay you are too. Petulant playwrights, ill-informed protesters, lavatory novelists and counterfeit painters—none of them has any respect, and very unpleasant they are without it. Theirs is a destructive disrespect, expressed in smut and self-importance. For every *Catch 22* there are a thousand repellent pretensions to satire. For every John Osborne, a hundred duds plod through the motions of domestic squalor. Disrespect *per se* is one of the sillier phenomena of the age, foolishly encouraged by those who, in their determination to be "with it," lack the guts or the taste to object.

But the Beatles' disrespect has been of a different kind. It is eminently genial. Somehow or other it does not often give offense. It implies that



This is a young Beatles fan, New York style. She weeps for joy. She also bounces, squeals, sighs, and tears her hair.

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Ringo once said that the first time he felt British

if *you* happen to believe in good manners, or traditional harmonies, or God, well and good, you're welcome.

The Beatles sometimes sing songs—*Falling in Love Again*, for instance—of a perfectly conventional melodic line, such as the squarest old lady can tap her buttoned boots to: What they have done, in their music as in their behavior, is to offer unforeseen alternatives. They have implied, indeed, that nothing is necessarily sacrosanct, but they have done it with a buoyant tolerance that has often endeared them to an older generation, and even disarmed old-school loyalists like me. A principal appeal of the Beatles has been to the harassed parents of teen-agers, long since schooled to expect the worst. "They look so clean," people say with surprised approval.

In a way, then, theirs has been a conservative function. The Beatles helped to restore to young England a sense of confidence and good humor. They brushed the chips off many young shoulders. Ten years ago there was to London a sour streak, an unhealthy warping of the temper, born I think of disillusionment, the loss of national power, the lack of a national inspiration. There was something sterile and bitter in the air. Nothing that was British seemed to be quite best. Everything lively came from somewhere else.

Today it feels very different. The young English go in for crime, sex, vandalism and violence as never before, but at the same time they are most infectiously bouncy and lusty. Sterility is the last thing you would accuse them of. Some of them may bash you over the head with a blunt instrument, but the rest seem to exude friendly exuberance. They seem much more like Latins than their fathers did. They are a generation of extremes—extremely alarming, extremely gay, extremely rude, extremely charming. They are quite sure London is the center of the world, and they are liberated from all the old pressures of family precedent, social inhibition and patriotic status. London, from being the most depressing capital in Europe, has become the most effervescent. It is as though a weight has been lifted from the English spirit.

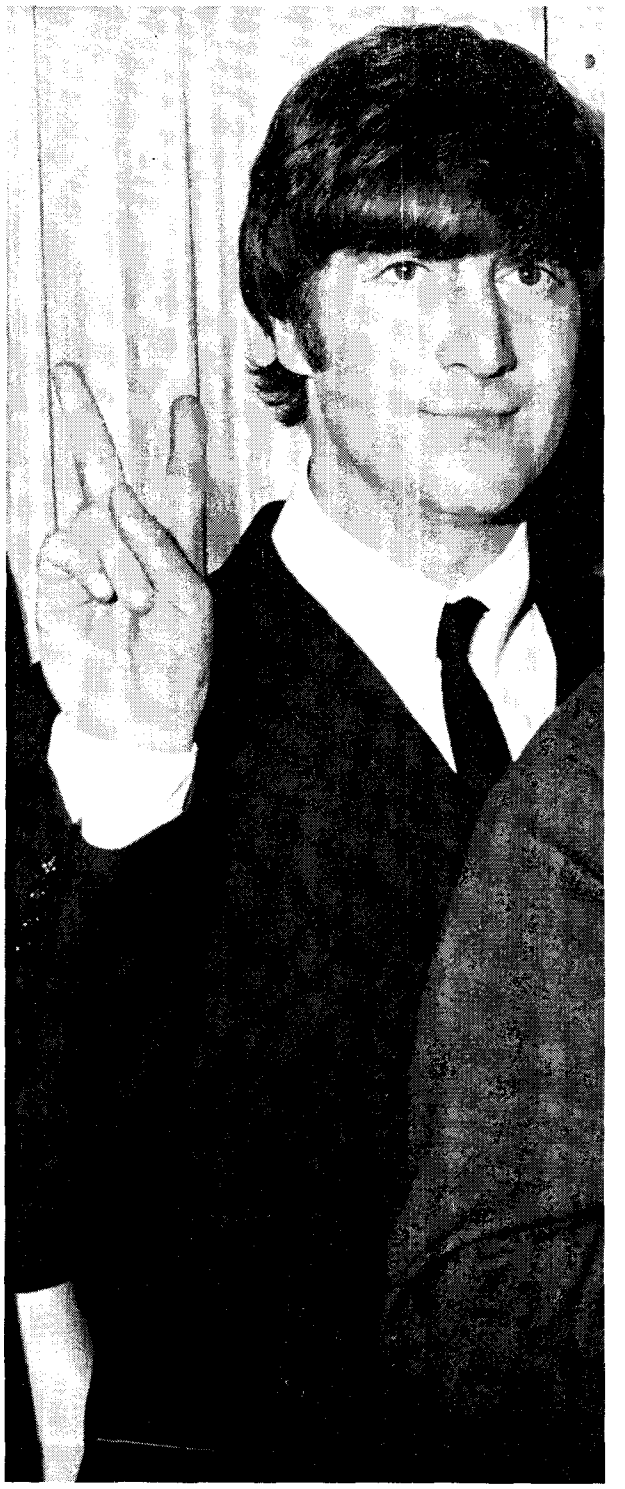
You may not like the young British, but you have to admit that they represent a vigorous new start in English life. England was an aristocracy gone to seed, exhausted by war and responsibility, and very nearly tired of life. It was the Angry Young Men of the '50's who shocked this old body into self-awareness: The Beatles and their friends have put her into mini-skirts.

Of course it was never their declared intention, nor even, I am sure, their conscious one. I don't know how the Beatles feel about patriotism, but I imagine they would regard it as a rather outworn fancy. Ringo once said the first time he ever felt British was when he played before the Royal Family at a command performance. For myself, I am a staunch believer in the old virtue of patriotic loyalty, generously pursued, but I think it undeniable that the British version of the emotion has lately needed a certain derisive refurbishing. The British have only just emerged from their era of imperial authority, and they are only now discarding the habits of mind which went with supreme responsibility.

Consider, for example, the peculiarly British conceptions of manliness, sportsmanship, and the rest of the stiff upper lip. Socially they were relics of an educational system specifically designed to produce a governing elite—privileged men, self-sufficient, impervious to envy or dislike, and as icy and apparently insensitive as blocks of granite. They were memories of an era in which the rulers of Britain were arbiters of the world, when politics was considered the supreme occupation of an English gentleman, and the British upper classes felt themselves obliged to stalk across the continents in postures of unassailable superiority. The phrase "the White Man's Burden" was coined by Kipling for the encouragement of the Americans, when they were seizing control of the Philippines, but it expressed the attitude of the educated British to the tasks of Empire. It was no joke, ruling the world. It needed guts, self-control, team spirit and a straight eye.

In its day it was brilliantly successful. I think it fair to claim that the English gentry provided the best ruling elite the world has ever known—"a steady and sane oracle," wrote George Santayana of the Briton in his imperial heyday, "amongst all the deliriums of mankind." But times have altogether changed. The British Empire has all but vanished, and the English themselves no longer need any kind of privileged elite to set standards and keep things in their place. The whole structure of English life has had to be broken and reformed, and in this difficult surgical operation, which might have cruelly disturbed the psyche of the nation, the Beatles have acted as antic anesthetists.

From the start, the very cut of their limbs, the very glint in their eyes, showed that they were ironically detached from the grandeur of the British past. They were New Men—almost as new as the Americans Crèvecoeur wondered at two centuries ago. They were the British emancipated at last from the White Man's Burden. I think most people in Britain, poignantly though the decline of British strength may strike them, feel as well a certain relief: No British graduates need ponder the uncertainties of the draft, no young Englishmen are being parachuted in debatable causes into disagreeable jungles, our army is mostly tucked up with its families and duty-free gin along the Rhine, our diplomats are conscientiously converting themselves into export salesmen.



Standing beside Prime Minister Harold Wilson, John Lennon

A Beatles Bartlett

During their three-year reign, the Beatles have given concerts around the world—and every place they've gone they have held press conferences and interviews. It is likely that never have so few people been asked the same questions so many times, but the Beatles' answers have been pungent, colorful and sometimes startling. Here is a sampler of famous Beatles quotations.

"The people in the cheap seats can clap. The rest of you, rattle your jewelry."

—John, during a Royal Command Variety Show in London.

"She was like a mum to us."

—Paul, asked how the Queen had treated them.

"None of us really knows how to read or write music. The way we work is like, we just whistle. John will whistle at me, and I'll whistle back at him."

—Paul.

"I asked to be successful. I never asked to be famous."

—George, as quoted by Maureen Cleave in *The New York Times.*

"People are saying things and painting things and writing things and composing things that are great. And I must know what people are doing. I vaguely mind people knowing anything I don't know."

—Paul, *ibid.*

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Somewhat a head of state himself, gives an enigmatic 'V' sign.

was when he performed before the Royal Family.

There is an inescapable sense of holiday in England today—a springy, frothy sense of release. In many ways it is deplorable. In many ways it is sad. For myself I would rather have the power back, with the headaches. But there is no denying that it is *fun.*

The Beatles have been the minstrels of this emancipation. They never knew the imperial England: At the time of the Suez Affair, the last convulsion of imperialism, the eldest of them was 16. But they have so successfully serenaded the nation toward a new identity, have projected the new British image so pungently across the earth, that last year the Labor Government actually had them honored by the Queen, and elevated all four to be Members of the British Empire (an order more often reserved, incidentally, for less celebrated public servants of more traditional diligence—this year its recipients included the chief radio officer of the *Queen Elizabeth*, the superintendent of typists at the Ministry of Agriculture, and Miss J. E. Butler, "for service to Wolf Cubs in Radnorshire"). Nowadays the Beatles even talk—with something approaching relish—of the day when they themselves will experience what they call The Downfall.

Something of what the Beatles stand for—change, gaiety, energy, noise, frivolity—has always been there in British life, but it has been beneath the surface. It is like the whiskey in the Irish coffee, emerging through the rich white cream on top. The Latin flavor of the country today is only a throwback to 16th-century England, when this was still a part of Europe, and country gentlemen composed madrigals to the lute. Merrie England never quite died, and the Beatles have merely encouraged the native British gaiety to come into the open again. With their easy disregard for the old tenets of manliness—children are said to love them because they don't know whether they are boys or girls—their carefree attitudes toward convention and precedent, their vulgar gusto and their zest, they have expressed something that most of us in England have instinctively felt—that the old values really did need a cheerful dust-down. Why *should* we all be manly? Why *should* life be quite so real, quite so earnest? Why should we stiffen our upper lips? Who says so? *Why?*

My own feeling about what you might call the Beatle Movement is that its first job is done. It has cracked the mirror top to bottom, shattered the old reflection, and done it with a vivacity, even a style, that has made the process a pleasure. But the Beatles are not mere frivolous amateurs, and theirs has not been a destructive form. They are not commentators, but participants. I am told that nobody in popular show business works harder: They thrive on all-night recording sessions, and have spent 10 weeks rehearsing and recording their latest LP. Their next songs are going to be full of innovations, new harmonies, new cadences, new intervals, many of those oriental suggestions which George introduced with his adoption of the Indian sitar, and which so unexpectedly attuned me to the melodies of Asia. The Beatles are very conscientious craftsmen. If they have set an example of irreverence, they might well be copied for hard work too.

For they really are much more than just another pop group. Some of their songs seem likely to survive in the repertoire of popular music. Their films have been of a genuine comic brilliance. Lennon's two books stand respectably in the line of Lear and Lewis Carroll. If one is able, without strain or mockery, to write a longish essay setting them against the background of their time, it is only because they are remarkable enough to bear it—and only half a dozen performers in our century, I think, could stand up to such treatment. Paul McCartney has said that though he cannot imagine himself a white-haired Beatle, he can see himself a white-haired songwriter: And I don't doubt that as they mature, together or separately, the Beatles will remain in the public eye—not as mere reminders of lost youth, but as exceptional adults In Their Own Write.

And I think one reason so many of us have lately become reconciled to these prodigies is this: That into their music, into the once frenzied Mersey sound, there has crept a strain of something naggingly approaching beauty. *Yesterday* seems to me a lovely song, and so does *Michelle;* the Beatles have strained the sickliness from the popular ballad, and made of it something lean and haunting. To an Englishman particularly, this development offers comfort. A beautiful place is what I would like my country to be: not a powerful state necessarily, or even an earnest state, or a rich one, but a state where beauty is an objective of policy, beauty in small things as in large, the beauty of tolerance as of art, the beauty of generosity and gaiety and proper pride. The last time England was such a country, it seems to me, was in the first Elizabethan era, when a sense of beautiful fitness seems to have enriched every level of public life; and oddly enough, that was the very last time in English history when we possessed not a square inch, not a serf, not a gold mine, not a safe sterling investment outside our own shores.

So I hope in this, as in so much else, the Beatles will prove symptomatic—or organic. Many words have been coined around them: Beatlemania, Beatleboys, Beatlehair, Beatlephobe, Beatlephile. Most of these epithets will soon be forgotten, but the Beatles themselves, like their songs, will one day join the great body of English folklore, happily if indistinctly recalled. I hope the usage that then attaches itself to their name will be something altogether more melodious, stable and graceful, as affectionate folk-memory should be.

Here is my own suggestion: *Beatlesse.* □

"We can't go on holding hands forever. We have been Beatles as best we ever will be—those four jolly lads. But we're not those people anymore. We are old men .... What we've got to do is find something we can put the same energy into as we did into being Beatles. That's why I go around taping and writing and painting and that, because it may be one of them."

—John, *ibid.*

"We're going to have a couple of weeks to recuperate before we go and get beaten up by the Americans."

—George, after they were pushed around in Manila.

"You know how people look like their dogs? That's how we look like each other."

—John.

"Women should be obscene and not heard."

—John.

"I don't know which will go first—rock 'n' roll or Christianity."

—John.

"Because I can't fit them all through the nose."

—Ringo, asked why he wears so many rings on his fingers.

"When I feel my head starting to swell, I just look at Ringo and I know perfectly well we're not Supermen."

—John.

"And what do *you* do?"

—Ringo, to Sir David Ormsby-Gore, British ambassador to the U.S., at the end of a private interview.

"You just don't do that, Mate. You feel naked if you do that, like you don't have trousers on."

—John, asked whether they ever considered brushing their hair back.

Q. What would you call the hair style you're wearing?
A. Arthur.

—George, in the movie *A Hard Day's Night.*

"I think everyone has gone daft."

—John, on the Beatles' success.

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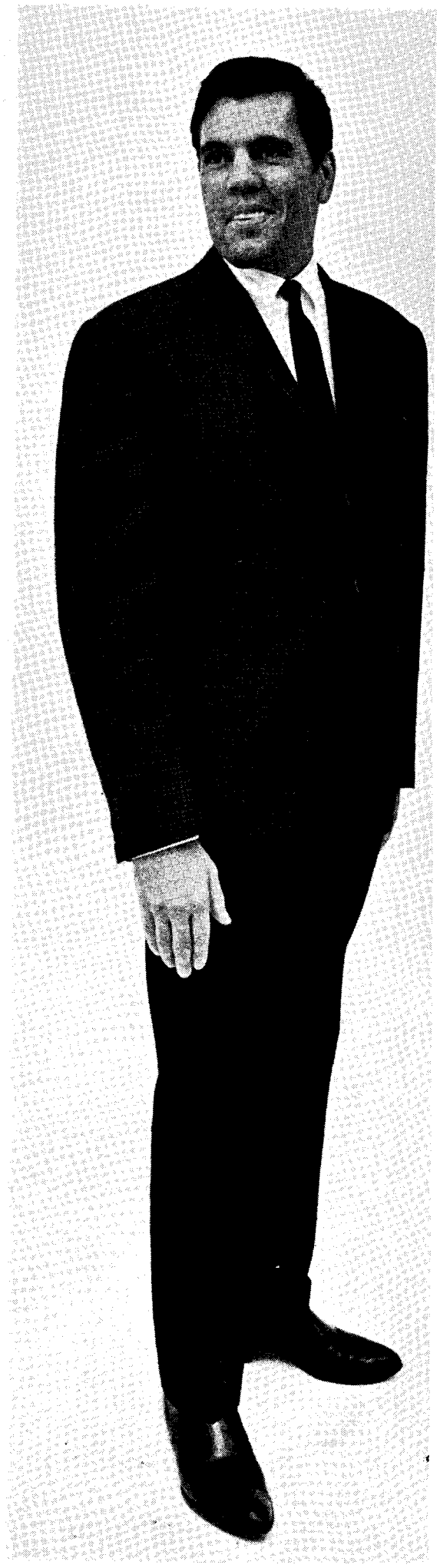
THE TRIALS OF CANDY AND MEL



The Mossler murder case had something for everybody—suspense, sex, a disputed fortune and the most intriguing cast since 'Peyton Place.'

By LEWIS H. LAPHAM

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Early that morning, outside the courtroom on the sixth floor of Miami's Dade County Courthouse, the bailiffs set up a red velvet rope. The first spectators, arriving more than two hours before the court would convene at 9:30, gradually arranged themselves behind it in an orderly line, drinking coffee out of paper cups, talking happily and spilling sugar on the stone floor.

For the most part men and women in their 50's, they had the look of a crowd that sits around in the sun on public benches. The women wore cheap dresses; the men carried rolled newspapers in the pockets of their shabby coats. For two weeks they had come every day, listening to the lawyers get through the preliminary business of choosing a jury. At the head of the line an old man leaning on a cane argued with an old woman in sneakers.

"You know something?" the man said. "Men like to be trespassed against."

"Not if they get killed, honey," said the woman.

Gray-haired and toothless, an observer of many trials in many courtrooms, she had brought a bologna sandwich and a plastic cushion.

"One good man you can find in a thousand," said somebody farther back in line, "but not one good woman . . . King Solomon said that."

The crowd got larger and noisier toward eight o'clock, everybody expressing a loud opinion and some people holding transistor radios. At the north end of the lobby, to the left of the velvet rope and opposite the bank of elevators, the television crews had begun to set up their cameras and sound equipment. Everyone present looked forward to an entertainment as good as or better than *Peyton Place*—all the raw stuff of the weekly serial without any of the chickenhearted editing. A frail old woman in a white sunbonnet insisted on giving an interview to an earnest young television reporter who had hoped to avoid her. Suddenly she snatched the microphone out of his hand.

"You want to know what I think?" she said. "I'll tell you what I think . . . They're going to get away with it because they have millions. . . . Who does the D.A. think he's kidding, anyway?"

The card inserted into the slot on the courtroom door identified the object of her cynicism as "Criminal Proceeding #2244: The State of Florida vs. Candace Mossler and Melvin Lane Powers." To the crowd milling around in the lobby the main outlines of the case had already become as familiar as a beer commercial. The defendants, who remained free on $50,000 bail, stood accused of murdering the lady's husband. Sixty-nine years old at his death, the husband, a banker named Jacques Mossler, had been stabbed at least 39 times through the chest. His widow, still glamorous at the age of 46, was the principal beneficiary of his estate, variously estimated at between $7 million and $33 million. Powers was 24 years old and her sister's son. The prosecution assumed an incestuous love affair between the defendants and attributed the murder to motives of greed and lust.

Already for several weeks news of the trial had usurped the local headlines. Bookmakers were offering a line of odds on the verdict; comedians in Miami Beach hotels felt obliged to work the state's case into their routines. At fashionable dinners in Nassau and Palm Beach, gossip about the trial dominated the conversation.

Just after 9 A.M. last February 1 the bailiffs at last opened the courtroom, and the spectators shoved and elbowed their way through the narrow doors. Knowing that only so many seats would be available within, they made for the benches at a fast walk, ignoring the cries of the bailiffs who yelled at them to take it easy. Several women swung at each other with umbrellas and shopping bags.

The people left outside resumed their places in line, content in the knowledge that if they stood there for the rest of the morning they would be assured of a seat after the noon recess. The crowd in the lobby therefore still numbered more than 100 when the first of the trial's major figures walked majestically off the elevator.

This was Percy Foreman, the reputedly invincible lawyer from Houston whom Mrs. Mossler had hired to defend Powers for a fee of $200,000. During the first two weeks of the trial he had emerged as the dominant force in the courtroom, overwhelming the prosecution, the spectators and even Judge George Schulz with the Southern grandiloquence of his rhetoric. The newspapers had published long accounts of his legendary skill and trickery, investing him with a reputation suitable to an itinerant rainmaker. He had defended at least 700 persons charged with murder, only one of whom had been executed. The majority of his clients escaped any punishment whatsoever, even those, so it was said, who shot down their victims in broad daylight, on a main street, in front of 43 sober witnesses.

Standing well over six feet tall and weighing close to 250 pounds, Foreman solemnly confronted the crowd blocking the elevator doors, his owlish, cynical face set in an accusing frown. He wore a dark, baggy suit, a striped shirt and a vest. In both hands he carried heavy black satchels resembling saddlebags. His gray hair fell in long strands over his forehead and eyes; his fingernails had been recently manicured, and on his left hand he displayed a large, Burma-ruby ring. The crowd obediently gave way.

At the door of the courtroom a reporter presumed to interrupt him, asking if, later in the trial, of course, and at Mr. Foreman's convenience, he might interview Mr. Powers. "My boy," Foreman said amiably denying the request, ". . . All my clients have a right to be stupid; otherwise they wouldn't get in trouble in the first place. But sometimes they abuse the privilege."

Powers arrived about 10 minutes later, smiling bleakly at the photographers backing up in front of him and yelling at him to pose. Tall and broad-shouldered, he carried himself like an awkward adolescent, walking oddly off-balance, as if he felt constrained at being indoors and was trying not to knock anything over. He had black hair and a heavily sensual face marked by acne scars. The dull expression in his green eyes remained impassive. Although apparently particular about his clothes (the sharply cut suit and the

The spectators began to line up two hours before the courtroom opened. It was an amiable crowd, full of theories and opinions, looking forward eagerly to some first-class entertainment.

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'My boy,' said Foreman amiably, 'all my clients have a right to be stupid; otherwise

Candy Mossler was always the center of attention. Here she is besieged by photographers as lawyer Woody escorts her from the courtroom.

TRIALS OF CANDY AND MEL

raised heels of his shoes suggested a kind of drugstore elegance), he still looked like a kid who ought to be hanging around a garage, somebody who would know a lot about motorcycles.

By 9:30 A.M. everybody had taken his place except Judge Schulz and Mrs. Mossler. The wooden benches, similar to church pews, faced east. The white acoustic tile on the walls resembled mottled adobe, a vaguely Spanish effect supported by the carved wooden beams across the ceiling. Dark maroon curtains covered the four French windows in the north wall of the room, opposite the main doors. Below the windows, at three cafeteria tables surrounded by folding chairs, sat the 40 to 50 representatives of the local and national press.

On the east wall of the room, directly above the judge's bench, a wooden plaque bore the motto: WE WHO LABOR HERE SEEK ONLY TRUTH. Behind, and to either side of the bench, small doors opened, on the left into an antechamber, and on the right into a corridor where the witnesses would wait to testify. From the ceiling above these doors hung the amplifiers connected to the various microphones.

The polished counsel tables occupied the center of the room, just forward of the wooden railing that separated the spectators from the well of the court. The defense table stood on the left side of the room, under the windows and close to the reporters. Aside from Powers and Foreman, the other people sitting at the table were Harvey St. Jean and Henry Carr (Miami lawyers engaged as Foreman's seconds), also Clyde Woody, Marian Rosen and Walter Gwinn, Mrs. Mossler's three lawyers. Powers sat at the extreme right end of the table, uncomfortably shifting in his chair, like somebody's athletic cousin suffering through the annual Thanksgiving dinner.

Across the aisle, separated from Powers by a threadbare red carpet and a distance of maybe three feet, Richard Gerstein, State Attorney for Dade County, sat at the left end of the prosecution table. Also a tall man, wearing a blue shirt and a blue silk handkerchief in the breast pocket of his blue suit, Gerstein self-consciously arranged and rearranged the papers on the table in front of him. Slightly wall-eyed as a result of a wound received during World War II, he had a high, dome-shaped head, bald except for a fringe of hair around his ears. His most familiar expression was one of repressed anxiety.

Although he had established an enviable record in his nine years as state attorney, never having lost a case that he personally conducted, Gerstein later conceded that even at the beginning of the Mossler trial he felt himself outclassed by Percy Foreman. He also distrusted the circus publicity.

"If it weren't for the sex and the money," he had said on his way into the courtroom, "this thing wouldn't be worth page twenty."

Gerstein's two assistants, Arthur Huttoe and Gerald Kogan, sat to his immediate right; his mother, wearing a new hat for the occasion, sat among the first row of spectators.

Mrs. Mossler came in just after 9:30, her entrance preceded by an excited murmuring and a sudden glow of lights in the doorway. Balanced precariously on her high heels, she walked quickly to her chair, waving and blowing shy kisses to her friends and relatives in the audience.

Strikingly attractive in a direct, sexual way, Mrs. Mossler possessed the full figure of an aging showgirl. Her white, blond hair, frayed and lifeless from repeated dyeing, fell raggedly to her shoulders. Her blue eyes, heavily shadowed with mascara, turned up at the corners, giving her face an expression of subtle irony. Her beige linen dress looked as if it had been bought in a second-rate department store.

Yet she seemed to be trying for a demure appearance, the modest, downcast direction of her smile apparently being intended to convey a faded but still extant innocence. Without once looking at Powers she took her seat at the opposite end of the defense table, next to Marian Rosen. Mrs. Rosen whispered something in her ear and gave her a Kleenex to wipe away the tears in her eyes.

The head bailiff, commanding everybody to please rise, ceremoniously called the court into session. Judge George Schulz entered hurriedly from the end of the room and settled himself behind his high desk. A pleasant and benignly smiling man with white hair, he inquired if Mrs. Mossler found the room sufficiently cool. The engineers, he said, had been having some trouble with the air-conditioning unit. Assured by her lawyers that the defendant found the temperature satisfactory, he ordered the jury brought in, and the trial began.

Arthur Huttoe, the assistant state attorney, made the opening statement on behalf of the state. A plain man in a light gray suit, conscientious rather than eloquent, he first read the indictment against the two defendants. The colorless quality of his modest voice, slightly softened by a Southern accent, seemed to enhance the gravity of the charge. The motives for the killing, he said slowly, were three. "One," he said: "Powers's personal hatred of Jacques Mossler. Two: the sordid, illicit love affair between Powers and his aunt. Three: money."

He expected the evidence to show that the defendants had plotted Mossler's death for at least two years and that one or the other of them had offered money to five prospective assassins. None of these offers being accepted, Huttoe said, the defendants resolved to do the work themselves.

Although nobody could establish a

Three important witnesses: the unshakable Freddie Duhart, Billy Frank (Bad News) Mulvey and the embarrassed handyman, Roscoe Brown.

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they wouldn't get in trouble in the first place. But sometimes they abuse the privilege.'

specific time of death, the circumstantial evidence indicated that Mossler had been killed at about 1:45 A.M. on June 30, 1964, in an apartment that he recently had rented on Key Biscayne, Fla. He had not lived with his wife since the preceding October, when he left their house in Houston, Tex., and moved to Miami.

Continuing to speak blandly, as if meaning not to intrude, Huttoe set forth the few known facts relevant to the murder and established the following sequence of events:

Powers arrived in Miami from Houston on the evening of June 29, 1964. At approximately 12:45 A.M. on the 30th he walked into a bar a few miles from Mossler's apartment and ordered a double Scotch. Nobody, at least nobody the prosecution could present in court, saw him again until 8:15 the same morning when he boarded another plane at the Miami airport.

The record of Mrs. Mossler's movements over the same period of time remained equally incomplete. About a week earlier she had come from Houston to stay briefly with her husband. At 1:30 A.M. on the 30th neighbors at Governor's Lodge (the building in which Mossler had his apartment) saw her drive off in a car with Rita, her oldest daughter, and with three of her four adopted children. At 2:47 A.M., still accompanied by Rita and the children (two boys and a girl between the ages of 10 and 14), she presented herself in the emergency room of a local hospital. She complained of a migraine headache and asked for an injection to relieve the pain. A nurse offered to give her a shot, but she said she didn't mind waiting for the doctor, even though that might take more than an hour. She left the hospital at 4:15 A.M.

Meanwhile, at Governor's Lodge, the neighbors heard alarming noises. At about 1:45 A.M., 15 minutes after Mrs. Mossler left with the children, a woman living across the hall from the Mossler apartment heard a man screaming: "Don't . . . Don't do this to me . . . Please." She also heard a scuffling noise and two distinct thuds.

Several minutes later two other tenants of the building saw a tall man leave by way of the rear stairs and also saw a car drive quickly away with its lights off.

At 4:30 A.M. the night manager of the building, a woman named Mrs. Irene Durr, recalled Mrs. Mossler returning from the hospital with the children. Mrs. Durr heard the family talking downstairs while waiting for the elevator, and she overheard one of the children, Eddie Mossler, age 10, say: "Mom? . . . We're not to tell? . . . Mom, you don't want us to tell?"

At 4:49 A.M., Rita, who was 19, telephoned a local physician and asked him to come over right away because her father had blood all over his face. The doctor called the police, who in turn found Mossler's corpse on the living room floor, lying on its left side, covered with an orange blanket.

Wandering from room to room in a nervous and disconcerted manner, Mrs. Mossler kept asking the detectives to please do something. She sent the children downstairs to the Coke machine. Nobody could remember either Mrs. Mossler or any of the children betraying outward signs of emotion or loss. None of them were seen to cry. In answer to the usual questions, Mrs. Mossler offered variant theories of a possible motive for the crime. She first suggested that her husband was a vicious businessman who no doubt had many enemies. An hour later she suggested robbery as a motive, insisting that money and jewels were missing from the apartment. The police, however, could find no evidence of this.

Much later that morning, after consultation with her lawyers, Mrs. Mossler offered still a third theory in a formal statement at police headquarters. Her husband, she said, had been a homosexual. She had warned him many times about the company he kept. She felt certain that he had been murdered by a jealous lover.

Huttoe's recitation took about an hour. He delivered it leaning slightly forward to the microphone placed on a small table in front of the jury box, speaking always in a calm, reasonable voice. Extending his argument beyond the demonstrable facts, he assumed that Mrs. Mossler met Powers at the airport and that she left the apartment at 1:30 A.M. by prearrangement. He further assumed that Powers, lurking in the shadows outside the building, then entered the apartment and surprised Mossler with a knife.

The jurors, all men, listened with serene patience, rocking gently back and forth in their reclining seats, their hands folded across their stomachs. Their company included a specimen collector at the Miami Seaquarium, a bus driver, a mailman, the proprietor of a rooming house, a piano player and a bellhop. About half of them wore suits and ties; few of them had more than a high-school education.

Mrs. Mossler, on the verge of tears, stared at each of them in turn, an occasional, tentative smile fluttering across her lovely mouth. Her pale complexion seemed heightened by the use of dead-white makeup. With her left hand she idly fingered the strand of pearls at her throat.

Powers looked bored. Crossing and uncrossing his long legs, he kept adjusting the cuffs of his pants so that the tops of his socks wouldn't show. Foreman hardly even looked at Huttoe, as if to imply that the argument being presented was of no consequence.

At the end Huttoe sat down amid a rustle of subdued whispering. Gerstein nodded his congratulations. Judge Schulz declared a brief recess. Most of the spectators remained in the courtroom, unwilling to make way for the crowd in the lobby. They seemed satisfied with Huttoe's presentation. It all sounded so clear and obvious.

"What I want to know," asked a man in a straw hat, "what I want to know is . . . How can they let murderers go around loose like that?"

The old woman wearing sneakers asked a more subtle question. Looking cautiously around, she said, "Does an

The flamboyant Mr. Foreman has defended at least 700 accused killers and lost only one.

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Asked about the charges of murder and incest, Candy replied, 'Well, suh, nobody's perfect.'

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innocent person wave at the public?"

The numerous reporters crowded noisily into the small room assigned to them at the end of the corridor, a room in which the judge had allowed Western Union to install three Teletype machines. Already during the first two weeks of the trial everybody had made the necessary arrangements for special chairs, filing times and regular deliveries of coffee. Theo Wilson, the correspondent for the New York *Daily News*, had begun to write the lyrics of "Candy and Mel," a song to be sung to the tune of *Frankie and Johnnie*. Her paper usually referred to Mrs. Mossler as "The Swinging Granny."

Opinion among the reporters leaned heavily toward belief in the defendants' guilt, the extreme position being held by Jim Bishop, the Hearst columnist. His early leads, written with apparent disregard of the libel laws, presumed an eventual conviction.

Although Foreman and Mrs. Mossler's lawyers avoided the press room, both Gerstein and Harvey St. Jean, one of Powers's lawyers, often came in to stand around glancing at the early editions. Gerstein always seemed nervous, as if fearful that somebody might misinterpret him or fail to take him seriously enough. St. Jean, who had gray hair and a worldly face, established an easy familiarity with the press. Having begun his career as a motorcycle cop on Miami Beach, he was accustomed to an atmosphere of cynical jokes and news items that somehow never got printed.

Waiting for court to resume, he assured the few reporters inclined toward the innocence of the defendants that Powers did not hate Mossler enough to stab him so often.

"Unless there's some personal feeling," he said, "why stab somebody 39 times? It's too much work."

Foreman, making the opening statement on behalf of Powers, proposed an alternate line of reasoning on the same point. Rising slowly, almost painfully, he shambled toward the center of the courtroom, disdaining the use of the microphone and pausing long enough to accept a glass of water from the clerk. This slow gesture allowed sufficient time for the proper dramatic effect. His thumbs hooked into the corners of his vest, conscious of his own vast reputation, he glowered at the jurors as if searching among them for hidden weakness. He looked like a courthouse politician about to dispense undeserved patronage to a group of farmers with their hats over their ears.

"If each of the 39 wounds on the body of the deceased," he began, "had been inflicted by a separate person . . . that is, by 39 different people . . . there still would be three times as many people in the state of Florida with enough reason to want the death of Jacques Mossler."

Thus, from the beginning, nobody could have any doubts as to the kind of defense that Foreman expected to offer. He would endeavor to say as little as possible about his own client, and he would try to smear everybody else even remotely connected with the trial. He began by assassinating the character of the deceased.

No more ruthless a pirate than Jacques Mossler, he said, ever sailed the seas of commerce, a man who received so many threats against his life that he kept an ax beside his bed and frequently summoned thugs and gangsters to his home, employing them to deal with blackmailers. For the convenience of the jury he divided Mossler's enemies into five categories:

1. The independent automobile dealers who had been ruined by Mossler's wicked machinations.

2. The thousands of innocent citizens whose cars had been repossessed by Mossler's agents. (Foreman spoke of the Mossler loan companies as if they were the espionage organizations of hostile powers.)

3. The former employees of those companies who were summarily discharged and replaced by good-looking youths to whom Mossler took a fancy.

4. The princelings, dukes and overlords in the Mossler empire plotting to seize control of the business.

5. The innumerable homosexuals and other deviates with whom Mossler conducted clandestine, sordid affairs.

"Except for the shoe fetish," Foreman said, ". . . Mossler had 'em all—transvestite, homosexuality, voyeurism, masochism, sadism, all the perversions mentioned in *Psychopathia Sexualis*, Krafft-Ebing's great masterpiece."

Developing the homosexual theme, Foreman nominated two men other than Powers who might have killed Mossler. The first of these, a former vice president in one of Mossler's companies, he identified as a good-looking youth named Vincent Caltagirone. The second, an interior decorator named Fred Roy Weissel, had been found the morning of the murder about five miles from Governor's Lodge, bruised and badly beaten. Foreman implied that either or both of these men might have been Mossler's lovers and might have killed him out of jealousy.

Proceeding next to the Dade County Sheriff's Department, Foreman suggested that certain corrupt police officials, in return for large sums of money paid by the four daughters of Mossler's first marriage, manufactured the evidence against Powers and Mrs. Mossler. The daughters, according to Foreman's scenario, hoped to convict Mrs. Mossler so that they might receive a larger share of the inheritance. The Sheriff's Department therefore had "seined the cesspools of the jails and insane asylums" for witnesses amenable to perjury.

He described these witnesses as thieves and convicts. The white men among them, he said, looking pointedly at the three Negroes on the jury, had traveled from Texas in first-class accommodations; they then had been quartered, at public expense, in fancy hotels on the beach where the state of Florida supplied them with as much liquor and as many women as their depraved appetites could consume.

Conversely, the Negro witnesses brought to testify were, according to Foreman, honest but misguided workingmen, forced to leave their homes, their pregnant wives or their sick children to come to Miami in the back of a bus. While waiting to testify they had lived in the Negro ghetto of the city and worked for meager wages.

None of these accusations, of course, was ever proved. Nobody came forward to say that Mossler had been a homosexual; no princelings or overlords appeared; neither did anybody ruined by Mossler's wicked machinations. Caltagirone, called as a state's witness, turned out to be an ordinary-looking man, 39 years old, previously married and the father of two children. Weissel never knew Mossler. The charges of official corruption could not be substantiated; the white and Negro witnesses traveled at the same rates.

Concluding his statement in a sentimental mode, Foreman evoked a picture postcard of domestic happiness. Powers, he said, enjoyed a warm place in the bosom of the Mossler family, much loved by the deceased, his uncle, who thought of him as a son. The younger children considered him an older brother. Mrs. Mossler, to whom he referred as "this little woman," had, for many years, given generously to charitable enterprises, among them the Houston Boy's Club. She often contributed both financial and moral encouragement to her many needy relatives and friends.

The spectators, seduced by Foreman's humor and high-flown style, filed out of the courtroom at the noon recess much less sure about things than they had been earlier. One of Foreman's admirers, a public-relations man and freelance writer named Patrick O'Bryan from Beaumont, Tex.,

Candy Mossler visits the grave of her late husband (far right) in Arlington Cemetery. She is accompanied by four of their children, Chris, Dan, Martha and Edward Jacques.

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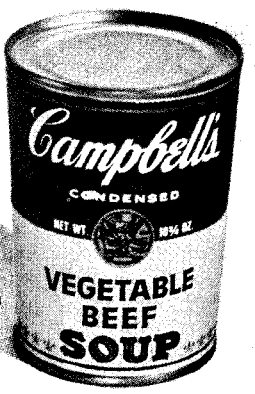
Enjoy an easy meal tonight: a family-pleasing Campbell supper!

Build your own sandwich. And add a delicious helping of the nourishing vegetables and hearty beef in Campbell's Vegetable Beef Soup. That's a Campbell supper, and everybody loves it. So relax and discover the charm of an easy-going supper tonight. Just reach for the Campbell's. It's right on your shelf.



You always eat better with Campbell's

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stopped to confer with several Northern reporters. O'Bryan said that he had come to Miami for the fun of watching Foreman work. He professed to know the ins and outs of Southern justice.

"I'll tell ya," he said, "by the time old Percy gets through, everybody'll want to attack the dead man's grave. He'll get 'em so riled up they'll go and overturn the headstone."

St. Jean, also passing through the press room, remarked on Foreman's brilliant use of the homosexual angle.

"Not bad for a red herring," he said.

The reporters with deadlines stayed on the sixth floor, talking excitedly on phones, yelling at each other for the spelling of a name or the accuracy of a quote, typing their stories directly onto Western Union blanks. Everybody else drifted across Flagler Street to a bar called "Craig's Other Place."

The crowd in Craig's gathered inevitably around Foreman, several lawyers stepping forward to shake hands and say that was the way they would have handled it. The chief of detectives for the Dade County Sheriff's Department invited him to address the annual dinner of a local police organization. O'Bryan complimented him for an unusually fine performance.

"I don't say I'm the best," Foreman said, "but I don't deny it."

He ordered drinks for everybody and sherry for himself. (Sixty-three years old, he had quit drinking hard liquor several years before.) Feeling comfortable in the adulation of the people paying him court, Foreman chose to speak first about the jury, with which he was well pleased.

Over the first two weeks of the trial, he and the other eight lawyers had interrogated 177 citizens provided by the state of Florida as candidates for a jury of Mrs. Mossler's peers. Late one afternoon, explaining the jury system to a prospective juror, Foreman remarked that the man had been "brought in fresh from the public," as if the public were some kind of greenhouse wherein he could rummage around in search of the rarest flowers.

Most of the veniremen had asked to be excused, either because they didn't believe in capital punishment or for reasons of business. The trial was expected to last two months, and most people couldn't afford the time.

"The state always wants upper-class jurors," Foreman said, "people with money and college degrees. For something like this you need people who respond to the elemental passions."

He conceived of the jury on the Mossler case as ideally suited to his purposes. Because the defendant must be considered a temporary victim, he said, there should be other oppressed persons on the jury. He reminded his audience that on the present jury there were two Jews and three Negroes.

He further explained that he preferred people who worked with other people (hairdressers, musicians, cabdrivers, etc.) rather than people who worked with numbers and things (architects, physicists, chemists, etc.).

"The trouble with bookkeepers and those kind of fellas," Foreman said, "is that they like things to come out neatly, without any loose ends."

Neither were there any women on the jury, a phenomenon he felt needed no explanation. "Man's inhumanity to man," he said, "is exceeded only by woman's inhumanity to woman."

Everybody laughed appreciatively. Somebody asked Foreman for his autograph. O'Bryan ordered another round of drinks. A man running for a local political office came up and asked if Foreman would give him lessons.

"You certainly got the women stirred up, Percy," he said. "You sure do know how to say those things."

Most of the crowd remained at the bar during the two-hour recess, contenting themselves with grilled cheese sandwiches and Foreman's anecdotes. Winking at the girls and calling them "honey," Foreman talked about his youth. Maybe some of what he said was exaggerated, but it had the magic of American names in it, and nobody quibbled much about the details.

He was born, he said, in Polk County in East Texas, in a small, dusty town where his father was the sheriff. The family lived on the ground floor of the stone jail. At the age of eight he saw his first hanging, which he remembered as a public holiday, the farmers coming into town on wagons and the kids selling souvenirs and cotton candy. Both his grandfathers fought with Hood's Brigade in the Civil War. His beaked nose and brown, opaque eyes he attributed to one of his mother's Cherokee ancestors.

"The only Indians with a sense of humor," he said.

Before he was 15 he left home and went to Houston to seek his fortune. He got a job as a stenographer for a Texas oil company, and on the side he worked out at the local Y.M.C.A. with visiting wrestlers, among them Cyclone Mitchell and Strangler Lewis. By 1919, he said, he had developed so much technique on the typewriter that he finished second to Billy Rose at the national speed-typing contest in Atlantic City.

Through the 1920's, studying law in Houston during the winters, he spent the summers on the old Chautauqua circuits, traveling through the river towns in the Ohio valley. He started out as an advance agent for the tent shows. "My towns were always full," he said, "people as far as you could see at night."

Subsequently promoted to platform manager and then to second-day lecturer, he learned to talk, for any length of time, on such topics as "The High Mission of Woman in the 20th Century," "The American Social Ideal," or "The Canary Bird in the Coal Mine."

Eventually admitted to the bar in Houston, he set himself up in practice by distributing fancy printed cards that read: MOSES, JUSTINIAN, BLACKSTONE, WEBSTER AND FOREMAN. His theatrical style soon attracted the attention of the newspapers. Usually he conducted his defense on the premise that the Texas police compared in their brutality to the Gestapo.

"You want to know how it works in Texas," he said. "I'll tell ya . . . The cops arrest the last person to see the deceased alive or the guy who finds the body . . . Then they beat him until he confesses."

So successfully did he exploit this theme that, as his clients kept getting acquitted, his reputation became almost legendary. People standing next to bodies, with smoking guns in their hands, asked to consult with Percy Foreman. "That's right, fellas," said O'Bryan, the public-relations man. "Happened more than once . . . Tell 'em about the time with Klavenhagen, Percy."

Foreman, however, would say no more. He excused himself on the ground that he wanted to do some reading before the court convened at 2 P.M. He paid for the drinks with a crumpled $100 bill that he pulled out of his pocket with his loose change.

"Money don't mean nothing to Percy," O'Bryan said after Foreman had left. "He owns about 30 buildings in Houston, all of 'em filled with stuff that people gave him for fees."

(Much later in the trial somebody asked Foreman how much it would cost to hire him as trial lawyer in a criminal proceeding. "That depends," Foreman said with a smile. "Do you supply the witnesses, or do I?")

By 1:30 P.M. the crowd in the lobby on the sixth floor had gotten so large that the bailiffs had placed an iron gate across the entrance to the corridor just outside the courtroom. The people who had been standing since 8 A.M. had at last reached the head of the line, some of them clutching the vertical bars of the gate like prisoners in a cage.

At the back of the line, hoping for another chance at the proceedings, the old woman in sneakers stood arguing with a flashily dressed blonde.

"They're both innocent," the blonde said. "If a woman loves a man, why would she risk his life?"

"But he's not her lover, honey," the old woman said. "She only sleeps with him."

"There's just a lot of jealousy here," said the blonde, who was much younger and wearing gold-lamé slacks. "You old women are angry at somebody better preserved than you."

"That don't mean we're dead, honey," said the old woman.

When Mrs. Mossler arrived, 15 minutes early, surrounded by her lawyers and her brother Hiram, the crowd in the lobby accorded her a celebrity's welcome. Several people tried to get her autograph; somebody thrust a bouquet of flowers into her hands. The photographers called her "Candy" and beseeched her to smile just once more. She had achieved the rank of the heroine in a Lana Turner movie.

Inside the door of the courtroom a reporter managed to block her passage long enough to ask a question.

"Mrs. Mossler," he said, "there have been some terrible charges against you here this morning—murder and incest, I mean. Do you have any comment?"

"Well, suh," she said, "nobody's perfect."

She always spoke in a frail, breathy voice slurred by a strong Southern accent. The *persona* that she presented throughout the trial was that of the poor, helpless widow and grieving mother overtaken by a cruel and unjust fate. When confronted by questions that she preferred not to answer, she resorted to platitudes about the great state of Florida, motherhood, her faith in the jury system and the goodness in the hearts of the American people. Despite the frequent interviews, only a very few facts concerning her life could be definitely established. For the rest, it was a matter of taking her word for it, which, as the trial record indicated, could be a chancy business.

Her birth certificate showed that she was born Candace Grace Weatherby on February 20, 1920, in Buchanan, Ga., the fifth of ten children born to L.S. (Lonny) Weatherby, a farmer. At the trial, however, Mrs. Mossler insisted that in fact she had been born in 1927. She explained, somewhat vaguely, that her late husband, embarrassed by the difference in their ages, had forced her to falsify her age while applying for a passport prior to one of their several trips to Europe.

About her early life she remained charmingly indefinite. When she was five or six years old her mother died and her father drifted off. She was raised by her grandfathers, one of whom, a "stately Englishman," owned a bank in town. She dropped out of school after the 11th grade, and in 1939 married a building contractor from Anniston, Ala., named A. Norman Johnson. (Had she been born in 1927, she would have been 12 when she married, but that was another of those things about which it was useless to ask.)

She stayed married to Johnson for two or three years (she couldn't remember exactly how long), and then he, too, drifted off somewhere, possibly, she thought, to the Grand Canyon to build dams. Left with two children, Norman and Rita Johnson, she supported herself for a few years as a fashion model, mostly, she said, ads for shoes and toothpaste. In 1947 she appeared in New Orleans as the proprietress of a finishing school for young girls hoping to become models. There she met Mossler, recently divorced from his first wife. Their courtship blossomed at the zoo, where he took snapshots of her two children posing in front of the lions and giraffes. They were married in 1948, in Fort Lauderdale, Fla.; after a period of traveling to resorts in Europe and the United States, they bought a big house in the fashionable part of Houston.

They hung Gainsboroughs and Renoirs on the walls, she said, and they had a swimming pool, and a ranch outside Galveston, and an Egyptian maid who could speak three languages. She inspired her husband and encouraged him in his businesses, and he, doting on her, gave her an allowance of $5,700 a month and too many presents.

"Jacques would say to me," she once said, "'Shall I buy you another diamond necklace, or shall I buy another bank?' And I'd say, 'Jacques, I already have so many diamonds,' and so he'd buy me a bank."

She loved Jacques very much, and she didn't find out that he was a homosexual until the morning he was killed. (This, of course, conflicted with another of her statements to the papers, but that again was something that couldn't be helped.)

The newspapers consistently referred to her as "a socialite," but although her name appeared sporadically in the gossip columns during the 16 years of her marriage to Mossler, neither she nor her husband belonged to the so-called "better clubs" in town. Among the people in Houston whom she would be expected to know, hardly anybody could remember meeting her.

As with the other periods of her life, too many questions led to an uneasy suspicion that much of her biography had been glued together out of bits and pieces of old movie magazines. This apprehension was strengthened by the Texas reporters at the trial, who, professing to know various inside

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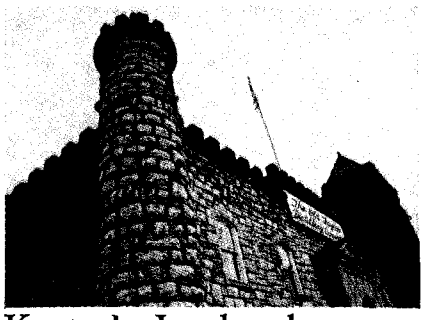
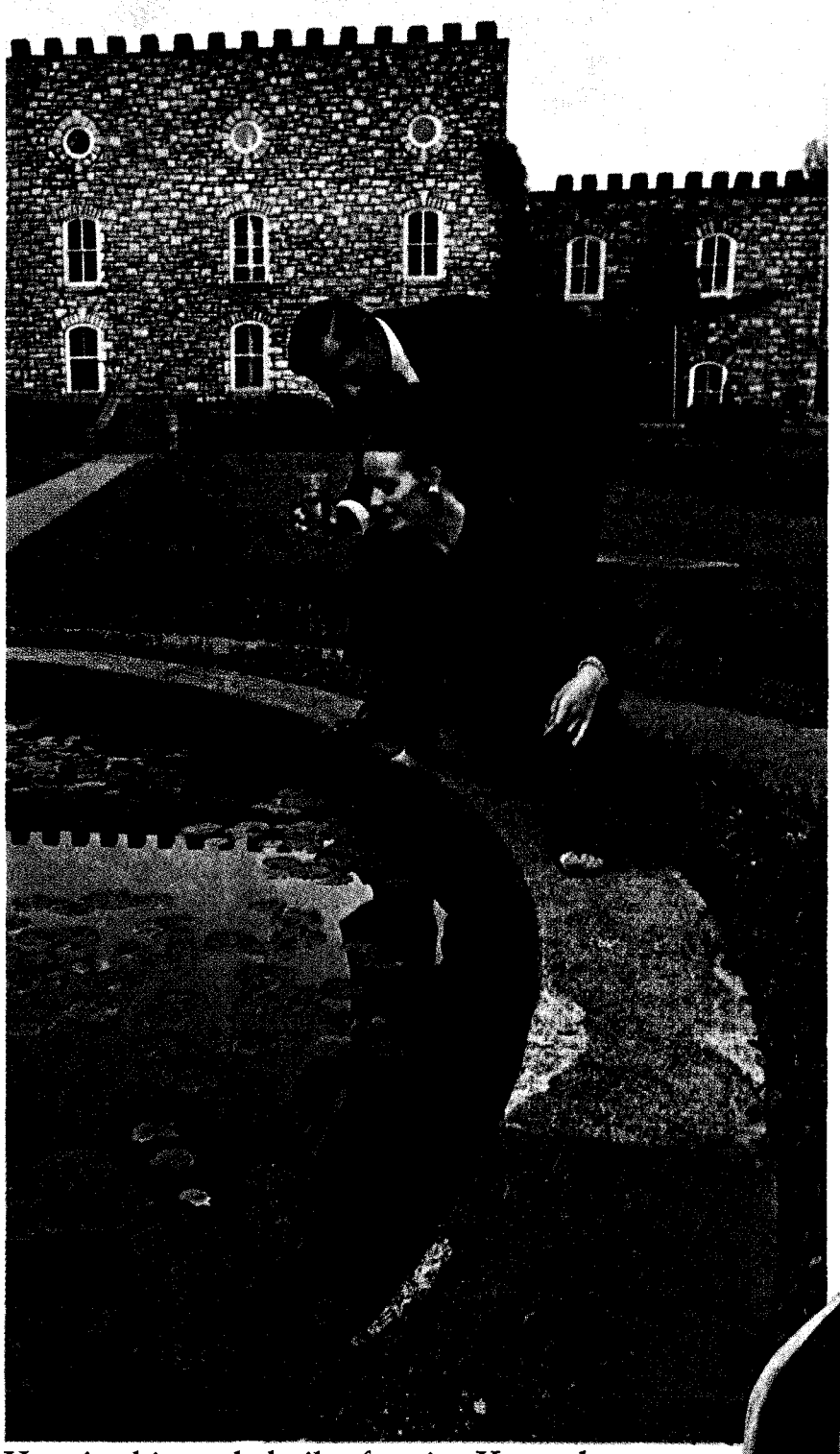
Photographed in Kentucky at the Old Taylor Distillery



Kentucky Landmark:
The Old Taylor Distillery at Frankfort, built in 1887 by Colonel Edmund H. Taylor, Jr.



Here in this castle built of native Kentucky limestone, a great Bourbon was created...and continues to be made in the grand tradition. A Bourbon so smooth, so rich, so rewarding that today's moderns, who seek out the best in taste, make it their own. Shouldn't you?

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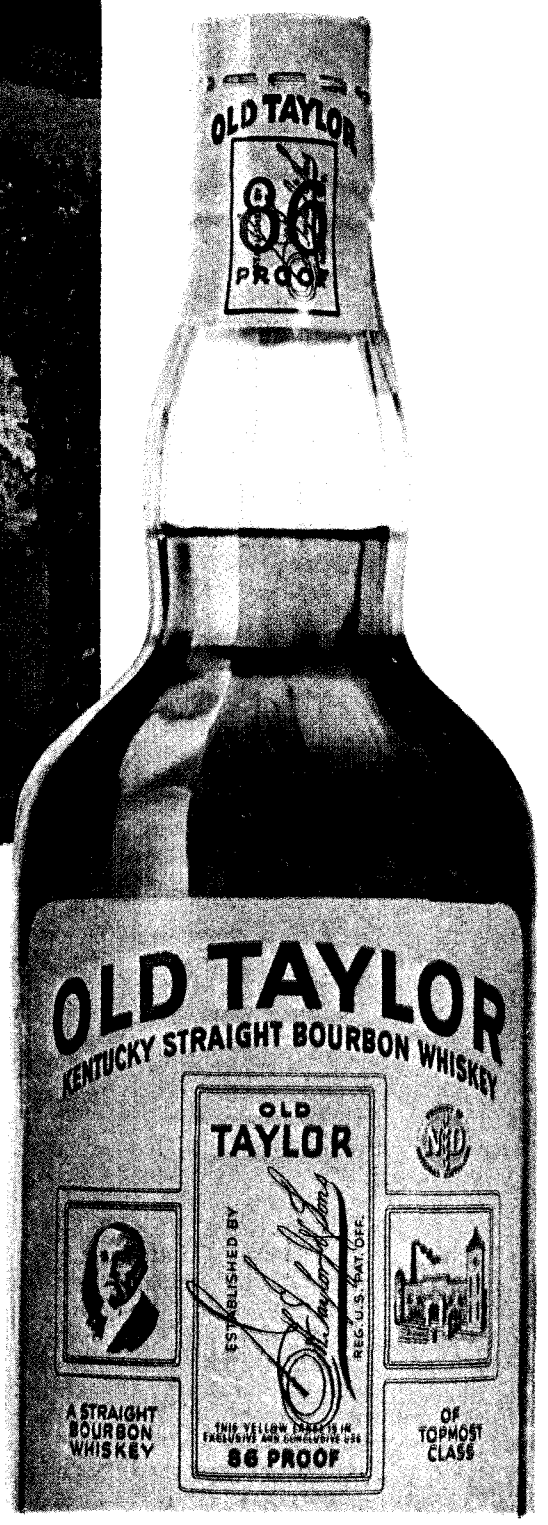

Everything's old fashioned about Old Taylor except the people who drink it

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, 86 Proof. The Old Taylor Distillery Co., Frankfort & Louisville, Ky.

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stories from their days of hanging around the Houston jail, circulated unprintable rumors about the less conventional aspects of her character.

She seemed to possess a strong fascination for crime and violence. Certain incidents could be substantiated. It was true, for instance, that one New Year's Eve she slugged a deputy sheriff who came to her house looking for her chauffeur. A few weeks earlier the chauffeur had been arrested for carrying a concealed weapon.

In 1954 she spent a large sum of money arranging higher appeals for a convicted murderer named Howard Stickney, a man whom she supposedly had not met prior to his arrest. A good-looking young draftsman for the Texas Highway Department, Stickney had killed his best friend and his best friend's wife, and then had brought the woman's corpse back to his apartment for the weekend. He subsequently fled to Canada, where he was found by the Mounties. Mrs. Mossler visited him frequently in prison before his electrocution.

Two years later, in Haralson County, Ga., her older brother, DeWitt Weatherby, shot and killed a man during a stud poker game. The shooting occurred in the Silver Dollar Club, a roadhouse and gambling parlor owned by DeWitt about 40 miles from Atlanta. The night after the murder the club mysteriously burned to the ground.

Soon after DeWitt was convicted of murder, somebody approached Marvin Griffin, then Governor of Georgia, with an offer of $25,000 to fix things.

"I'm sorry, boys," the governor was later quoted as saying, "You'll just have to go to the circus and buy pink lemonade and peanuts, 'cause I ain't gonna do nothin' for ya."

DeWitt was pardoned less than five years after being sentenced to life imprisonment. The pardon became a political issue in Georgia because one of the lawyers hired by Mrs. Mossler, Carl Sanders, also happened to get elected governor in 1962. She had contributed heavily to his campaign.

Several of the domestic servants that she employed at various times, either at what the papers called "the Houston mansion" or at the ranch outside Galveston, possessed police records. This same predilection for an aura of crime also seemed to have affected the adoption, in 1957, of the four youngest Mossler children.

Their father, a Chicago newspaper vendor named Glenn, shot and killed their mother under the delusion that her body "contained the evil spirits of the Sahara Desert." For the same reason he also stabbed his infant son, six months old, in the stomach. For three days after the murder Glenn remained in his tenement apartment with his dead wife and dying son. The four other children, the oldest of whom was then six, cooked the meals and went about their usual household chores. On the fourth day, intending to find refuge "somewhere in the south," he took the children and left Chicago by car. The car foundered in a snowbank in Melrose Park, where the police found them.

Mossler happened to be in Chicago on the morning the story broke in the papers. He telephoned his wife, and they immediately undertook adoption proceedings. Later that summer the Mosslers took the children to Miami Beach. One paper published a photograph of Mrs. Mossler and the children under the headline: DAY OF TRAGEDY GIVES WAY TO FAIRY TALE LIFE.

The article quoted her as saying, "They're my life . . . my world," and then went on to describe the happy laughter of children rescued from despair, rejoicing in their newfound security among swimming pools and dancing classes. In answer to the customary question about what he intended to do when he grew up, Chris, the second of the three boys, said, "I'm going to sing a lot . . . I like to sing."

Martha, then seven, said, "I like to play the harp."

During the trial Mrs. Mossler kept the children with her at the Dupont Plaza Apartments, adjacent to the hotel where her attorneys and Powers stayed. Arriving in Miami on January 16, the day before the trial opened, she posed for photographs at the airport with her arms around the children.

"I was never away from them," she told the reporters, "and they don't want to stay away from me."

Martha, almost sixteen and smiling into the lights, said, "It would be nice to walk out onto the street and have people stop looking at you like you were from outer space or something."

The testimony presented during the first week of the trial was confined to the immediate circumstances of the crime. Doctors, detectives and crime-laboratory technicians added supplemental details to Huttoe's opening statement. Neighbors at the Governor's Lodge apartments told what they had heard and seen.

The most damaging testimony came from a man named Roscoe Brown, a Negro handyman employed by the Mosslers for 17 years. His embarrassment on entering the courtroom suggested the awkward dilemma of a faithful servant. His sad, resigned face identified him as a man who had seen many troubles. He was wearing his best black suit (given to him by Mrs. Mossler), a white shirt and no tie.

Seeing Mrs. Mossler behind the defense table, he smiled hopefully at her, but she, looking betrayed, pointedly turned away. He also smiled at Powers, but Powers stared at him coldly, and for the rest of the day Roscoe avoided looking at either of them.

His testimony concerned the kitchen sink in the Mossler apartment and a 1960 white Chevrolet. Huttoe, leading him through the direct examination in a quiet, coaxing voice, asked him about the afternoon of June 29, 1964.

"Well," Roscoe began, "I goes over to the apartment, and Danny [Danny Mossler, then 12] he lets me in. Then I sees Miz Mossler and I says, hello, how are you. She say, fine, how are you. I say, nice to see you. She say, I'll be with you in a minute. So I went out on the porch and Rocky [Mossler's dog, a boxer] was out there; so I cheered him a bit. Then I goes into the kitchen and started to do a little work."

Although Roscoe spoke in a slow and patient voice, trying not to make any mistakes, his narrative became increasingly friendly and discursive. Huttoe showed him a photograph of the kitchen sink and asked him if he recognized it. This was important to the prosecution because Powers's palm print had been lifted from the sink, and if it had been washed on the afternoon of the 29th, that might indicate Powers's subsequent presence in the apartment.

"Yes, suh," Roscoe said, "I cleaned it off. That's just the way I left it."

He explained that he also had vacuumed the rug and hung a few paintings that Rita bought that morning in a Miami department store. (Mrs. Mossler later gave him one of the paintings; also custody of the dog, Rocky.) When he had finished his chores, Roscoe and Danny went to a gas station to fill up Mrs. Mossler's white Chevrolet The car was important for three reasons. Powers's fingerprints had been found in it; it had been left at the Miami airport at 5:19 A.M. on the 30th; and the neighbors at Governor's Lodge remembered the tall man driving away in a similar car.

"Danny went with me," he said. "He rode down on his bicycle. Danny and I, we had a coupla drinks. Pepsi and Teem. Danny didn't like his Teem, so I drank his Teem, and he had my Pepsi."

Several weeks later, after Powers had been arrested and Mrs. Mossler had retired to the Mayo Clinic, Roscoe received a telephone call from her.

"She asked me how I was gettin' along. I told her fine. She say she wanted me to tell the true. She say the day I went over to the apartment was not the day Mr. M. was killed. She says, 'You remember, Roscoe, you just didn't get gas for that car, and you didn't clean the sink. When this thing is over,' she says, 'you'll have a good job.'"

During that first telephone conversation, Roscoe said, Mrs. Mossler also told him how he should remember something else that happened on the afternoon before Mossler's death. He testified that she told him to remember Mossler having an argument with a young man named Vincent Caltagirone. Roscoe never heard such an argument, but, he said, Mrs. Mossler told him to remember hearing Mossler breaking off a love affair with Caltagirone.

(At about the same time Mrs. Mossler also telephoned Caltagirone from the Mayo Clinic. Caltagirone later testified that she asked him to remember the names of the homosexual bars that Mossler frequented. He said Mossler never went to such places.)

Mrs. Mossler again telephoned Roscoe in July, 1965, a few days before her own arrest on a charge of murder. Roscoe received the call in the presence of a police detective and stenographer. Mrs. Mossler again reminded him about the car and the sink.

"'My dear husband,' she say, 'he dead, he gone,'" Roscoe said. "'Nuthin' can bring him back. You can't help him, and you can't hurt him. He sleeps easy where he is, so please don't say anything that wasn't real. It would be awful nice if you didn't let them [the police] put words in your mouth.'"

Listening intently to the testimony, Mrs. Mossler sniffled and wiped her eyes. She held her head slightly to one side, as if afraid that somebody might hit her. Most of the time that Roscoe was talking she kept whispering the word "no," and sadly shaking her head, as if with pitying forgiveness. The gesture seemed to imply her sorrow at seeing so sweet a man as Roscoe corrupted by the police.

Foreman's cross-examination developed the theme of police brutality. He repeatedly asked the witness if he had not been threatened with 20 years in jail if he didn't say what the Dade

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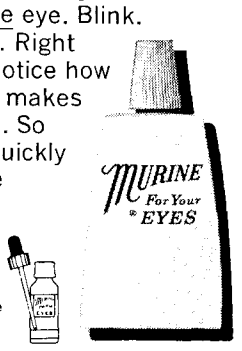

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County Sheriff's Department wanted him to say. Sneaking anxious looks at Gerstein and Huttoe out of the corners of his eyes, Roscoe denied any such coercion. All he would say was that the police had threatened to put him in jail if he didn't tell the truth.

"He [a police captain] say, 'I heard a lot about you.' I say, 'I hope it's good.' He say, 'Not so good.' He say that a man was stabbed thirty-nine times, and we gonna find out who did it, and if we catch you lyin', we're goin' give you twenty years."

When the lawyers had finished with him, Roscoe left the witness stand as apologetically as he had entered it. He glanced again at Mrs. Mossler, but she ignored him.

During the rest of the week Foreman continued to employ the theme of police brutality. His voice, like quicksand, modulated abruptly from a soft and insinuating drawl to a harsh shout. Sometimes openly insulting, sometimes affecting innocence, he fitted his technique to the particular witness. With police officials he usually managed passing reference to boots, badges or guns.

To one policeman, he remarked, apropos of nothing:

Q. I suppose you do a lot of arresting people and appearing in court?

A. Yes.

Q. If you start a case and lose it, it counts against you, doesn't it?

A. Well . . . uh . . .

Q: Do you tap phones?

He asked the last question in a pleasant, conversational way, as if inquiring about the man's brand of cigarette.

With civilian witnesses Foreman relied on what might be called the absurd irrelevancy. For instance, to a tenant at Governor's Lodge who had seen the Chevrolet drive off, he said:

Q: Did you notice anything peculiar about the car, any broken glass or other distinguishing feature?

A: No.

Q: Then you don't know whether there are 10,000 or 100,000 cars like that in Miami, do you?

A: No.

Q: You couldn't see whether the person [driving the car] was male, female, Cuban, Caucasian or Mongolian, could you?

A: No.

Q: You couldn't see how the person was dressed?

A: No.

Q: Do you know whether the person was wearing a Japanese kimono?

With convicts, several of whom appeared later in the trial, Foreman adopted a conspiratorial tone, as if he and the witness knew all the time that the witness must be lying. Usually he also mentioned crimes the witness knew nothing about. As, for example, to a convicted swindler:

Q: Didn't you tell L. D. Norris that you sometimes pose as an internal revenue agent and defraud old men and women on this pretext?

The witness (*obviously puzzled*): No.

Q: Didn't you tear the clothes off a barmaid's back?

A: I remember a girl getting forty dollars off me once.

Q: Do you not pay hotel bills with dimes and nickels plundered from coin machines?

Although many of the questions were stricken from the record, they all served the purpose of diverting the jury's attention from the substance of the testimony. At the more outlandish questions, despite the judge's repeated admonitions, the courtroom frequently burst into laughter. Even though they laughed, however, some of the spectators resented these digressions.

"Sly, oh, see how sly," whispered a friend of the old woman in sneakers.

"That's how they twist it," the old woman explained. "That's what they get paid for."

At noon on Friday, February 4, Judge Schulz unexpectedly canceled the afternoon session and adjourned the court until Monday morning. Among the crowd pushing its way out of the courtroom the reporters noticed an old man crying. He had been there all week, sitting in the third or fourth row, but because he looked poor, like most of the other pensioners, nobody had bothered with him. He appeared to be about 70, stoop-shouldered and frail, dressed in a rumpled suit. His eyebrows grew in wispy tufts. Somebody asked him why he was crying.

"It isn't a dog that's been killed," he said. "I don't want people to think that nobody cares . . . Forgive me . . . It isn't that I want revenge."

His name was Moscovitz, he said, and he was Jacques Mossler's older brother. He had come to the trial from Tel Aviv because he didn't want the public to feel that his brother was without a family or that nobody cared about his murder. His voice had a slight accent; his manner suggested a scholarly man who would have preferred to discuss chamber music. Had he, someone asked, spoken to Mrs. Mossler?

"Yes," he said, "she came over and said, 'Oh, Marcu, how are you? I'm glad to see you.' She wanted to shake hands with me. And I said, 'Oh, no, please, I'm not glad to see you.'"

Eventually Moscovitz allowed himself to be conducted to a coffee shop within a block of the courthouse. Nobody yet knew much about his brother. Mrs. Mossler, of course, at least on the basis of the information distributed through her attorneys, described him as a sadist and a seducer of high-school boys; the bartenders around town remembered him as a loud guy who sent things back and tipped badly. Neither source could be considered entirely trustworthy. The only available photograph showed a man smiling suspiciously out of the corners of his mouth, as if he were negotiating a deal. His gray hair was parted neatly in the middle; he had big ears and looked younger than his age.

The family, Moscovitz said, had come from Galatz, Romania, in the early part of 1900, Marcu then being 10 years old. His sister, Fay, was six; Jacques was four. Traveling first by train to Rotterdam, thence by ship to Liverpool and by another ship to Newfoundland, the family at last settled in Buffalo, N.Y. Later they moved to New York, where Marcu studied at the Cooper Union, and finally, in 1909, to Chicago. He remembered his brother as a mischievous little boy with bright eyes who was fond of small animals. In the ghetto on Halsted Street Jacques had a room in an attic where he kept mice, a turtle, a rabbit and a dog. When he got bigger he used to like to pick up his grandmother, a tiny, ancient lady, and swing her around in the air, like a doll, until she giggled and laughed.

"Jacques had a wonderful smile in him," Moscovitz said.

Some years later the family moved again, this time to New Orleans. Jacques started out in business with an old car he bought for $125. He fixed it up and sold it for a higher price; later he somehow bought a parking lot. He married a Catholic girl and changed his name to Mossler.

Drafted into the Army during World War I, Jacques never got farther than the staging depot in Louisiana, and by the time the war was over, the parking lot already had begun to prosper. Marcu didn't see him much after that.

Not being ambitious for money, Marcu went to Palestine in 1928, where he bought an orange grove and took up the profession of surveyor. Occasionally he heard from Jacques, who had extended his operations into the business of lending people money to buy automobiles on time.

"As far as 'filthy lucre' goes," Moscovitz said, "I guessed he was doing very well."

Eventually Mossler acquired control of finance and automobile loan companies across Texas and Florida, the combined assets of which amounted to $225 million. As for his brother's second marriage, Moscovitz explained it as an obsession. He remembered that once in a Miami Beach hotel, on one of his infrequent trips to the United States, he had watched Mrs. Mossler sit on her husband's lap and call him "Daddy" in a little baby voice. If anybody criticized her, Mossler would become angry.

"He used to say, 'You think Marilyn Monroe is something—look at my wife,'" Moscovitz said.

Over the last several years of Mossler's life, Marcu had heard that his brother was having arguments with his wife, and he wrote to him, offering to meet him in London or Paris to talk about it.

"In his letters," he said, "you see . . . there was this lonesomeness."

Marcu missed the funeral. He got as far as New York but failed to make the necessary plane connections south. About 200 people attended the service, among them a number of detectives looking for suspects. Dressed in a navy-blue mohair suit, Mossler lay in a solid copper casket under an American flag. His widow wore a black veil and a wide hat; that afternoon she took the casket north for burial at Arlington Cemetery.

Moscovitz bore her no malice. Although he believed her more guilty than Powers, he thought her an intelligent person who, under different circumstances, might have become a useful citizen.

"If and when there is a conviction," he said, "or at least, a confession . . . I would be the first to sign a petition for the commutation of the sentence to life imprisonment."

At the end of the interview Moscovitz offered photostats of checks that his brother had sent to charities in Haifa and Tel Aviv. He drew them lovingly from his inside coat pocket, wanting everybody to know that his brother had been generous. The gesture had some-

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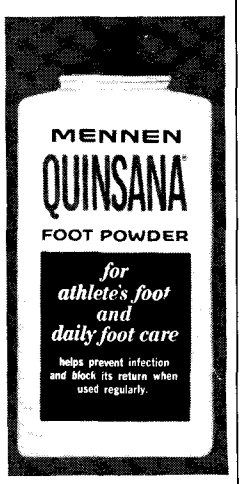
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thing pathetic about it, as if, with entirely inadequate means, Moscovitz hoped to counterbalance the weight of the tabloid press.

The testimony in the second week of the trial moved away from the crime to other places and other times, mostly in Texas. The crowd, growing steadily larger, began to arrive earlier and earlier in the morning. The bailiffs, however, had learned to handle the people with the smooth technique of nightclub headwaiters. One of them would stand frowning on the outside of the courtroom, his arms folded, guarding the red velvet rope. Another bailiff would then appear from within, reporting the number of seats available.

"Two, please," he would say, "I have room for two more."

During the early part of the week the prosecution presented the first of the witnesses supposedly approached by either one or both defendants with offers of money for the job of murdering Mossler. Their appearances provoked long arguments among the attorneys. Much of the arguing took place outside the presence of the jury, which, as the week progressed, spent most of its time filing in and out of the courtroom. The attorneys nevertheless argued for the benefit of the press. Although the judge had instructed the jury to refrain from reading newspapers or looking at television reports during the course of the trial, everybody assumed that the jurors could not resist the temptation to do so.

Among the prospective assassins, the two most convincing witnesses were both Negroes. The first of them, a man named Freddie Duhart, took the stand wearing dark glasses, and chewing gum. His suspicious slouch implied a natural aversion to courts and policemen. Asked to point out the defendant with whom he had dealings, he nodded laconically at Powers.

In the spring of 1964, he said, he was employed as a mechanic at a gas station in Webster, Tex., about two miles from a trailer sales lot that Powers owned. Part of his job was to call for and deliver cars after they had been serviced, and on at least four occasions, while driving with Powers, the latter had drawn him into conversation.

On the first occasion Powers asked him if he knew about any perfect crimes. Duhart said, yes, he knew guys who stole chickens and got by with it. During the second conversation, maybe a week later, Powers inquired about the possibility of somebody "making a hit" (i.e., committing murder). Duhart told him he knew about people who disappeared off the street and never were seen again. He had heard that Mexicans took the bodies off to Mexico and dumped them into volcanoes. Powers then offered him $3,500 to make a hit.

Q: What did you say?
A: I told him there weren't no way.

On the third occasion, in the second week of June, 1964 (two weeks prior to Mossler's death), Powers reiterated the offer. Duhart again told him there "weren't no way."

His testimony, simple and to the point, took no more than 20 minutes. The spectators, however, anticipated big things from Foreman's cross-examination.

'Old Percy'll make mincemeat out of that Nigra," said O'Bryan.

Foreman, his voice harsh and accusing, opened on an unexpected tangent.

Q: Do you always wear dark glasses indoors?
A: Yes . . . I prefer to wear shades.

Without being asked, Duhart apologetically took off his glasses and laid them on the judge's desk. He squinted in the light, obviously suffering from some kind of disease in his eyes. The instinctive gesture of compliance was that of a man long accustomed to official abuse, to doing whatever the guys in charge told him to do, no matter how unreasonable. The judge allowed him to put his glasses back on. Foreman continued, unperturbed.

Q: Do you have a plate in your head?
A: No.
Q: Did you ever claim there was plate in your head, pressing on your brain?
A: No, man, never.

The next series of questions pertained to Duhart's employment at the gas station.

Q: When did you stop working there?
A: When I got poisoned.
Q: Poisoned?
A: Lead poisoning, Mister. I got shot.
Q: Didn't somebody take you and put you on a bus in Texas to come over here?
A: If they had, I wouldn't have come, 'cause nobody don't push me in no way.

Discussing Mexicans who disposed of bodies in volcanoes, Foreman asked how much it cost.

A: You give somebody $50 or $100 and nobody ever show up no more.
Q: You ever done that?
A: Man, I wasn't even interested in the thing.

Although the crowd occasionally laughed at the questions and answers, neither Powers nor Mrs. Mossler thought the testimony amusing. Mrs. Mossler looked at the witness with a cold frown. Powers, a tight expression around his mouth and his hands gripping the arms of his chair, stared intently at Foreman. Under the fluorescent light, it could be seen that his hair had been dyed and that he had used makeup to conceal the acne scars on his face.

Contrary to O'Bryan's prediction, Foreman failed to confuse or frighten the witness. Duhart, sullen and indifferent, answered the questions like a jazz musician picked up for possessing marijuana, all the time knowing that he has none of the stuff on him.

The other Negro witness, a man named Earl Martin, also proved unsusceptible to Foreman's technique of cross-examination. A big, glistening black man, Martin had a jewel set in a gold tooth in the middle of his mouth.

He had worked for Powers in December, 1963, as a mechanic at the trailer sales lot, and he testified both to the prospective murder of Mossler and to the love affair between Powers and his aunt. With regard to the first subject, he said Powers once asked him if he would like to make "some quick money."

Q: What did you say?

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A: I said, always.
Q: Then what did Powers say?
A: He said how about killin' Mr. M.
Q: What did you say?
A: I said he had to get hisself another boy.
Q: Did you say anything else?
A: I asked what was Miz Mossler goin' to say. He said she knew about it.

Martin spoke in a high, thin voice, so rapidly that it was difficult for the stenographer to record his testimony. He looked like the caricature of a minstrel Negro, his eyes rolling anxiously around in his big head. He had an openmouthed, wondering stare, and his face would break into sudden smiles if he thought he said something right.

Soon after refusing the proposition to kill Mossler, Martin said, he remembered sitting around in the office with Powers, who, bent over the desk, repeatedly stabbed a letter opener into the wood. Martin heard him say that if he had his way, and nobody would know about it, he would just jug Mossler, jug him and jug him and jug him until he was dead. By jug, Martin meant stab. He demonstrated with violent sweeping motions.

Eventually he quit working for Powers after an argument about money. On a Friday afternoon he asked for his week's wages, but Powers gave him only $25, saying he would pay him the rest on Monday. But Monday with Melvin Lane, Martin said, never comes. They argued about it, and Powers took out a knife and attempted to stab Martin in the back. Martin took the knife away and slugged him.

"He kept yellin' at me," Martin told the court. "He said, 'I'm goin' to kill me a black nigger, because no nigger ain't no good.'"

Before getting very far into the cross-examination, Foreman could foresee that it would fail to yield satisfactory results. Martin kept to what he had seen and heard, his answers so straightforward and ingenuous that it would have been hard to suspect him of lying. Foreman therefore confined the questions to peripheral matters, one of these being Martin's private life.

Q: Do you know Christine Matthews?
A: I don't recall her name.
Q: You say you don't know her, and yet might not you have once lived with her?
A: I knows the ladies I live with, Mr. Percy.

The testimony of both Duhart and Martin applied only to Powers and therefore could not be considered admissible against Mrs. Mossler. Because the indictment involved first-degree murder charges against each of the defendants, they each retained the privilege of presenting a separate defense. Unable under the laws of Florida to bring a single charge of conspiracy, the state attorney had elected to try the two matters jointly, as a means of saving time. The jury remained free to return separate verdicts.

Although the state eventually presented 70 witnesses, only a few of them knew both Powers and Mrs. Mossler. Of these the most articulate was a Texas convict named Billy Frank Mulvey. He remained on the witness stand through all of Tuesday, February 8, the lurid quality of his testimony soon elevating him to the role of the prosecution's star witness.

Thirty-five years old, a self-confessed dope addict and thief, Mulvey had spent the better part of his life, beginning at age 17, in prisons. He had been convicted of at least 34 crimes. At the time of his appearance in Judge Schulz's court he was serving a five-year sentence in the Texas State Penitentiary. Given the opportunity, on cross-examination by Foreman, he proudly explained to the jury that he was incarcerated in the prison's Ellis Farm Unit at Huntsville, a unit inhabited only by the most vicious criminals, "the loners, the incorrigibles and the malcontents."

He clearly thought of himself as a romantic figure, an adventurer gone far beyond the limits of the square and conventional world. He had a sallow complexion, a high, intelligent forehead, and a thin mouth that drooped bitterly at the corners. He wore glasses and a newly starched white shirt. With a slight shift of emphasis in the lines of his face, he might have been mistaken for a physics professor.

Garrulous and sarcastic, he gave long, didactic answers that revealed a cynical and argumentative mind. He conveyed the impression of a man speaking after a long silence. Sometimes, amused by his own remarks, he laughed in bleak, short grunts.

He began his account with the events of the spring of 1962, shortly after one of his periodic releases from prison. Like the other convicts, Mulvey was vague about specific times. Months,

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weeks, even years meant nothing to him, possibly because of his long familiarity with a routine wherein these divisions seemed abstract. He remembered the spring of 1962, however, because Howard Stickney, whom he described as "a personal friend of mine," had been executed in May that year. (Stickney, of course, was the murderer whose conviction Mrs. Mossler had hoped to reverse.)

Stickney's last request to Mulvey involved the delivery of certain letters to Mrs. Mossler. Mulvey did as he had been asked, and three or four weeks later Mrs. Mossler telephoned him. They met, at Mrs. Mossler's suggestion, in a Houston beer joint known as the 24-Hour Club.

Almost as soon as Mulvey began to testify, Mrs. Mossler, spreading her hands in surprise, started to make violent gestures of shock and disbelief. Mulvey, unimpressed, said that Mrs. Mossler began their conversation by remarking that Stickney, in his letters, had spoken well of him, presumably in his capacity as a resourceful criminal. She then went on to say that she wanted somebody disposed of as soon as possible.

Q: What did you say?

A: I told her that would cost money. She asked how much. I said that would depend on the circumstances.

Q: What did you understand to mean by "disposed of"?

A: Somebody hit or knocked off, or whatever you people call it down here . . . We call it a hit.

No longer able to restrain herself, Mrs. Mossler raised herself half out of her chair and cried out: "I've never seen or heard of this man before!"

Mrs. Rosen eased her back in her chair, and the two women began whispering excitedly to one another. Mrs. Rosen, an attractive blonde several years younger than Mrs. Mossler, seldom addressed the court. Her function seemed to consist of interpreting her client's whispering.

The judge asked the witness to continue. Mulvey said he had asked for $25,000 to make the hit, $10,000 in advance and the balance on satisfactory completion of the assignment. Mrs. Mossler agreed to the deal, Mulvey said, and two weeks later, again at the 24-Hour Club, she brought him $7,000 in an envelope. Although it was less than he had asked for, Mulvey took the money and said that he would "see what I could do." He requested a schedule of Mossler's routine comings and goings, also a positive identification of his car. Already he had consulted a friend on the procedure of rigging dynamite to an automobile ignition, but he wanted to be sure he had the right car. Interrupting himself, Mulvey turned toward the jury and explained.

"In this business, you see," he said, "you shouldn't make a mistake."

Huttoe asked him what he did with the $7,000. Mulvey smirked like a kid who has gotten away with a smart joke.

"Well, I'll tell you what I did. . . . It was getting close to Christmas, and I had a feeling I was going back to the pen. So I bought a whole gang of clothes . . . maybe $4,000 or $5,000 worth . . . I had clothes wild in the back of my station wagon. I bought five Stacy-Adams [shoes], and I haven't worn 'em all out yet."

The hollow, mirthless noise of his laughter was amplified by the microphone he held close to his thin mouth. As for the rest of the money, he said, he was "still spendin' on it" when, true to his premonition, he returned to prison in the fall. He never saw Mrs. Mossler again. Two years later, however, he ran across Powers in the Houston jail. Powers had just been arrested for Mossler's murder, and the two men spent a few days together in the rear isolation cells on the ground floor.

"I got to talkin' to him," Mulvey said. "I said I knew Mrs. Mossler personally, and I told him he was in a lot of trouble. He told me he had killed Mossler. Told me he stabbed him. I don't know how many times. I wasn't concerned with the case. I had my own troubles."

The cross-examination, interrupted by the noon recess, lasted nearly three hours. Through all of it Mrs. Mossler, having recovered her composure, sat primly upright, her hands folded demurely in her lap, her posture that of a virtuous woman unjustly wronged. The air-conditioning had again broken down, and the windows had been opened to relieve the stuffiness in the room. The regular blows of a piledriver could be heard coming from a few blocks to the north.

Foreman contented himself primarily with a discussion of Mulvey's criminal record, remarking, in passing, on the miraculous coincidence of Mulvey's encounters with both Powers and Mrs. Mossler. He began by presenting Mulvey with a heavy sheaf of legal documents. Lounging carelessly against the edge of the witness stand, Foreman asked him to read through each document to make sure that he was in fact the Billy Frank Mulvey mentioned in all of them. Mulvey read them all (there were 34), and at the end, he said, "You sure did a lot of diggin', Mr. Foreman."

Foreman smiled pleasantly, acknowledging the compliment. He then asked Mulvey what jail he was in at the present, his voice as casual and friendly as if he were asking a man where he had taken a house for the summer.

"Some jail," Mulvey said, "I don't know the name of it; some city jail here."

Mulvey seemed to regard the cross-examination as a contest, a chance for fast answers and bright remarks. His eyes cold, his small head bent quizzically forward in order to hear the questions better, he glared contemptuously at Foreman. To a question implying that he might have accepted a bribe for his testimony, he said, "Money won't buy me out of prison . . . You know better than that, Mr. Foreman."

With reference to his first meeting with Mrs. Mossler, Mulvey explained that he had a feeling she wanted to talk about something bad.

Q: Oh, you just perceived that of thin air?

A: What would a woman like that want with the likes of me?

Q: How did you know what you were going to talk about?

A: I didn't assume we were going to play tiddlywinks.

Foreman then asked for precise details of each of the three meetings; the exact location of the 24-Hour Club, the description of the interior decor, how

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the money was exchanged, where Mrs. Mossler was sitting. Mulvey said that she wanted to know how the murder would be done, but he told her it would be best if she let him do it his own way. He wasn't taking any instruction, and he couldn't guarantee hits. He said he would call her about the old man.

Q: Why old man?

A: That's the usual word for husbands. What was I going to say, the young man? To a lady her age?

Returning to the subject of Mulvey's criminal record, which he did repeatedly, Foreman asked, "Knowing yourself as you do, Mr. Mulvey, would you, if you were on this jury, believe a word you said?"

Gerstein's loud objection was sustained, and the witness was excused from answering the question.

Q: Can you tell us, since you were seventeen years old, how many crimes you have been convicted of?

A: Five felonies, and I was sentenced for all of 'em. I do all my time, Mr. Foreman. There were a lot of misdemeanors, but I never kept count of 'em.

Always pleased with himself in his role of renegade, Mulvey thought it appropriate that he should have been born in Texas, a state that he considered suited, by virtue of its reputation as a tough place, to his own exploits. Having answered the question about his record, he offered another gratuitous aside to the jury.

"In Texas," he said, "misdemeanors are like traffic tickets to you people over here."

Because Mulvey's testimony involved both defendants, he was therefore subject to cross-examination not only by Foreman, but also by Mrs. Mossler's lawyer, Clyde Woody. A small, truculent man, Woody had a habit of twisting the left side of his mouth into a grimace that gave him a sour and petulant expression. He always looked as if he thought he was being unfairly treated. He had red hair, combed straight back with the wide teeth of the comb, and he wore a great deal of jewelry.

Like Gerstein, Woody lacked Foreman's understanding of other people, and his questions followed a predictable pattern, without humor or intuition. Usually he relied on badgering witnesses, in an offensively harsh, flat voice. He cross-examined Mulvey while standing splayfooted, his arms crossed stolidly across his chest, behind a microphone placed just to the right of the prosecution table.

Mulvey answered with even more hostility than he had previously demonstrated. Referring to the $7,000 that Mulvey supposedly received from Mrs. Mossler, Woody raised the subject of Mulvey's arrest, soon afterward, for passing worthless checks.

Q: Why were you passing worthless checks when you had the money you extorted from Mrs. Mossler?

A: You've got money, Mr. Woody . . . and you're still down here tryin' this case.

In another question, which concerned a man who Mulvey had said accompanied Mrs. Mossler on their first meeting at the 24-Hour Club, Woody asked him to describe the man's size.

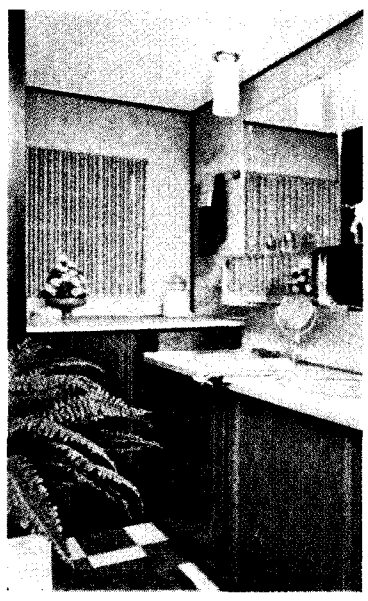
A: I didn't measure the man, Mr. Woody . . . I didn't happen to have a tape measure on me at the time.

The rest of Woody's questions, proceeding on the lines established by Foreman, merely reiterated answers already given. By 4:30 P.M., even Mulvey seemed bored with his own testimony. When at last he was excused, he rose, smiling smugly, his manner that of a man who had accomplished his purpose, a guy who really told them off. He asked the deputy who led him away how soon he could get copies of the morning papers.

The testimony presented during the latter part of the second week dealt primarily with the love affair between Powers and Mrs. Mossler. This was the only aspect of its case the state could prove beyond a reasonable doubt; it was also the part that attracted the greatest number of spectators. People began to line up in the lobby as early as 5 A.M. The bailiffs, alarmed by the salaciousness of some of the testimony, refused admittance to anyone under 21, a ruling that vastly disappointed a number of teen-aged girls wearing elaborate, bouffant hairdos. As she had with everything else about the trial, the old woman in sneakers had developed a point of view.

"If they go free," she asked on Thursday morning, "how will she ever get rid of Mel?"

(To Be Concluded)



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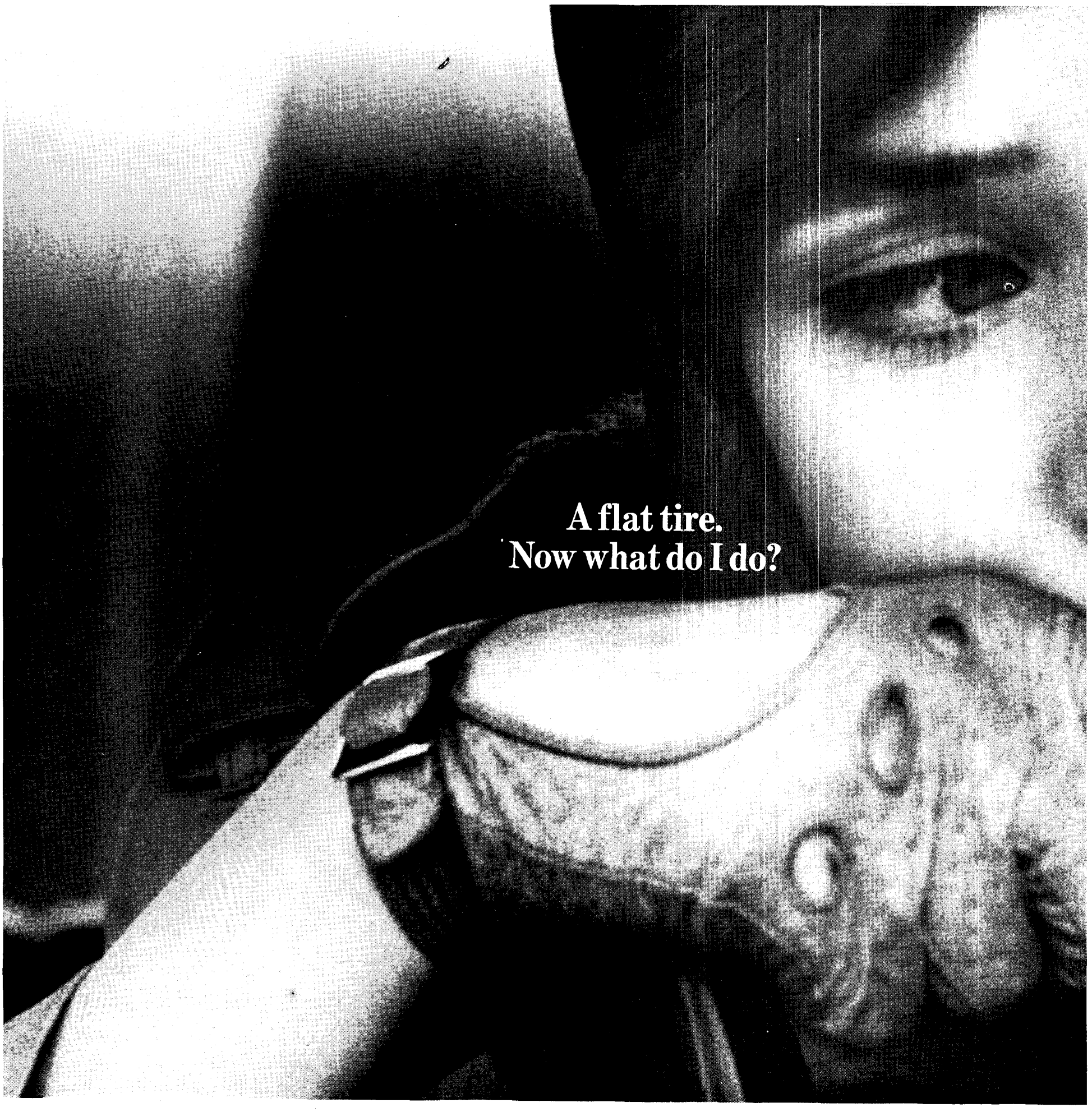

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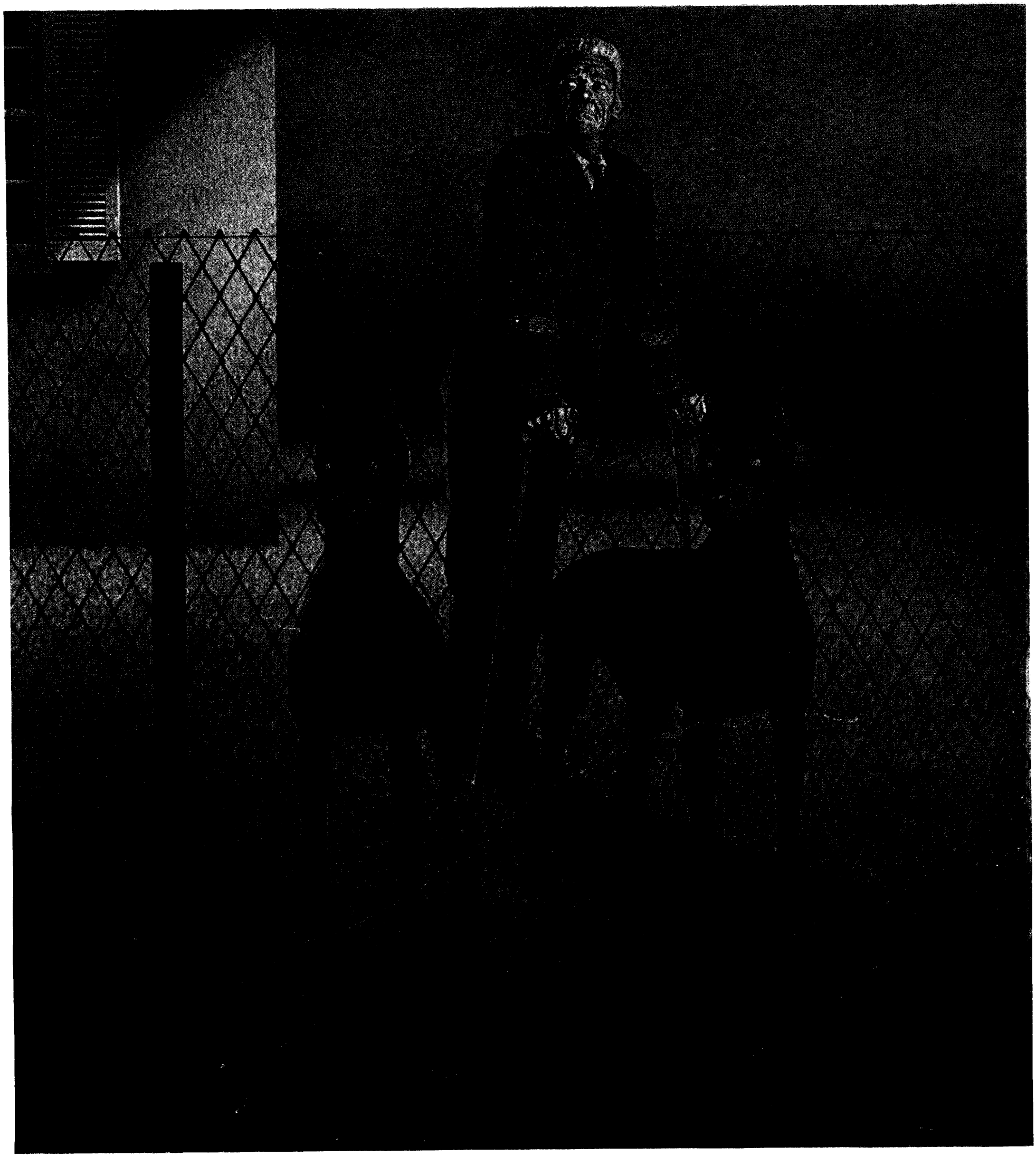

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He was charming and hospitable—a war hero attended by two faithful dogs. How could the newcomers guess his insane capacity for evil?

THE MASTER OF THE HOUNDS

By ALGIS BUDRYS

The white sand road led off the state highway through the sparse pines. There were no tire tracks in the road, but, as Malcolm turned the car onto it, he noticed the footprints of dogs, or perhaps of only one dog, running along the middle of the road toward the combined general store and gas station at the intersection.

"Well, it's far enough away from everything, all right," Virginia said. She was lean and had dusty black hair. Her face was long, with high cheekbones. They had married ten years ago, when she had been girlish and very slightly plump.

"Yes," Malcolm said. Just days ago, when he'd been turned down for a Guggenheim Fellowship that he'd expected to get, he had quit his job at the agency and made plans to spend the summer, somewhere as cheap as possible, working out with himself whether he was really an artist or just had a certain commercial talent. Now they were here.

He urged the car up the road, following a line of infrequent and weathered utility poles that carried a single strand of power line. The real-estate agent already had told them there were no telephones. Malcolm had taken that to be a positive feature, but somehow he did not like the looks of that one thin wire sagging from pole to pole. The wheels of the car sank in deeply on either side of the dog prints, which he followed like a row of bread crumbs through a forest.

Several hundred yards farther along, they came to a sign at the top of a hill:

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Below them was a wedge of land—perhaps ten acres altogether—that pushed out into Lower New York Bay. The road became a gullied, yellow gravel street, pointing straight toward the water and ending in three concrete posts, one of which had fallen and left a gap wide enough for a car to blunder through. Beyond that was a low drop-off where the bay ran northward to New York City and, in the other direction, toward the open Atlantic.

On either side of the roughed-out street, the bulldozed land was overgrown with scrub oak and sumac. Along the street were rows of roughly rectangular pits—some with half-finished foundation walls in them—piles of excavated clay, and lesser quantities of sand, sparsely weed-grown and washed into ravaged mounds like Dakota Territory. Here and there were houses with half-completed frames, now silvered and warped.

There were only two exceptions to the general vista. At the end of the street, two identically designed, finished houses faced each other. One looked shabby. The lot around it was free of scrub, but weedy and unsodded. Across the street from it stood a house in excellent repair. Painted a charcoal gray and roofed with dark asphalt shingles, it sat in the center of a meticulously green and level lawn, which was in turn surrounded by a wire fence approximately four feet tall and splendid with fresh aluminum paint. False shutters, painted stark white, flanked high, narrow windows along the side Malcolm could see. In front of the house, a line of whitewashed stones the size of men's heads served as curbing. There wasn't a thing about the house and its surroundings that couldn't have been achieved with a straight string, a handsaw, and a three-inch brush. Malcolm saw a chance to cheer things up. "There now, Marthy!" he said to Virginia. "I've led you safe and sound through the howlin' forest to a snug home right in the shadder of brave Fort Defiance."

"It's orderly," Virginia said. "I'll bet it's no joke, keeping up a place like that out here."

As Malcolm was parking the car parallel to where the curb would have been in front of their house, a pair of handsome young Doberman pinschers came out from behind the gray house across the street and stood together on the lawn with their noses just short of the fence, looking out. They did not bark. There was no movement at the front window, and no one came out into the yard. The dogs simply stood there, watching, as Malcolm walked over the clay to his door.

The house was furnished—that is to say, there were chairs in the living room, although there was no couch, and a chromium-and-plastic dinette set in the area off the kitchen. Though one of the bedrooms was completely empty, there was a bureau and a bed in the other. Malcolm walked through the house quickly and went back out to the car to get the luggage and groceries. Nodding toward the dogs, he said to Virginia, "Well! The latest thing in iron deer." He felt he had to say something light, because Virginia was staring across the street.

He knew perfectly well, as most people do and he assumed Virginia did, that Doberman pinschers are nervous, untrustworthy, and vicious. At the same time, he and his wife did have to spend the whole summer here. He could guess how much luck they'd have trying to get their money back from the agent now.

"They look streamlined like that because their ears and tails are trimmed when they're puppies," Virginia said. She picked up a bag of groceries and carried it into the house.

When Malcolm had finished unloading the car, he slammed the trunk lid shut. Although they hadn't moved until then, the Dobermans seemed to regard this as a sign. They turned smoothly, the arc of one inside the arc of the other, and, keeping formation, trotted out of sight behind the gray house.

Malcolm helped Virginia put things away in the closets and in the lone bedroom bureau. There was enough to do to keep both of them busy for several hours, and it was dusk when Malcolm happened to look out through the living-room window. After he had glanced that way, he stopped.

Across the street, floodlights had come on at the four corners of the gray house. They poured illumination downward in cones that lighted the entire yard. A crippled man was walking just inside the fence, his legs stiff and his body bent forward from the waist, as he gripped the projecting handles of two crutch-canes that supported his weight at the elbows. As Malcolm watched, the man took a precise square turn at the corner of the fence and began walking along the front of his property. Looking straight ahead, he moved regularly and purposefully, his shadow thrown out through the fence behind the composite shadow of the two dogs walking at his pace immediately ahead of him. None of them was looking in Malcolm's direction. He watched as the man made another turn, followed the fence toward the back of his property, and disappeared behind the house.

Later Virginia served cold cuts in the little dining alcove. Putting the house in order

Illustrated by Jean L. Huens

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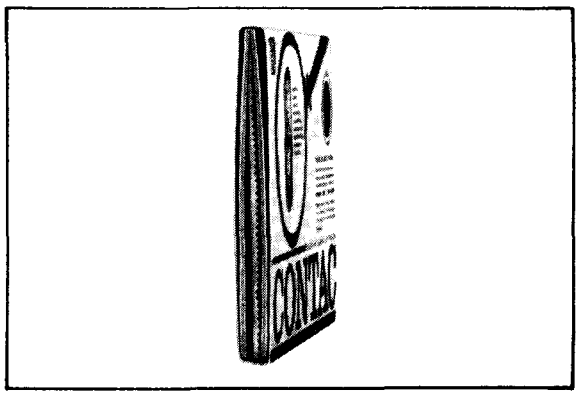

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seemed to have had a good effect on her morale.

"Listen, I think we're going to be all right here, don't you?" Malcolm said.

"Look," she said reasonably, "any place you can get straightened out is fine with me."

This wasn't quite the answer he wanted. He had been sure in New York that the summer would do it—that in four months a man would come to *some* decision. He had visualized a house for them by the ocean, in a town with a library and a movie and other diversions. It had been a shock to discover how expensive summer rentals were and how far in advance you had to book them. When the last agent they saw described this place to them and told them how low the rent was, Malcolm had jumped at it immediately. But so had Virginia, even though there wasn't anything to do for distraction. In fact, she had made a point of asking the agent again about the location of the house, and the agent, a fat, gray man with ashes on his shirt, had said earnestly, "Mrs. Lawrence, if you're looking for a place where nobody will bother your husband from working, I can't think of anything better." Virginia had nodded decisively.

It had bothered her, his quitting the agency; he could understand that. Still, he wanted her to be happy, because he expected to be surer of what he wanted to do by the end of the summer. She was looking at him steadily now. He cast about for something to offer her that would interest her and change the mood between them. Then he remembered the scene he had witnessed earlier that evening. He told her about the man and his dogs, and this did raise her eyebrows.

"Do you remember the real-estate agent telling us anything about him?" she asked. "I don't."

Malcolm, searching through his memory, did recall that the agent had mentioned a custodian they could call on if there were any problems. At the time he had let it pass, because he couldn't imagine either agent or custodian really caring. Now he realized how dependent he and Virginia were out here if it came to things like broken plumbing or bad wiring, and the custodian's importance altered accordingly. "I guess he's the caretaker," he said.

"Oh."

"It makes sense—all this property has got to be worth something. If they didn't have someone here, people would just carry stuff away or come and camp or something."

"I suppose they would. I guess the owners let him live here rent-free, and with those dogs he must do a good job."

"He'll get to keep it for a while, too," Malcolm said. "Whoever started to build here was a good ten years ahead of himself. I can't see anybody buying into these places until things have gotten completely jammed up closer to New York."

"So, he's holding the fort," Virginia said, leaning casually over the table to put a dish down before him. She glanced over his shoulder toward the living-room window, widened her eyes, and automatically touched the neckline of her housecoat, and then snorted at herself.

"Look, he can't possibly see in here," Malcolm said. "The living room, yes, but to look in here he'd have to be standing in the far corner of his yard. And he's back inside his house." He turned his head to look, and it was indeed true, except that one of the dogs was standing at that corner looking toward their house, eyes glittering. Then its head seemed to melt into a new shape, and it was looking down the road. It pivoted, moved a few steps away from the fence, turned, soared, landed in the street, and set off. Then, a moment later, it came back down the street running side by side with its companion, whose jaws were lightly pressed together around the rolled-over neck of a small paper bag. The dogs trotted together companionably and briskly, their flanks rubbing against one another, and when they were a few steps from the fence they leaped over it in unison and continued across the lawn until they were out of Malcolm's range of vision.

"For heaven's sake! He lives all alone with those dogs!" Virginia said.

Malcolm turned quickly back to her. "How do you come to think that?"

"Well, it's pretty plain. You saw what they were doing out there just now. They're his servants. He can't get around himself, so they run errands for him. If he had a wife, she would do it."

"You learned all that already?"

"Did you notice how happy they were?" Virginia asked. "There was no need for that other dog to go meet its friend. But it wanted to. They can't be anything but happy." Then she looked at Malcolm, and he saw the old, studying reserve coming back into her eyes.

"For Pete's sake! They're only dogs—what do they know about anything?" Malcolm said.

"They know about happiness," Virginia said. "They know what they do in life."

Malcolm lay awake for a long time that night. He started by thinking about how good the summer was going to be, living here and working, and then he thought about the agency and about why he didn't seem to have the kind of shrewd, limited intuition that let a man do advertising work easily. At about four in the morning he wondered if perhaps he wasn't frightened, and had been frightened for a long time. None of this kind of thinking was new to him, and he knew that it would take him until late afternoon the following day to reach the point where he was feeling pretty good about himself.

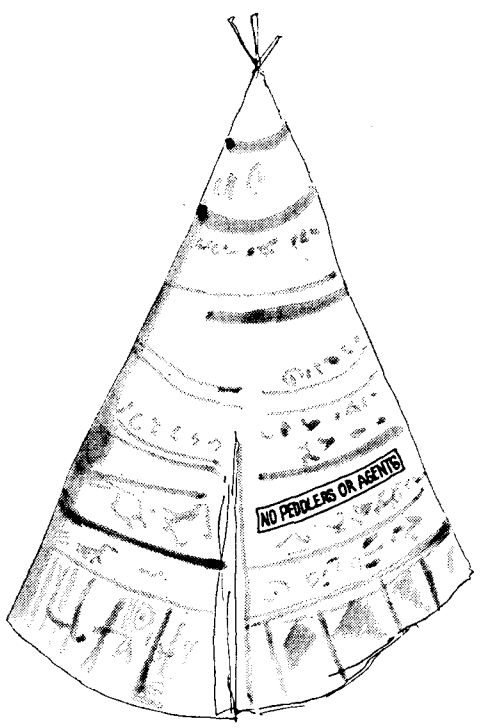
When Virginia tried to wake him early the next morning he asked her to please leave him alone. At two in the afternoon, she brought him a cup of coffee and shook his shoulder. After a while, he walked out to the kitchen in his pajama pants and found that she had scrambled up some eggs for the two of them.

"What are your plans for the day?" Virginia said when he had finished eating.

He looked up. "Why?"

"Well, while you were sleeping, I put all your art things in the front bedroom. I think it'll make a good studio. With all your gear in there now, you can be pretty well set up by this evening."

At times she was so abrupt that she shocked him. It upset him that she might have been thinking that he wasn't planning to do anything at all



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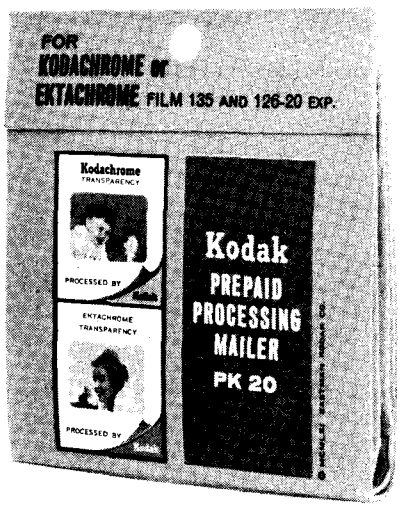

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today. "Look," he said, "you know I like to get the feel of a new thing."

"I know that. I didn't set anything up in there. I'm no artist. I just moved it all in."

When Malcolm had sat for a while without speaking, Virginia cleared away their plates and cups and went into the bedroom. She came out wearing a dress, and she had combed her hair and put on lipstick. "Well, you do what you want to," she said. "I'm going to go across the street and introduce myself."

A flash of irritability hit him, but then he said, "If you'll wait a minute, I'll get dressed and go with you. We might as well both meet him."

He got up and went back to the bedroom for a T-shirt and blue jeans and a pair of loafers. He could feel himself beginning to react to pressure. Pressure always made him bind up; it looked to him as if Virginia had already shot the day for him.

They were standing at the fence, on the narrow strip of lawn between it and the row of whitewashed stones, and nothing was happening. Malcolm saw that although there was a gate in the fence, there was no break in the little grass border opposite it. And there was no front walk. The lawn was lush and all one piece, as if the house had been lowered onto it by helicopter. He began to look closely at the ground just inside the fence, and when he saw the the regular pockmarks of the man's crutches, he was comforted.

"Do you see any kind of bell or anything?" Virginia asked.

"No."

"You'd think the dogs would bark."

"I'd just as soon they didn't."

"Will you look?" she said, fingering the gate latch. "The paint's hardly scuffed. I'll bet he hasn't been out of his yard all summer." Her touch rattled the gate lightly, and at that the two dogs came out from behind the house. One of them stopped, turned, and went back. The other dog came and stood by the fence, close enough for them to hear its breathing, and watched them with its head cocked alertly.

The front door of the house opened. At the doorway there was a wink of metal crutches, and then the man came out and stood on his front steps. When he had satisfied himself as to who they were, he nodded, smiled, and came toward them. The other dog walked beside him. Malcolm noticed that the dog at the fence did not distract himself by looking back at his master.

The man moved swiftly, crossing the ground with nimble swings of his body. His trouble seemed to be not in the spine, but in the legs themselves, for he was trying to help himself along with them. It could not be called walking, but it could not be called total helplessness either.

Although the man seemed to be in his late fifties, he had not gone to seed any more than his property had. He was wiry and clean-boned, and the skin on his face was tough and tanned. Around his small blue eyes and at the corners of his thin lips were many fine, deep-etched wrinkles. His yellowish-white hair was brushed straight back from his temples in the classic British military manner. And he even had a slight moustache. He was wearing a tweed jacket with leather patches at the elbows, which seemed a little warm for this kind of day, and a light flannel, pale-gray shirt with a pale-blue bow tie. He stopped at the fence, rested his elbows on the crutches, and held out a firm hand with short nails the color of old bones.

"How do you do," he said pleasantly. his manner polished and well-bred. "I have been looking forward to meeting my new neighbors. I am Colonel Ritchey." The dogs stood motionless, one to each side of him, their sharp black faces pointing outward.

"How do you do," Virginia said. "We are Malcolm and Virginia Lawrence."

"I'm very happy to meet you," Colonel Ritchey said. "I was prepared to believe Cortelyou would fail to provide anyone this season."

Virginia was smiling. "What beautiful dogs," she said. "I was watching them last night."

"Yes. Their names are Max and Moritz. I'm very proud of them."

As they prattled on, exchanging pleasantries, Malcolm wondered why the Colonel had referred to Cortelyou, the real-estate agent, as a provider. There was something familiar, too, about the colonel.

Virginia said, "You're the famous Colonel Ritchey."

Indeed he was, Malcolm now realized, remembering the big magazine series that had appeared with the release of the movie several years before.

Colonel Ritchey smiled with no trace of embarrassment. "I am the famous Colonel Ritchey, but you'll notice I certainly don't look much like that charming fellow in the motion picture."

"What in hell are you doing *here?*" Malcolm asked.

Ritchey turned his attention to him. "One has to live somewhere, you know."

Virginia said immediately, "I was watching the dogs last night, and they seemed to do very well for you. I imagine it's pleasant having them to rely on."

"Yes, it is, indeed. They're quite good to me, Max and Moritz. But it is much better with people here now. I had begun to be quite disappointed in Cortelyou."

Malcolm began to wonder whether the agent would have had the brass to call Ritchey a custodian if the colonel had been within earshot.

"Come in, please," the colonel was saying. The gate latch resisted him momentarily, but he rapped it sharply with the heel of one palm and then lifted it. "Don't be concerned about Max and Moritz—they never do anything they're not told."

"Oh, I'm not the least bit worried about them," Virginia said.

"Ah, to some extent you should have been," the colonel said. "Dobermans are not to be casually trusted, you know. It takes many months before one can be at all confident in dealing with them."

"But you trained them yourself, didn't you?" Virginia said.

"Yes, I did," Colonel Ritchey said, with a pleased smile. "From imported pups." The voice in which he now spoke to the dogs was forceful, but as calm as his manner had been to Virginia. "Kennel," he said, and Max and Moritz

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THEIR HONEYMOON IS OVER, SAM!
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TRACY—WHAT THE?
THOSE TIRE TRACKS, SAM—THAT TRAILER CARRIED MORE THAN DREAMS!
GASP
AUTOLITE
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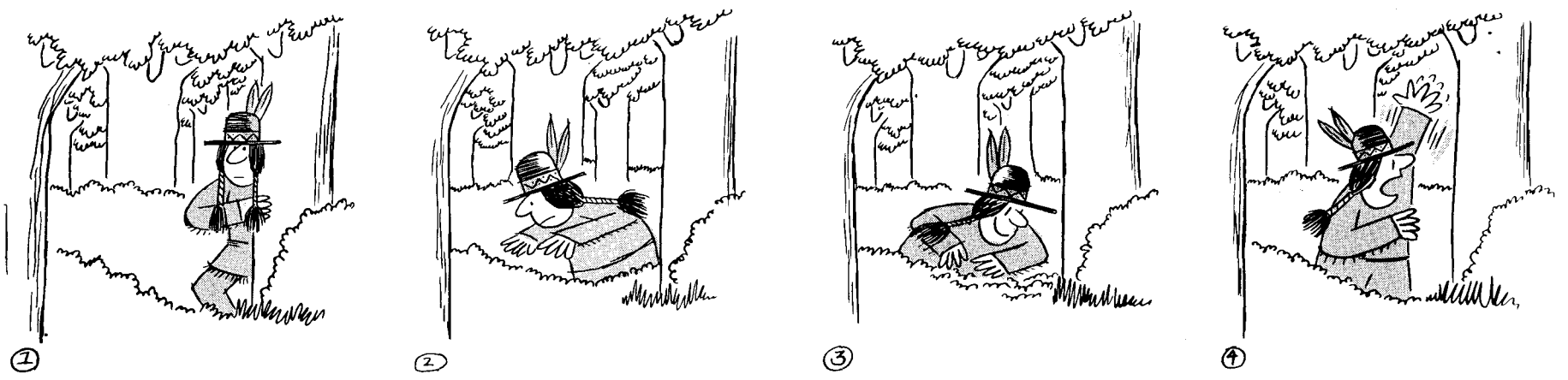

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stopped looking at Malcolm and Virginia and smoothly turned away.

The colonel's living room, which was as neat as a sample, contained beautifully cared for, somewhat old-fashioned furniture. The couch, with its needlepoint upholstery and carved framing, was the sort of thing Malcolm would have expected in a lady's living room. Angling out from one wall was a Morris chair, placed so that a man might relax and gaze across the street or, with a turn of his head, rest his eyes on the distant lights of New York. Oil paintings in heavy gilded frames depicted landscapes, great eye-stretching vistas of rolling, open country. The furniture in the room seemed sparse to Malcolm until it occurred to him that the colonel needed extra clearance to get around in and had no particular need to keep additional chairs for visitors.

"Please do sit down," the colonel said. "I shall fetch some tea to refresh us."

When he had left the room, Virginia said, "Of all people! Neighborly, too."

Malcolm nodded. "Charming," he said.

The colonel entered holding a silver tray perfectly steady, its edges grasped between his thumbs and forefingers, his other fingers curled around each of the projecting black-rubber handgrips of his crutches. He brought tea on the tray and, of all things, homemade cookies. "I must apologize for the tea service," he said, "but it seems to be the only one I have."

When the colonel offered the tray, Malcolm saw that the utensils were made of the common sort of sheet metal used to manufacture food cans. Looking down now into his cup, he saw it had been enameled over its original tinplate, and he realized that the whole thing had been made literally from a tin can. The teapot—handle, spout, vented lid, and all—was the same. "Be damned—you made this for yourself at the prison camp, didn't you?"

"As a matter of fact, I did, yes. I was really quite proud of my handiwork at the time, and it still serves. Somehow, living as I do, I've never brought myself to replace it. It's amazing, the fuddy-duddy skills one needs in a camp and how important they become to one. I find myself repainting these poor objects periodically and still taking as much smug pleasure in it as I did when that attitude was quite necessary. One is allowed to do these things in my position, you know. But I do hope my *ersatz* Spode isn't uncomfortably hot in your fingers."

Virginia smiled. "Well, of course, it's trying to be." Malcolm was amazed. He hadn't thought Virginia still remembered how to act so coquettish. She hadn't grown apart from the girl who'd always attracted a lot of attention at other people's gallery openings; she had simply put that part of herself away somewhere else.

Colonel Ritchey's blue eyes were twinkling in response. He turned to Malcolm. "I must say, it will be delightful to share this summer with someone as charming as Mrs. Lawrence."

"Yes," Malcolm said, preoccupied now with the cup, which was distressing his fingers with both heat and sharp edges. "At least, I've always been well satisfied with her," he added.

"I've been noticing the inscription here," Virginia said quickly, indicating the meticulous freehand engraving on the tea tray. She read out loud, "'To Colonel David N. Ritchey, R.M.E., from his fellow officers at *Oflag* XXXI*b*, on the occasion of their liberation, May 14, 1945. Had he not been there to lead them, many would not have been present to share of this heartfelt token.'" Virginia's eyes shone, as she looked up at the colonel. "They must all have been very fond of you."

"Not all," the colonel said, with a slight smile. "I was senior officer over a very mixed bag. Mostly younger officers gathered from every conceivable branch. No followers at all—just budding leaders, all personally responsible for having surrendered once already, some apathetic, others desperate. Some useful, some not. It was my job to weld them into a disciplined, responsive

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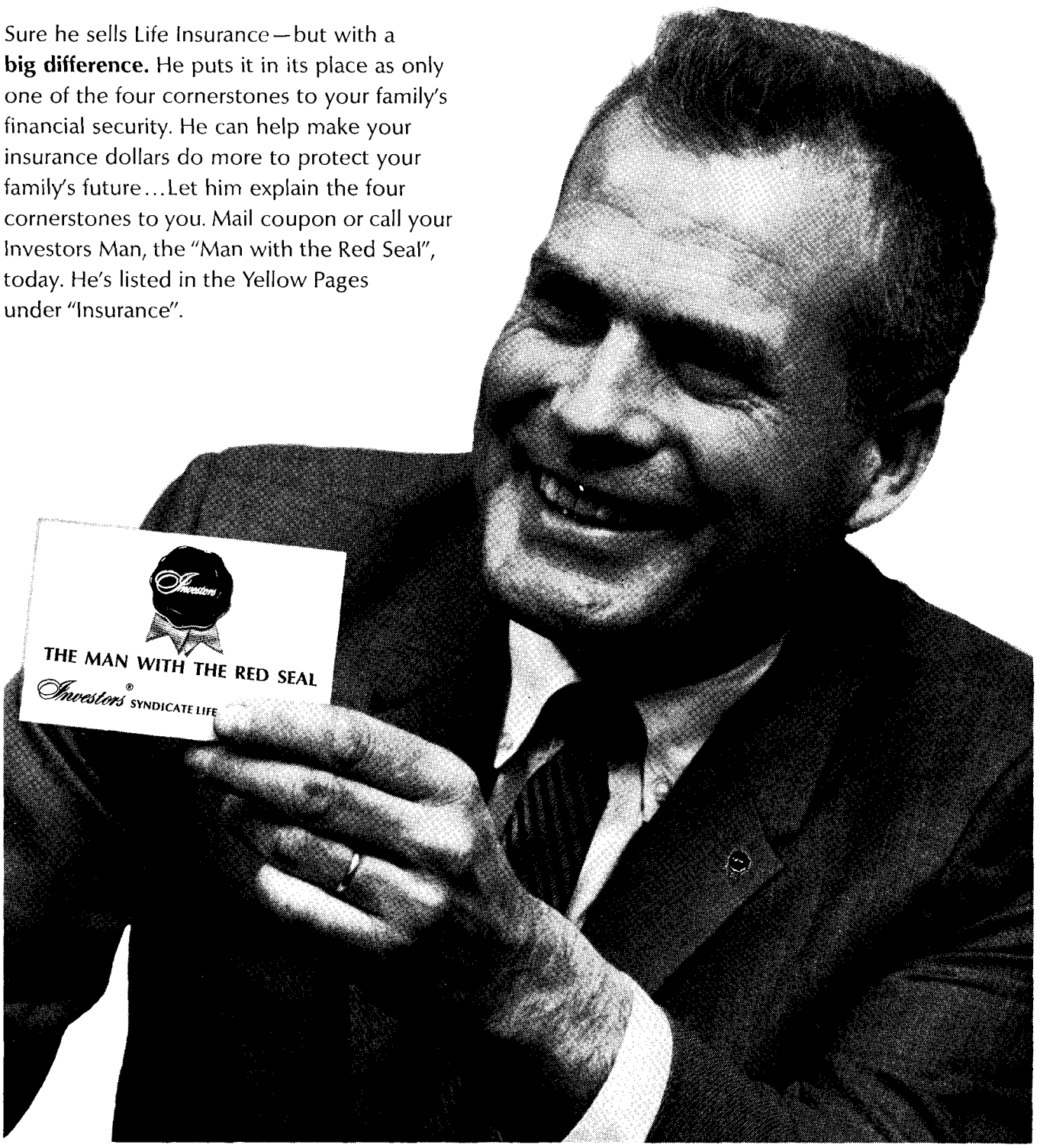

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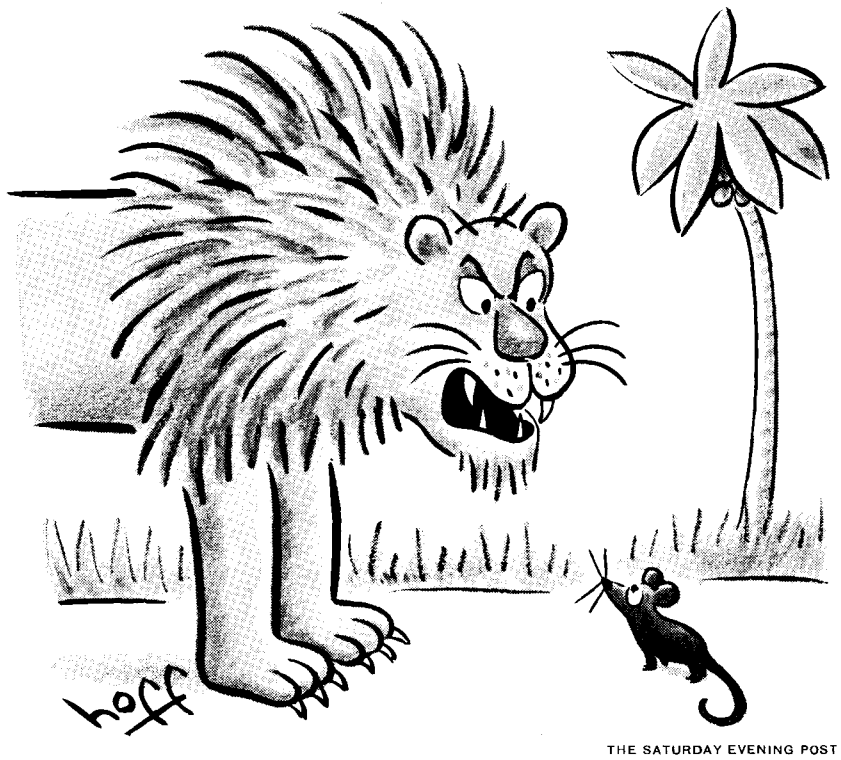
body, to choose whom we must keep safe and who was best suited to keeping the Jerries on the jump. And we were in, of course, from the time of Dunkirk to the last days of the war, with the strategic situation in the camp constantly changing in various ways. All most of them understood was tactics—when they understood at all."

The colonel grimaced briefly, then smiled again. "The tray was presented by the survivors, of course. They'd had a tame Jerry pinch it out of the commandant's sideboard a few days earlier, in plenty of time to get the inscription on. But even the inscription hints that not all survived."

"It wasn't really like the movie, was it?" Virginia said.

"No, and yet——" Ritchey shrugged, as if remembering a time when he had accommodated someone on a matter of small importance. "That was a question of dramatic values, you must realize, and the need to tell an interesting and exciting story in terms recognizable to a civilian audience. Many of the incidents in the motion picture are literally true—they simply didn't happen in the context shown. The Christmas tunnel was quite real, obviously. I did promise the men I'd get at least one of them home for Christmas if they'd pitch in and dig it. But it wasn't a serious promise, and they knew it wasn't. Unlike the motion-picture actor, I was not being fervent; I was being ironic.

"It was late in the war. An intelligent man's natural desire would be to avoid risk and wait for liberation.



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"I don't remember anyone taking a thorn out of my paw."

A great many of them felt exactly that way. In fact, many of them had turned civilian in their own minds and were talking about their careers outside, their families—all that sort of thing. So by couching in sarcasm trite words about Christmas tunnels, I was reminding them what and where they still were. The tactic worked quite well. Through devices of that sort, I was able to keep them from going to seed and coming out no use to anyone." The colonel's expression grew absent. "Some of them called me 'The Shrew,'" he murmured. "*That* was in the movie, too, but they were all shown smiling when they said it."

"But it was your duty to hold them all together any way you could," Virginia said encouragingly.

Ritchey's face twisted into a spasm of tension so fierce that there might have been strychnine in his tea. But it was gone at once. "Oh, yes, yes, I held them together. By lying and cajoling and tricking them. But the expenditure of energy was enormous. And demeaning. It ought not to have made any difference that we were cut off from higher authority. If we had all still been home, there was not a man among the prisoners who would have dared not jump to my simplest command. But in the camp they could shilly-shally and evade; they could settle down into little private ambitions. People will do that. People will not hold true to common purposes unless they are shown discipline." The colonel's uncompromising glance went from Virginia to Malcolm. "It's no good telling people what they ought to do. The only surety is in being in a position to tell people what they *must* do."

"Get some armed guards to back you up. That the idea, Colonel? Get permission from the Germans to set up your own machine-gun towers inside the camp?" Malcolm liked working things out to the point of absurdity.

The colonel appraised him imperturbably. "I was never quite that much my own man in Germany. But there is a little story I must tell you. It's not altogether off the point." He settled back, at ease once again.

"You may have been curious about Max and Moritz. The Germans, as you know, have always been fond of training dogs to perform all sorts of entertaining and useful things. During the war the Jerries were very much given to using Dobermans for auxiliary guard

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duty at the various prisoner-of-war camps. In action, Mr. Lawrence, or simply in view, a trained dog is far more terrifying than any soldier with a machine pistol. It takes an animal to stop a man without hesitation, no matter if the man is cursing or praying.

"Guard dogs at each camp were under the charge of a man called the *Hundführer*—the master of the hounds, if you will—whose function, after establishing himself with the dogs as their master and director, was to follow a few simple rules and to take the dogs to wherever they were needed. The dogs had been taught certain patrol routines. It was necessary only for the *Hundführer* to give simple commands such as 'Search' or 'Arrest,' and the dogs would know what to do. Once we had seen them do it, they were very much on our minds, I assure you.

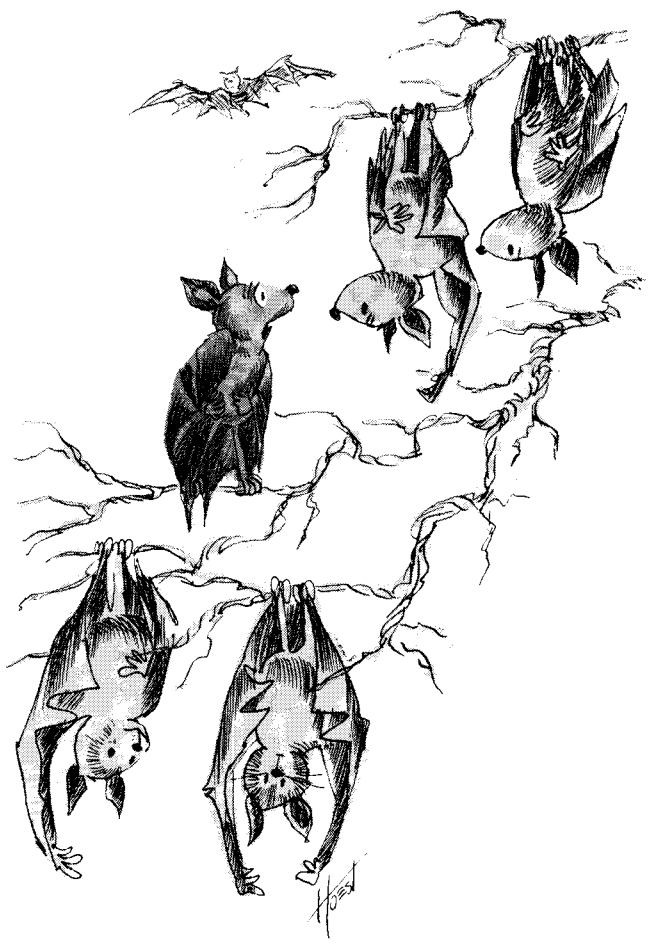
"A Doberman, you see, has no conscience, being a dog. And a trained Doberman has no discretion. From the time he is a puppy, he is bent to whatever purpose has been preordained for him. And the lessons are painful—and autocratic. Once an order has been given, it must be enforced at all costs, for the dog must learn that all orders are to be obeyed unquestioningly. That being true, the dog must also learn immediately and irrevocably that only the orders from one particular individual are valid. Once a Doberman has been trained, there is no way to retrain it. When the American soldiers were seen coming, the Germans in the machine-gun towers threw down their weapons and tried to flee, but the dogs had to be shot. I watched from the hospital window, and I shall never forget how they continued to leap at the kennel fencing until the last one was dead. Their *Hundführer* had run away. . . ."

Malcolm found that his attention was wandering, but Virginia asked, as if on cue, "How did you get into the hospital—was that the Christmas tunnel accident?"

"Yes," the colonel said to Virginia, gentleman to lady. "The sole purpose of the tunnel was, as I said, to give the men a focus of attention. The war was near enough its end. It would have been foolhardy to risk actual escape attempts. But we did the thing up brown, of course. We had a concealed shaft, a tunnel lined with bed slats, a trolley for getting to and from the tunnel entrance, fat lamps made from shoeblacking tins filled with margarine—all the normal appurtenances. The Germans at that stage were quite experienced in ferreting out this sort of operation, and the only reasonable assurance of continued progress was to work deeply and swiftly. Tunneling is always a calculated risk—the accounts of that sort of operation are biased in favor of the successes, of course.

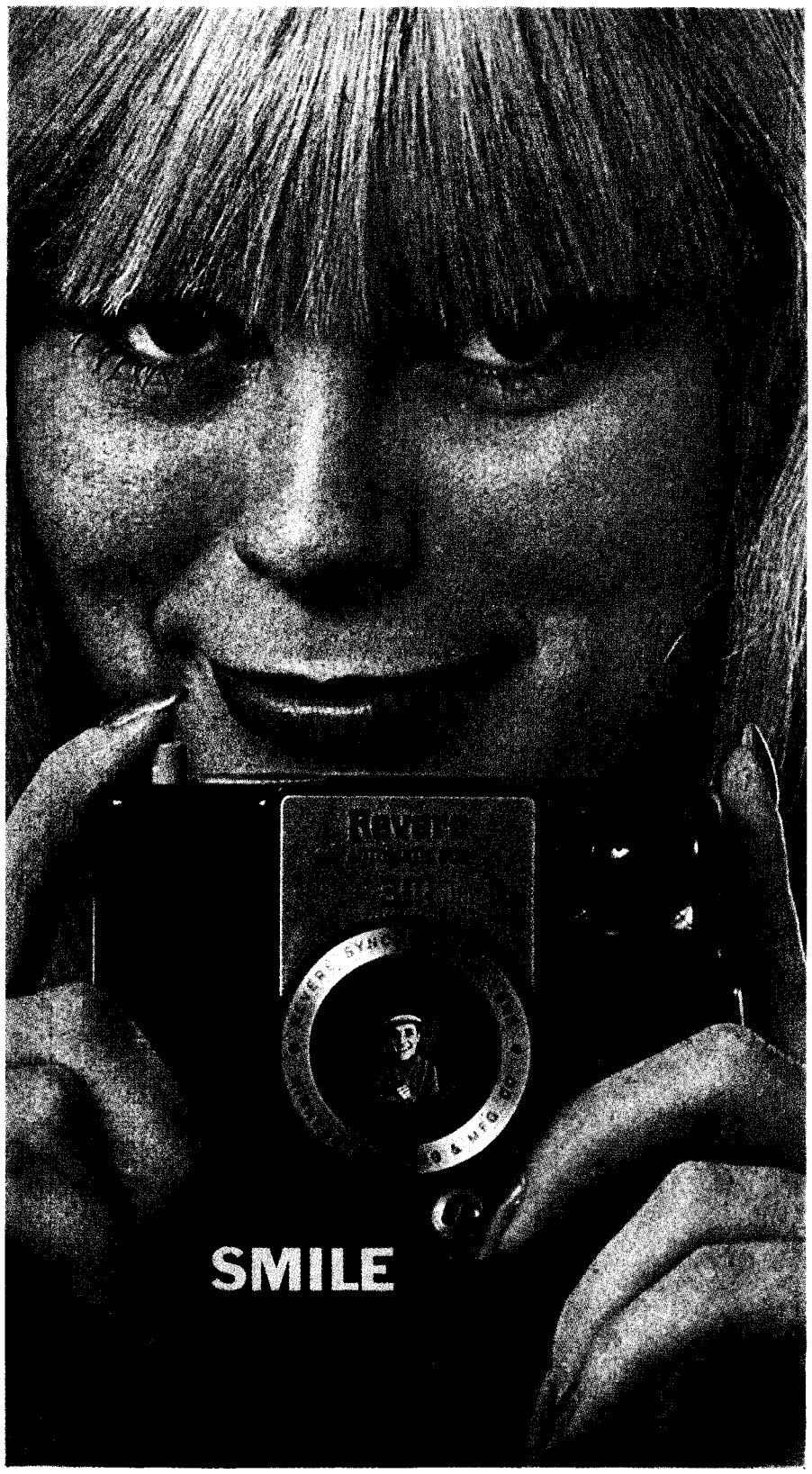
"At any rate, by the end of November, some of the men were audibly thinking it was my turn to pitch in a bit, so one night I went down and began working. The shoring was as good as it ever was, and the conditions weren't any worse than normal. The air was breathable, and as long as one worked—ah—unclothed, and brushed down immediately on leaving the tunnel, the sand was not particularly damaging to one's skin. Clothing creates chafes in those circumstances. Sand burns coming to light at medical inspections were one of the surest signs that such an operation was under way.

"However that may be, I had been down there for about an hour and a half, and was about to start inching my way back up the tunnel, feetfirst on the trolley like some Freudian symbol, when there was a fall of the tunnel



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"But the blood rushes to my head."



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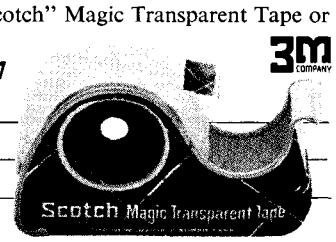

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roof that buried my entire chest. It did not cover my face, which was fortunate, and I clearly remember my first thought was that now none of the men would be able to feel the senior officer hadn't shared their physical tribulations. I discovered, at once, that the business of clearing the sand that had fallen was going to be extremely awkward. First, I had to scoop some extra clearance from the roof over my face. Handfuls of sand began falling directly on me, and all I could do about that was to thrash my head back and forth. I was becoming distinctly exasperated at that when there was another slight fall behind the original collapse. This time, the fat lamp attached to the shoring loosened from its fastenings and spilled across my thighs. The hot fat was quite painful. What made it rather worse was that the string wick was not extinguished by the fall, and accordingly, the entire lower part of my body between navel and knees, having been saturated with volatile fat. . . ." The colonel grimaced in embarrassment.

"Well, I was immediately in a very bad way, for there was nothing I could do about the fire until I had dug my way past the sand on my chest. In due course, I did indeed free myself and was able to push my way backward up the tunnel after extinguishing the flames. The men at the shaft head had seen no reason to become alarmed—tunnels always smell rather high and sooty, as you can imagine. But they did send a man down when I got near the entrance shaft and made myself heard.

"Of course, there was nothing to do but tell the Jerries, since we had no facilities whatever for concealing my condition or treating it. They put me in the camp hospital, and there I stayed until the end of the war with plenty of time to lie about and think my thoughts. I was even able to continue exercising some control over my men. I shouldn't be a bit surprised if that hadn't been in the commandant's mind all along. I think he had come to depend on my presence to moderate the behavior of the men.

"That is really almost the end of the story. We were liberated by the American Army, and the men were sent home. I stayed in military hospitals until I was well enough to travel home, and there I dwelt in hotels and played the retired, invalided officer. After that journalist's book was published and the dramatic rights were sold, I was called to Hollywood to be the technical adviser for the movie. I was rather grateful to accept the employment, frankly—an officer's pension is not particularly munificent—and what with selectively lending my name and services to various organizations while my name was still before the public, I was able to accumulate a sufficient nest egg.

"Of course, I cannot go back to England, where the Inland Revenue would relieve me of most of it, but, having established a relationship with Mr. Cortelyou and acquired and trained Max and Moritz, I am content. A man must make his way as best he can and do whatever is required for survival." The colonel cocked his head brightly and regarded Virginia and Malcolm. "Wouldn't you say?"

"Y—es," Virginia said slowly. Malcolm couldn't decide what the look on her face meant. He had never seen it before. Her eyes were shining, but wary. Her smile showed excitement and sympathy, but tension too. She seemed caught between two feelings.

"Quite!" the colonel said, smacking his hands together. "It is most important to me that you fully understand the situation." He pushed himself up to his feet and, with the same move, brought the crutches out smoothly and positioned them to balance him before he could fall. He stood leaning slightly forward, beaming. "Well, now, having heard my story, I imagine the objectives of this conversation are fully attained, and there is no need to detain you here further. I'll see you to the front gate."

"That won't be necessary," Malcolm said.

"I insist," the colonel said in what would have been a perfectly pleasant manner if he had added the animated twinkle to his eyes. Virginia was staring at him, blinking slowly.

"Please forgive us," she said. "We certainly hadn't meant to stay long enough to be rude. Thank you for the tea and cookies. They were very good."

"Not at all, my dear," the colonel said. "It's really quite pleasant to think of looking across the way, now and then, and catching glimpses of someone so attractive at her domestic preoccupations. I cleaned up thoroughly after the last tenants, of course, but there are always little personal touches one wants to apply. And you will start some plantings at the front of the house, won't you? Such little activities are quite precious to me—someone as charming as you, in her summer things, going about her little fussings and tendings, resting in the sun after weeding—that sort of thing. Yes, I expect a most pleasant summer. I assume there was never any question you wouldn't stay all summer. Cortelyou would hardly bother with anyone who could not afford to pay him that much. But little more, eh?" The urbane, shrewd look returned to the colonel's face. "Pinched resources and few ties, eh? Or what would you be doing here, if there were somewhere else to turn to?"

"Well, good afternoon, Colonel," Virginia said with noticeable composure. "Let's go, Malcolm."

"Interesting conversation, Colonel," Malcolm said.

"Interesting and necessary, Mr. Lawrence," the colonel said, following them out onto the lawn. Virginia watched him closely as she moved toward the gate, and Malcolm noticed a little downward twitch at the corners of her mouth.

"Feeling a bit of a strain, Mrs. Lawrence?" the colonel asked solicitously. "Please believe that I shall be as considerate of your sensibilities as intelligent care of my own comfort will permit. It is not at all in my code to offer offense to a lady, and in any case—" the colonel smiled deprecatingly"—since the mishap of the Christmas tunnel, one might say the spirit is willing but. . . ." The colonel frowned down absently at his canes. "No, Mrs. Lawrence," he went on, shaking his head paternally, "is a flower the less for being breathed of? And is the cultivated flower, tended and nourished, not more fortunate than the wild rose that blushes unseen? Do not regret your present social situation too much, Mrs. Lawrence—some might find it enviable. Few things are more changeable than points of view. In the coming weeks your viewpoint might well change."

"Just what the hell are you saying to my wife?" Malcolm asked.

Virginia said quickly, "We can talk about it later."

The colonel smiled at Virginia. "Before you do that, I have something else to show Mr. Lawrence." He raised his voice slightly: "Max! Moritz! Here!"—and the dogs were there. "Ah, Mr. Lawrence, I would like to show you first how these animals respond, how discriminating they can be." He turned to one of the dogs. "Moritz," he said sharply, nodding toward Malcolm. "Kill."

Malcolm couldn't believe what he had heard. Then he felt a blow on his chest. The dog was on him, its hind legs making short, fast, digging sounds in the lawn as it pressed its body against him. It was inside the arc of his arms, and the most he could have done was to clasp it closer to him. He made a tentative move to pull his arms back and then push forward against its rib cage, but the minor shift in weight made him stumble, and he realized if he completed the gesture he would fall. All this happened in a very short time, and then the dog touched open lips with him. Having done that, it dropped down and went back to stand beside Colonel Ritchey and Max.

"You see, Mr. Lawrence?" the colonel asked conversationally. "A dog does not respond to literal meaning. It is conditioned. It is trained to perform a certain action when it hears a certain sound. The cues one teaches a dog with pain and patience are not necessarily cues an educated organism can understand. Pavlov rang a bell and a dog salivated. Is a bell food? If he had rung a different bell, or said, 'Food, doggie,' there would have been no response. So, when I speak in a normal tone, rather than at command pitch, 'kill' does not mean 'kiss,' even to Moritz. It means nothing to him—unless I raise my voice. And I could just as easily have conditioned him to perform that sequence in association with some other command—such as, oh, say, 'gingersnaps'—but then you might not have taken the point of my little, instructive jest. There is no way anyone but myself can operate these creatures. Only when I command do they respond. And now you respond, eh, Mr. Lawrence? I dare say. . . . Well, good day. As I said, you have things to do."

They left through the gate, which the colonel drew shut behind them. "Max," he said, "watch," and the dog froze in position. "Moritz, come." The colonel turned, and he and the other dog crossed the lawn and went into his house.

Malcolm and Virginia walked at a normal pace back to the rented house, Malcolm matching his step to Virginia's. He wondered if she were being so deliberate because she wasn't sure what the dog would do if she ran. It had been a long time since Virginia hadn't been sure of something.

In the house, Virginia made certain the door was shut tight, and then she

America, America

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I hope they never start to wonder whether it's worth it or not."

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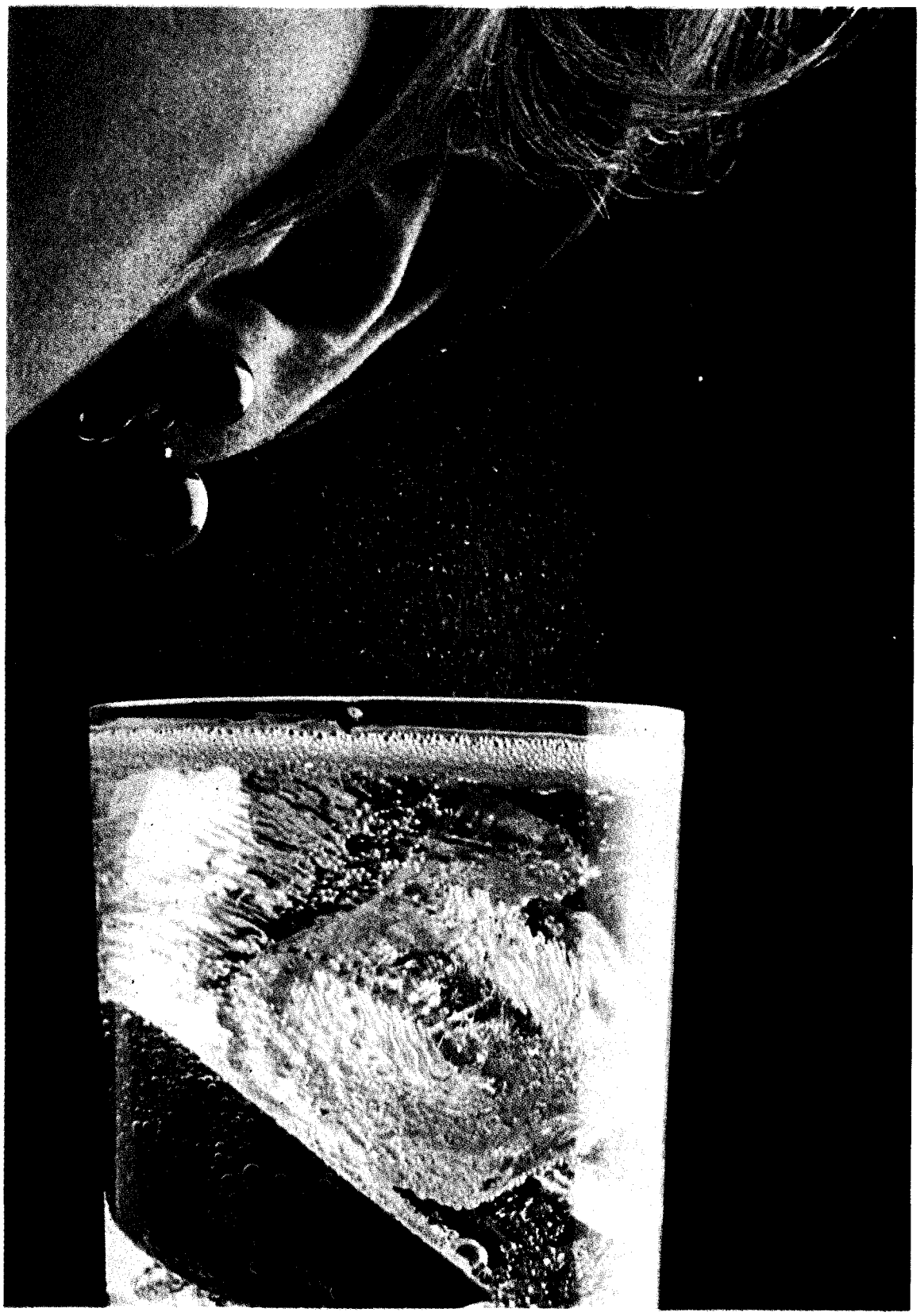
Blends, bourbons, Canadians: lend us your ears.



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So tart and tingling, we just couldn't keep it quiet.

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went to sit in the chair that faced away from the window. "Would you make me some coffee, please?" she said.

"All right, sure. Take a few minutes. Catch your breath a little."

"A few minutes is what I need," she said. "Yes, a few minutes, and everything will be fine." When Malcolm returned with the coffee, she continued, "He's got some kind of string on Cortelyou, and I bet those people at the store down at the corner aren't too happy about those dogs walking in and out of there all the time. He's got us. We're locked up."

"Now, wait," Malcolm said, "there's the whole state of New Jersey out there, and he can't ——"

"Yes, he can. If he thinks he can get away with it, and he's got good reasons for thinking he can. Take it on faith. There's no bluff in *him*."

"Well, look," he said, "just what can he do to us?"

"Any damn thing he pleases."

"That can't be right." Malcolm frowned. "He's got us pretty well scared right now, but we ought to be able to work out some way of ——"

Virginia said tightly. "The dog's still there, right?" Malcolm nodded. "Okay," she said. "What did it feel like when he hit you? It looked awful. It looked like he was going to drive you clear onto your back. Did it feel that way? What did you *think?*"

"Well, he's a pretty strong animal," Malcolm said. "But, to tell you the truth, I didn't have time to believe it. You know, a man just saying 'kill' like that is a pretty hard thing to believe. Especially just after tea and cookies."

"He's very shrewd," Virginia said. "I can see why he had the camp guards running around in circles. He deserved to have a book written about him."

"All right, and then they should have thrown him into a padded cell."

"Tried to throw," Virginia amended.

"Oh, come on. This is his territory, and he dealt the cards before we even knew we were playing. But all he is is a crazy old cripple. If he wants to buffalo some people in a store and twist a two-bit real-estate salesman around his finger, fine—if he can get away with it. But he doesn't own us. We're not in his army."

"We're inside his prison camp," Virginia said.

"Now, look," Malcolm said. "When we walk in Cortelyou's door and tell him we know all about the colonel, there's not going to be any trouble about getting the rent back. We'll find someplace else, or we'll go back to the city. But whatever we do to get out of this, it's going to work out a lot smoother if the two of us think about it. It's not like you to be sitting there and spending a lot of time on how we can't win."

"Well, Malcolm. Being a prisoner certainly brings out your initiative. Here you are, making noises just like a senior officer. Proposing escape committees and everything."

Malcolm shook his head. Now of all times, when they needed each other so much, she wouldn't let up. The thing to do was to move too fast for her.

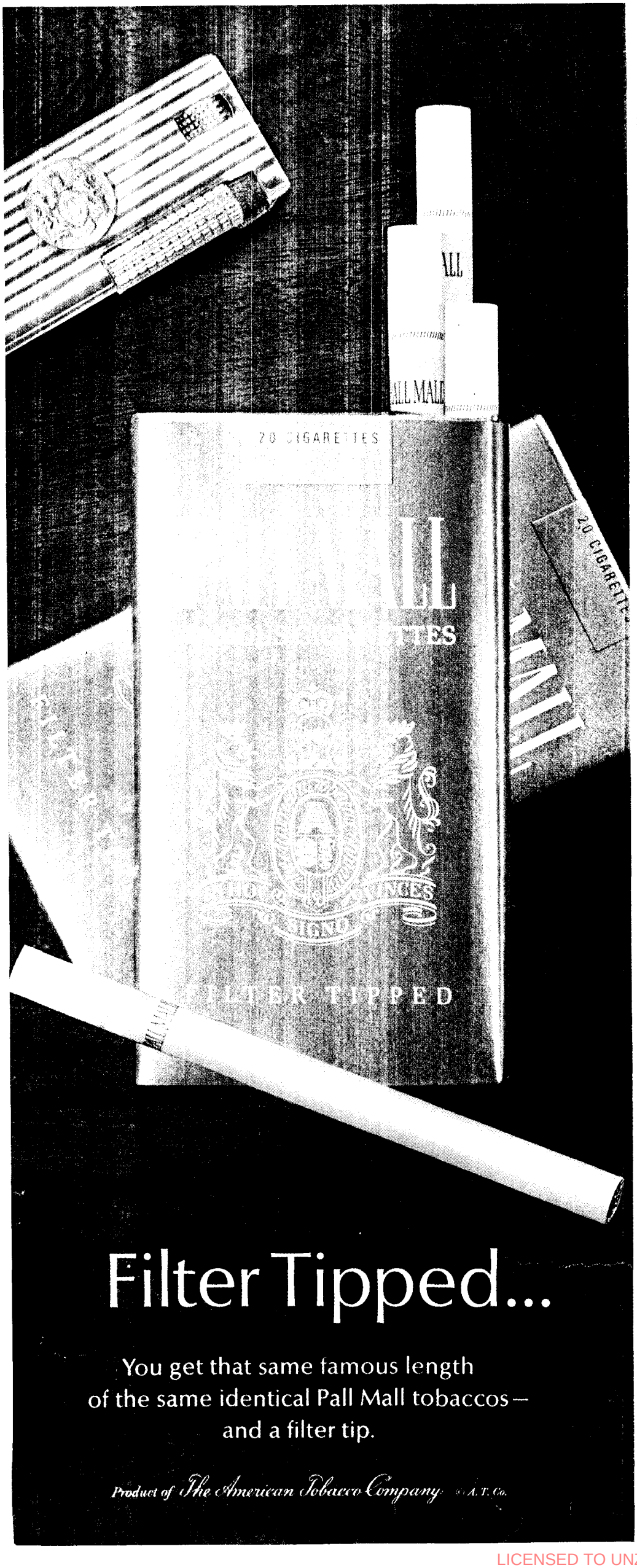
"All right," he said, "let's get in the car." There was just the littlest bit of sweat on his upper lip.

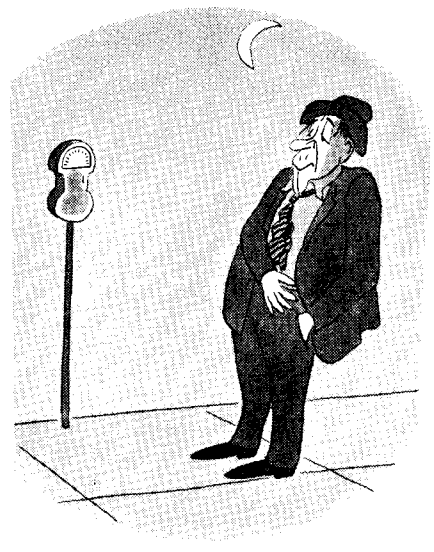
"*What?*" He had her sitting up straight in the chair, at least. "Do you imagine that that dog will let us get anywhere near the car?"

"You want to stay here? All right. Just keep the door locked. I'm going to try it, and once I'm out I'm going to come back here with a nice healthy state cop carrying a nice healthy riot gun. And we're either going to do something about the colonel and those two dogs, or we're at least going to move you and our stuff out of here."

He picked up the car keys, stepped through the front door very quickly, and began to walk straight for the car. The dog barked sharply, once. The front door of Ritchey's house opened immediately, and Ritchey called out, "Max! Hold!" The dog on the lawn was over the fence and had its teeth thrust carefully around Malcolm's wrist before he could take another eight steps, even though he had broken into a run. Both the dog and Malcolm stood very still. The dog was breathing shallowly and quietly, its eyes shining. Ritchey and Moritz walked as far as the front fence. "Now, Mr. Lawrence," Ritchey said, "in a moment I am going to call to Max, and he is to bring you with him. Do not attempt to hold back, or you will lacerate your wrist. Max! Bring here!"

Malcolm walked steadily toward the colonel. By some smooth trick of his neck, Max was able to trot alongside him without shifting his grip. "Very good, Max," Ritchey said soothingly when they had reached the fence. "Loose now," and the dog let go of Malcolm's wrist. Malcolm and Ritchey looked into each other's eyes across the fence, in the darkening evening. "Now, Mr. Lawrence," Ritchey said, "I want





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you to give me your car keys." Malcolm held out the keys, and Ritchey put them into his pocket. "Thank you." He seemed to reflect on what he was going to say next, as a teacher might reflect on his reply to a child who has asked why the sky is blue. "Mr. Lawrence, I want you to understand the situation. As it happens, I also want a three-pound can of Crisco. If you will please give me all the money in your pocket, this will simplify matters."

"I don't have any money on me," Malcolm said. "Do you want me to go in the house and get some?"

"No, Mr. Lawrence, I'm not a thief. I'm simply restricting your radius of action in one of the several ways I'm going to do so. Please turn out your pockets."

Malcolm turned out his pockets.

"All right, Mr. Lawrence, if you will hand me your wallet and your address book and the thirty-seven cents, they will all be returned to you whenever you have a legitimate use for them." Ritchey put the items away in the pockets of his jacket. "Now, a three-pound can of Crisco is ninety-eight cents. Here is a dollar bill. Max will walk with you to the corner grocery store, and you will buy the Crisco for me and bring it back. It is too much for a dog to carry in a bag, and it is three days until my next monthly delivery of staples. At the store you will please tell them that it will not be necessary for them to come here with monthly deliveries any longer—that you will be in to do my shopping for me from now on. I expect you to take a minimum amount of time to accomplish all this and to come back with my purchase, Mr. Lawrence. Max!" The colonel nodded toward Malcolm. "Guard. Store." The dog trembled and whined. "Don't stand still, Mr. Lawrence. Those commands are incompatible until you start toward the store. If you fail to move, he will grow increasingly tense. Please go now. Moritz and I will keep Mrs. Lawrence good company until you return."

The store consisted of one small room in the front of a drab house. On unpainted pine shelves were brands of goods that Malcolm had never heard of. "Oh! You're with one of those nice dogs," the tired, plump woman behind the counter said, leaning down to pat Max, who had approached her for that purpose. It seemed to Malcolm that the dog was quite mechanical about it and was pretending to itself that nothing caressed it at all. He looked around the place, but he couldn't see anything or anyone that offered any prospect of alliance with him.

"Colonel Ritchey wants a three-pound can of Crisco," he said, bringing the name out to check the reaction.

"Oh, you're helping him?"

"You could say that."

"Isn't he brave?" the woman said in low and confidential tones, as if concerned that the dog could overhear. "You know, there are some people who would think you should feel sorry for a man like that, but I say it would be a sin to do so. Why, he gets along just fine, and he's got more pride and spunk than any whole man I've ever seen. Makes a person proud to know him. You know, I think it's just wonderful the way these dogs come and fetch little things for him. But I'm glad he's got somebody to look out for him now. 'Cept for us, I don't think he sees anybody from one year to the next—'cept summers, of course."

She studied Malcolm closely. "You're summer people too, aren't you? Well, glad to have you, if you're doin' some good for the colonel. Those people last year were a shame. Just moved out one night in September, and neither the colonel nor me or my husband seen hide nor hair of them since. Owed the colonel a month's rent, he said when we was out there."

"Is he the landlord?" Malcolm asked.

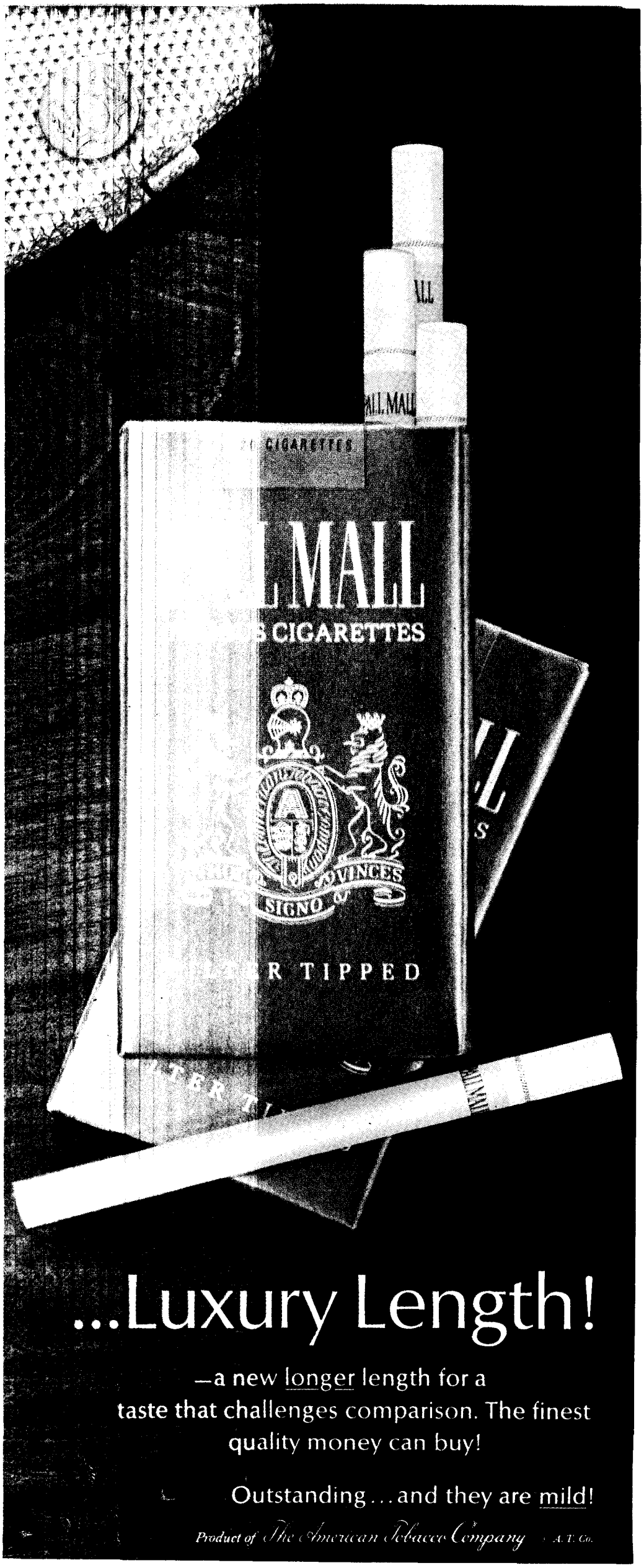
"Oh, sure, yes. He owns a lot of land around here. Bought it from the original company after it went bust."

"Does he own this store, too?"

"Well, we lease it from him now. Used to own it, but we sold it to the company and leased it from them. Oh, we was all gonna be rich. My husband took the money from the land and bought a lot across the street and was gonna set up a real big gas station there—figured to be real shrewd—but you just can't get people to live out here. I mean, it isn't as if this was *ocean*-front property. But the colonel now, he's got a head on his shoulders. Value's got to go up someday, and he's just gonna hold on until it does."

The dog was getting restless, and Malcolm was worried about Virginia. He paid for the can of Crisco, and he and Max went back up the sand road in the dark. There really, honestly, didn't seem to be much else to do.

At his front door, he stopped, sensing that he should knock. When Virginia let him in, he saw that she had changed to shorts and a halter. "Hello," she said, and then stood aside quietly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for him and Max. The colonel, sitting pertly forward on one of the chairs, looked up. "Ah, Mr. Lawrence, you're a trifle tardy, but the company has been delightful, and the moments seemed to fly."

Malcolm looked at Virginia. In the past couple of years, a little fat had accumulated above her knees, but she still had long, good legs. Colonel Ritchey smiled at Malcolm. "It's a rather close evening. I simply suggested to Mrs. Lawrence that I certainly wouldn't be offended if she left me for a moment and changed into something more comfortable."

It seemed to Malcolm that she could have handled that. But apparently she hadn't.

"Here's your Crisco," Malcolm said. "The change is in the bag."

"Thank you very much," the colonel said. "Did you tell them about the grocery deliveries?"

Malcolm shook his head. "I don't remember. I don't think so. I was busy getting an earful about how you owned them, lock, stock, and barrel."

"Well, no harm. You can tell them tomorrow."

"Is there going to be some set time for me to run your errands every day, Colonel? Or are you just going to whistle whenever something comes up?"

"Ah, yes. You're concerned about interruptions in your mood. Mrs. Lawrence told me you were some sort of artist. I'd wondered at your not shaving this morning." The colonel paused and then went on crisply. "I'm sure we'll shake down into whatever routine suits best. It always takes a few days for individuals to hit their stride as a group. After that, it's quite easy—regular functions, established duties, that sort of thing. A time to rise and wash, a time to work, a time to sleep. Everything and everyone in his proper niche. Don't worry, Mr. Lawrence, you'll be surprised how comfortable it becomes. Most people find it a revelation." The colonel's gaze grew distant for a moment. "Some do not. Some are as if born on another planet, innocent of human nature. Dealing with that sort, there comes a point when one must cease to try; at the camp, I found that the energy for over-all success depended on my admitting the existence of the individual failure. No, some do not respond. But we needn't dwell on what time will tell us."

Ritchey's eyes twinkled. "I have dealt previously with creative people. Most of them need to work with their hands; do stupid, dull, boring work that leaves their minds free to soar in spirals and yet forces them to stay away from their craft until the tension is nearly unbearable." The colonel waved in the direction of the unbuilt houses. "There's plenty to do. If you don't know how to use a hammer and saw as yet, I know how to teach that. And when from time to time I see you've reached the proper pitch of creative frustration, then you shall have what time off I judge will best serve you artistically. I think you'll be surprised how pleasingly you'll take to your studio. From what I gather from your wife, this may well be a very good experience for you."

Malcolm looked at Virginia. "Yes. Well, that's been bugging her for a long time. I'm glad she's found a sympathetic ear."

"Don't quarrel with your wife, Mr. Lawrence. That sort of thing wastes energy and creates serious morale problems." The colonel got to his feet and went to the door. "One thing no one could ever learn to tolerate in a fellow *Kriegie* was pettiness. That sort of thing was always weeded out. Come, Max. Come, Moritz. Good night." He left.

Malcolm went over to the door and put the chain on. "Well?" he said.

"All right, now, look ——"

Malcolm held up one finger. "Hold it. Nobody likes a quarrelsome *Kriegie*. We're not going to fight. We're going to talk, and we're going to think." He found himself looking at her halter and took his glance away. Virginia blushed.

"I just want you to know it was exactly the way he described it," she said. "He said he wouldn't think it impolite if I left him alone in the living room while I went to change. And I wasn't telling him our troubles. We were talking about what you did for a living, and it didn't take much for him to figure out ——"

"I don't want you explaining," Malcolm said. "I want you to help me tackle this thing and get it solved."

"How are you going to solve it? This is a man who always uses everything he's got! He never quits! How is somebody like *you* going to solve that?"

All these years, it occurred to Malcolm, at a time like this, now, she finally had to say the thing you couldn't make go away.

When Malcolm did not say anything at all for a while but only walked around frowning and thinking, Virginia said she was going to sleep. In a sense, he was relieved; a whole plan of action was forming in his mind, and he did not want her there to badger him.

After she had closed the bedroom door, he went into the studio. In a corner was a carton of his painting stuff, which he now approached, detached but thinking. From this room he could see the floodlights on around the colonel's house. The colonel had made his circuit of the yard, and one of the dogs stood at attention, looking across the way. The setting hadn't altered at all from the night before. Setting, no, Malcolm thought, bouncing a jar of brown tempera in his hand; mood, *si*. His arm felt good all the way down from his shoulder, into the forearm, wrist, and fingers.

When Ritchey had been in his house a full five minutes, Malcolm said to himself aloud, "Do first, analyze later." Whipping open the front door, he took two steps forward on the bare earth to gather momentum and pitched the jar of paint in a shallow arc calculated to end against the aluminum fence.

It was going to fall short, Malcolm thought, and it did, smashing with a loud impact against one of the whitewashed stones and throwing out a fan of gluey, brown spray over the adjacent stones, the fence, and the dog, which jumped back but, lacking orders to charge, stood its ground, whimpering. Malcolm stepped back into his open doorway and leaned in it. When the front door of Ritchey's house opened, he put his thumbs to his ears and waggled his fingers, "*Gute Nacht, Herr Kommandant*," he called, then stepped back inside and slammed and locked the door, throwing the spring-bolt latch. The dog was already on its way. It loped across the yard and scraped its front paws against the other side of the door. Its breath sounded like giggling.

Malcolm moved over to the window. The dog sprang away from the door with a scratching of toenails and leaped upward, glancing off the glass. It turned, trotted away for a better angle, and tried again. Malcolm watched it; this was the part he'd bet on.

The dog didn't make it. Its jaws flattened against the pane, and the whole sheet quivered, but there was too much going against success. The window was pretty high above the yard, and the dog couldn't get a proper combination of momentum and angle of impact. If he did manage to break it, he'd never have enough momentum left to clear the break; he'd fall on the sharp edges of glass in the frame while other chunks fell and cut his neck, and then the colonel would be down to one dog. One dog wouldn't be enough; the system would break down somewhere.

The dog dropped down, leaving nothing on the glass but a wet brown smear.

It seemed to Malcolm equally impossible for the colonel to break the window himself. He couldn't stride forward to throw a small stone hard enough to shatter the pane, and he couldn't balance well enough to heft a heavy one from nearby. The lock and chain would prevent him from entering through the front door. No, it wasn't efficient for the colonel any way you looked at it. He would rather take a few days to think of something shrewd and economical. In fact, he was calling the dog back now. When the dog reached its master, he shifted one crutch and did his best to kneel while rubbing the dog's head. There was something rather like affection in the scene. Then the colonel straightened up and called again. The other dog came out of the house and took up its station at the corner of the yard. The colonel and the dirty dog went back into the colonel's house

Malcolm smiled, then turned out the lights, double-checked the locks, and went back through the hall to the bedroom. Virginia was sitting up in bed, staring in the direction from which the noise had come.

"What did you do?" she asked.

"Oh, changed the situation a little," Malcolm said, grinning. "Asserted my independence. Shook up the colonel. Smirched his neatness a little bit. Spoiled his night's sleep for him, I hope. Standard *Kriegie* tactics. I hope he likes them."

Virginia was incredulous. "Do you know what he could do to you with those dogs if you step outside this house?"

"I'm not going to step outside. Neither are you. We're just going to wait a few days."

"What do you mean?" Virginia said, looking at him as if he were the maniac.

"Day after tomorrow, maybe the

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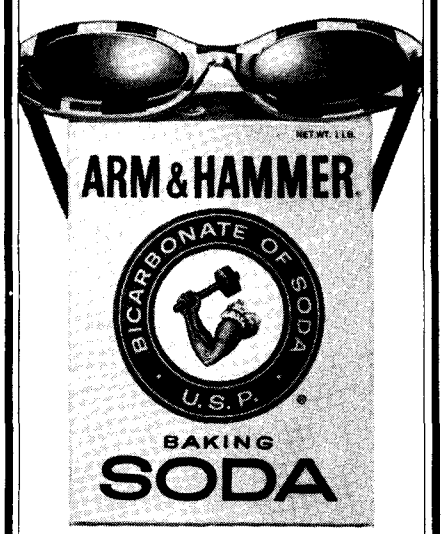

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day after that," Malcolm explained, "he's due for a grocery delivery I didn't turn off. Somebody's going to be here with a car then, lugging all kinds of things. I don't care how beholden those storekeepers are to him; when we come out the door, he's not going to have those dogs tear us to pieces right on the front lawn in broad daylight and with a witness. We're going to get into the grocery car, and sooner or later we're going to drive out in it, because *that* car and driver have to turn up in the outside world again."

Virginia sighed. "Look," she said with obvious control. "all he has to do is send a note with the dogs. He can stop the delivery that way."

Malcolm nodded. "Uh-huh. And so the groceries don't come. Then what? He starts trying to freight flour and eggs in here by dog back? By remote control? What's he going to do? All right, so it doesn't work out so neatly in two or three days. But we've got a fresh supply of food, and he's almost out. Unless he's planning to live on Crisco, he's in a bad way. And even so, he's only got three pounds of that." Malcolm got out of his clothes and lay down on the bed. "Tomorrow's another day, but I'll be damned if I'm going to worry any more about it tonight. I've got a good head start on frustrating the legless wonder, and tomorrow I'm going to have a nice clear mind, and I'm going to see what other holes I can pick in his defense. I learned a lot of snide little tricks from watching jolly movies about clever prisoners and dumb guards." He reached up and turned out the bed light. "Good night, love," he said. Virginia rolled away from him in the dark. "Oh, my God," she said in a voice with a brittle edge around it.

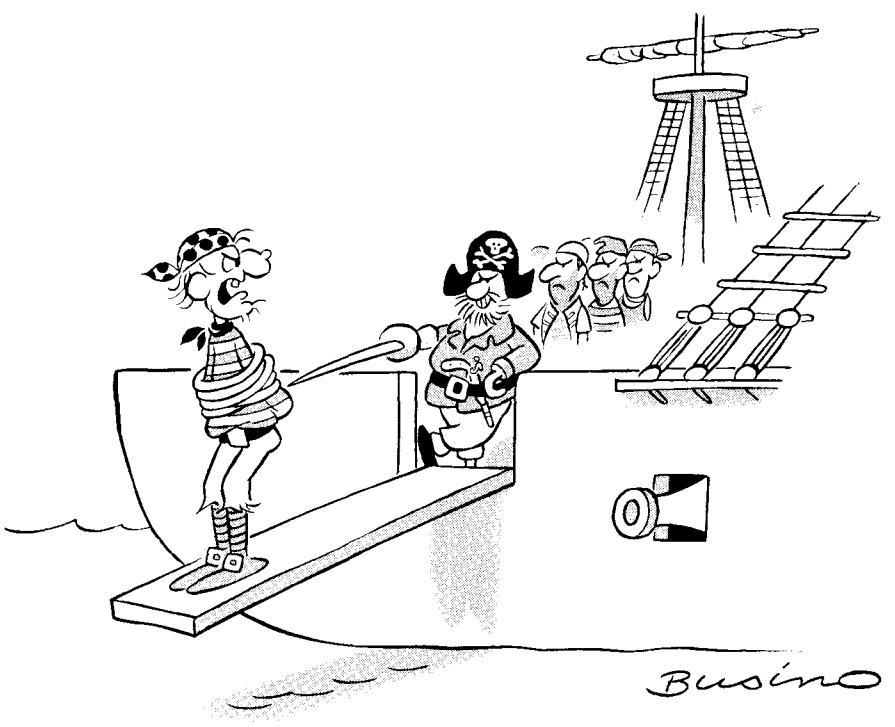
It was a sad thing for Malcolm to lie there thinking that she had that kind of limitation in her, that she didn't really understand what had to be done. On the other hand, he thought sleepily, feeling more relaxed than he had in years, he had his own limitations. And she had put up with them for years. He fell asleep wondering pleasantly what tomorrow would bring.

He woke to a sound of rumbling and crunching under the earth, as if there were teeth at the foundations of the house. Still sleeping in large portions of his brain, he cried out silently to himself with a madman's lucidity, "Ah, of course, he's been tunneling!" And his mind gave him all the details—the careful transfer of supporting timber from falling houses, the disposal of the excavated clay in the piles beside the other foundations. Perhaps there were tunnels leading toward those other foundations, too, for when the colonel had more people. . . .

Now one corner of the room showed a jagged line of yellow, and Malcolm's hands sprang to the light switch. Virginia jumped from sleep. In the corner was a trap door, its uneven joints concealed by boards of different lengths. The trap door crashed back, releasing a stench of body odor and soot.

A dog popped up through the opening and scrambled into the bedroom. Its face and body were streaked, and it shook itself to get the sand from its coat. Behind it, the colonel dragged himself up, naked, and braced himself on his arms, half out of the tunnel mouth. His hair was matted down with perspiration over his narrow-boned skull. He was mottled yellow-red with dirt, and half in the shadows. Virginia buried her face in her hands, one eye glinting out between spread fingers, and cried to Malcolm, "Oh my God, what have you done to us?"

"Don't worry, my dear," the colonel said crisply to her. Then he screamed at Malcolm, "I will not be abused!" Trembling with strain as he hung on one corded arm, he said to the dog at command pitch, pointing at Malcolm, "Kiss!" □



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Some retirement plan!"

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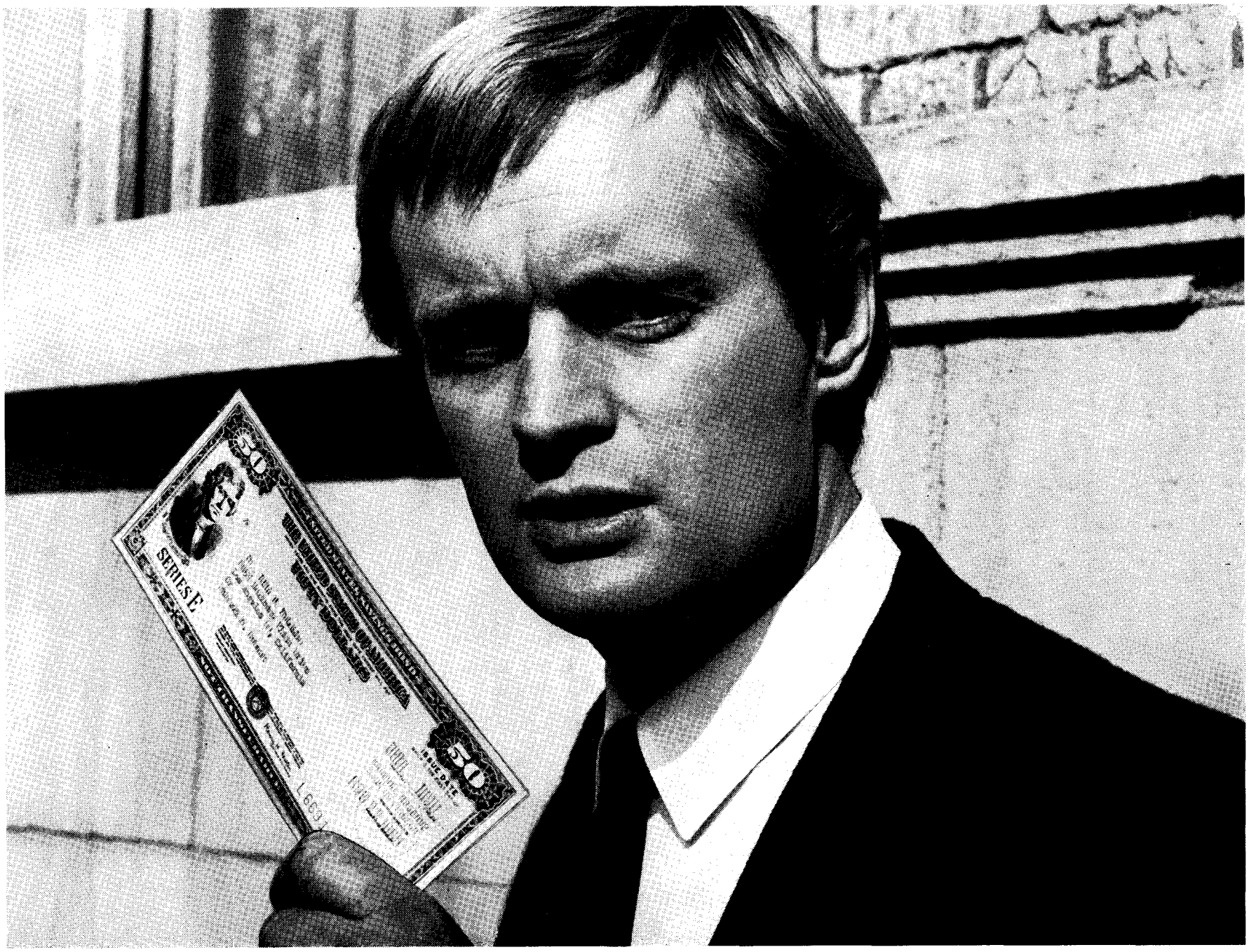

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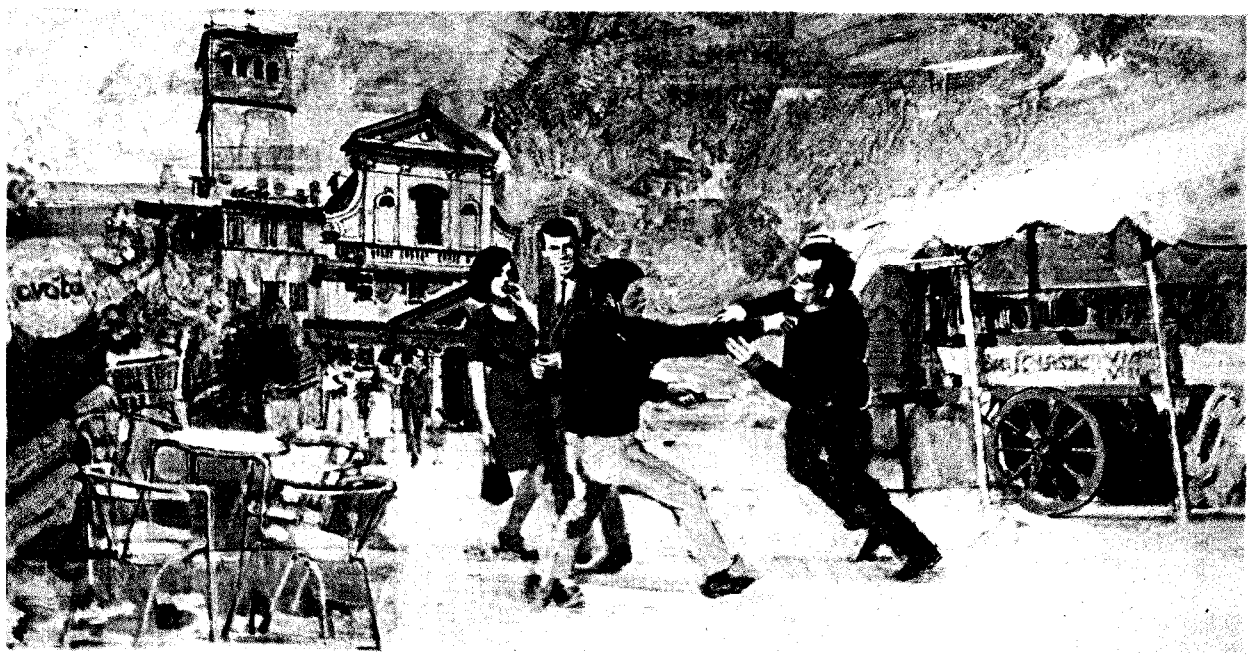
THE GAY HEARTS

Everyone said Liz had a secret face. Did it conceal secrets that even her husband didn't know about?

By George Bradshaw

Illustrated by Wilson McLean



I saw the glitter of a knife, and the man fell. Blood covered his shirt.

Dolly and I sat in the garden of the villa, waiting for the others. I almost said the rear garden, but Roman palaces do not have front gardens—their street sides are elegant, massive, and secretive, but they are not flowery; you must invade a palace to discover its delights.

Among our delights, this late spring morning, in this mathematical fantasy of a garden, was a low stone table—it had once been a capital in the Theater of Marcellus—with coffee cups upon it and a yellow umbrella leaning over it. And a view of the Forum, half a mile away and below us, framed in Roman light.

Nowhere is light so high, nowhere are shadows so dark; there is no place or need for color. "This light," Dolly said, "may be fine for architecture, but it certainly is hell on an aging actress."

"You don't look a day over thirty-three."

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Dolly pouted halfheartedly. "You might," she said, "have made it thirty-one." Then she smiled and picked up the coffeepot. "More?"

I nodded. Whatever there is to be said against Dolly—and there must be plenty—she tries. With her it is a social, not a professional, grace, this trying; she believes it her duty to create an air of pleasure around her. While her talk, which is, of course, almost entirely frivolous, can become tiresome at home, it is a great comfort in a place like Rome. In classical surroundings, human chitchat is a necessity.

"I wish they'd hurry," Dolly said. "I have tourist fever. I don't like to be kept waiting."

way it was a pleasure to sit in a garden with her.

"I'm livid with Cy," she said, and put the mirror back in her purse.

"Why?"

"He could give me a job easily enough in that silly movie of his."

I said, "The only part left is a Roman matron. Of the time of the Republic."

"Well?"

I was saved from an answer by the appearance of our hostess. The contessa came tramping out of her palace, stopped for a moment as the light hit her, and then said, "Where is everybody?"

I spoke to her and she focused on us. "Only you?" she said, and then she turned and looked up at that severe façade which Vasari is said to have designed. "Damn it!" she called. "Cyrus! Elizabeth!"

A window on the third floor was pushed open, and Cy leaned his naked chest over the sill. "Considering what we pay to live in this Renaissance firetrap," he said, "you should be more civil."

"But the car's waiting."

"I'm not going," Cy said. "I still have work."

Nothing disappointed Muriel. "What about Elizabeth?" she said.

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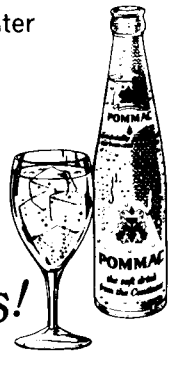

Best from a glass!

THE GAY HEARTS

Muriel motioned to us, and after Dolly had gathered up her things, we followed into the marbled and muraled hall of the palace. If it had not been for the exorbitant bill you got every week, you never would have known this palace was a hotel. Muriel had applied the air-brake money lavishly to the Villa Aprile, and now that the count was dead, running it as a hotel—although she didn't really need to—amused her and supplied her with plenty of people to talk to. It was, of course, a private hotel; you needed an introduction to be robbed by Muriel.

(When Dolly first saw me there, she said, "How did *you* get in here? You're just a writer." And I said, "Liz." And she said, "Yes, I remember. You've always known her, haven't you? Wasn't your father some sort of servant of her father?" "Gardener," I said. Dolly said, "And Liz's father liked you and sent you through college, wasn't that it?" "That was it." "So you're really," Dolly said, "just one generation up from the gutter." I said, "America is the great melting pot.")

When we got to the street, Liz was already sitting in the ancient open Isotta, waiting for us. And sitting beside Liz was Sammy Long.

Dolly stopped, and said to me under her breath, "Really. I didn't know he was coming along."

I said, "Why not?" He was, after all, another guest at the hotel, a good-looking, well-connected young American.

But Dolly didn't answer, and walked to the car. I didn't find out what she meant till some hours later.

I didn't even think about what she had said for a while. The traffic in Rome is so appalling, so hazardous—it makes New York's seem dainty and polite by comparison—that all you can do is close your eyes and hope. Muriel said, "And worst of all is this law against horns in the city limits. I'd feel much more comfortable if people could honk before they hit you." Muriel never stopped talking, but it was a relief, at least, from the dangers of the road.

I looked at Liz. Obviously she wasn't listening to Muriel, and just as obviously she was paying no attention to the scenery. I began to wonder why she had come. It seemed unlikely she had suddenly developed an interest in ancient history. She was much too practical for that.

Was it boredom? Cy was working hard. She had had to leave the Connecticut house on three days' notice—just at the best time of the year—when Cy was screamed for on rewrites; this was not a deliberate excursion. Rome or Italy or, indeed, anywhere else was no novelty to Liz; she had spent her life, before she married Cy, going to the right places at the right times.

She had always been rich, and money had given her an imperturbability she would never lose. Her beauty was uncalculated, so unlike the studied chic of Dolly; she had a secret face—you never knew what was going on with Liz.

How many times I have wondered: Why did she marry Cy? Why did she turn her back on the secure luxury of Aiken and Seal Harbor and New York, the seasons in Paris and London? Cy is an attractive fellow, but, working as hard as he did, he often could not pay much attention to her. Nor was he constantly loving and gentle. He was seri-

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Why do you drive yourself, Jon?
Couldn't you be content as a near-great?"

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ous about his writing; he had already completed a novel, a couple of plays and a bunch of movies. He worried about his work; he was often caustic. Yet she kept his house, endured his friends and followed after. Once, when I asked her, she said, "But it was so dull with my family. I wanted—more." Just that. Dolly said of her, "Of course, you know she's mad, in her own quiet way." You could only conclude that she was in love. But somehow, for an answer, that seemed too easy.

We were out on the Campagna now, and we passed the gigantic remains of an aquaduct.

Dolly said, "I love being a tourist. I love the statistics you're always hearing. I don't know the height of a single building in New York, but let me tell you about Pisa ——"

"Don't," I said.

Liz fished out a cigarette and tried to light it, but the car was going so fast she could not. Sammy Long took it from her and lighted it from his.

"You know about Hadrian's Villa," Muriel said, "the biggest house ever built, bar none, and it had *everything*. You could put Versailles down in one corner and never notice it. The only odd thing is they've looked and looked and they can't seem to find any pantries. You know there must have been pantries."

We slowed and turned right into what seemed to be a large parking area. Muriel said, "Oh, here we are."

Liz leaned forward, her eyes suddenly opening wide. "You mean," she said, "you mean this rubble in a meadow is it?"

We lunched classically beside a brook whose banks ran with violets and daisies. We ate slices of cold duck and drank pink wine. Muriel talked all the time, her mouth full or not, but we only half listened, for the day was so pleasant and so lazy.

Afterward we left her, reading a magazine under a tree, and wandered off for a desultory view of the ruins—Dolly and I, Sammy and Liz—and, as I suppose was not surprising in a house several miles long, we became separated.

Dolly, in a silk Balenciaga dress, carrying a white silk umbrella, was not incongruous in this villa of an emperor. We stopped and looked down at a mosaic which was protected by a railing of wood.

Dolly said, "When do you ever find time to write in Rome?"

"Well, to be quite honest, I don't."

"What *do* you do?"

I thought a moment. "Gather material. . . . Tell me a story."

Dolly laughed, and we started on. "Well, actually . . ." she began. We had passed out of the room we had been in and were crossing the end of what must once have been a corridor. Now it was a long alley walled with broken arches and lined with cypresses. "Actually, you know, I've never been in Europe alone before. I've always had a husband or something, and that's kind of protection, but this time . . ." We both turned and looked down the corridor at the same instant.

At the end of it, supposing themselves hidden, were Liz and Sammy Long, clasped tightly in each other's arms. Dolly tilted her parasol, gently, to cut them from our view, and in four steps we had entered a courtyard with a little pool in the center.

I never heard the story Dolly may have been about to tell me. "I have a feeling we're lost, lost," she said. "We'll never find Muriel."

We did, of course, and later we drove back to Rome under a livid sunset. When we stopped in front of the Villa Aprile it was twilight, and the air had turned cold.

Later, at midnight, Liz and Cy, Dolly and I were together at a nightclub which was located in a cellar—an excatacomb, maybe. We had had a few drinks.

"The trouble with me," Dolly said, "is that I have always preferred life to art."

"The trouble with you," Cy said, "is that you listen to what you say and then believe it." But he smiled and put out his hand to her. "Come on," he said, "let's dance."

While Dolly and Cy danced, Liz and I sat; it was the first time we had been alone all day.

I said to her, "I saw Mommy kissing Santa Claus at Hadrian's Villa. What gives?"

I thought for a moment, in the odd light of this incongruous place, that Liz looked frightened, but when she turned to me her eyes were calm enough.

"You saw?" she said. "I thought maybe you had."

"What gives?"

She shrugged. "I wanted to."

"Come," I said, "that's hardly an excuse."

She looked at me steadily. "Get one thing straight," she said, "I did not do it lightly. I meant it."

"Liz . . ." I said, sorry I had begun the talk.

She gave a short, hard laugh. "Willing to back out, aren't you?" she said, "—if you can't make a joke of it."

"Naturally," I said.

"Do you know why I like Sammy?" she said.

I waited.

"Because he has nothing to do with art. Nothing to do with writing or painting or music or the theater. He works for a cold-drawn-steel company."

"Well," I said.

"I suppose you can't understand anyone's getting sick of novels and plays, can you?"

"It's a little farfetched, I'll admit."

"Or why I gag at the theory that art is more important than real people."

"It's a theory I've never heard," I said, "but it sounds like a comfortable one."

She picked up a bottle of wine and poured herself a glass of it. "The joke," she said, "the eternal joke. Even when it isn't a very good one."

"I try," I said.

"Jokes," Liz said, "are a substitute for silence. What I wouldn't give for a little good honest silence."

"What has this got to do with the cold-drawn-steel business?" I said.

Liz picked up her glass and turned back to me. "I'll tell you," she said. "You'll probably laugh at me, but I'll take the risk. Sammy needs me. Now laugh."

I didn't laugh.

"And I want to be needed. It's as simple and sad and easy as that."

I didn't tell her that needing someone isn't peculiar to people in cold-drawn steel. For I knew what she meant. Cy was neither courtly nor courteous nor even attentive. Yet he loved her; he would not have so dislocated his working life (which marriage certainly meant) if he had not.

Dolly and Cy came back to the table then, and in a few moments we left. Outside, there was a wind, and it was cold, cuttingly cold.

Cy shivered inside his light coat. "I'll bet there hasn't been such a temperature drop," he said, "since Cato the Censor's time."

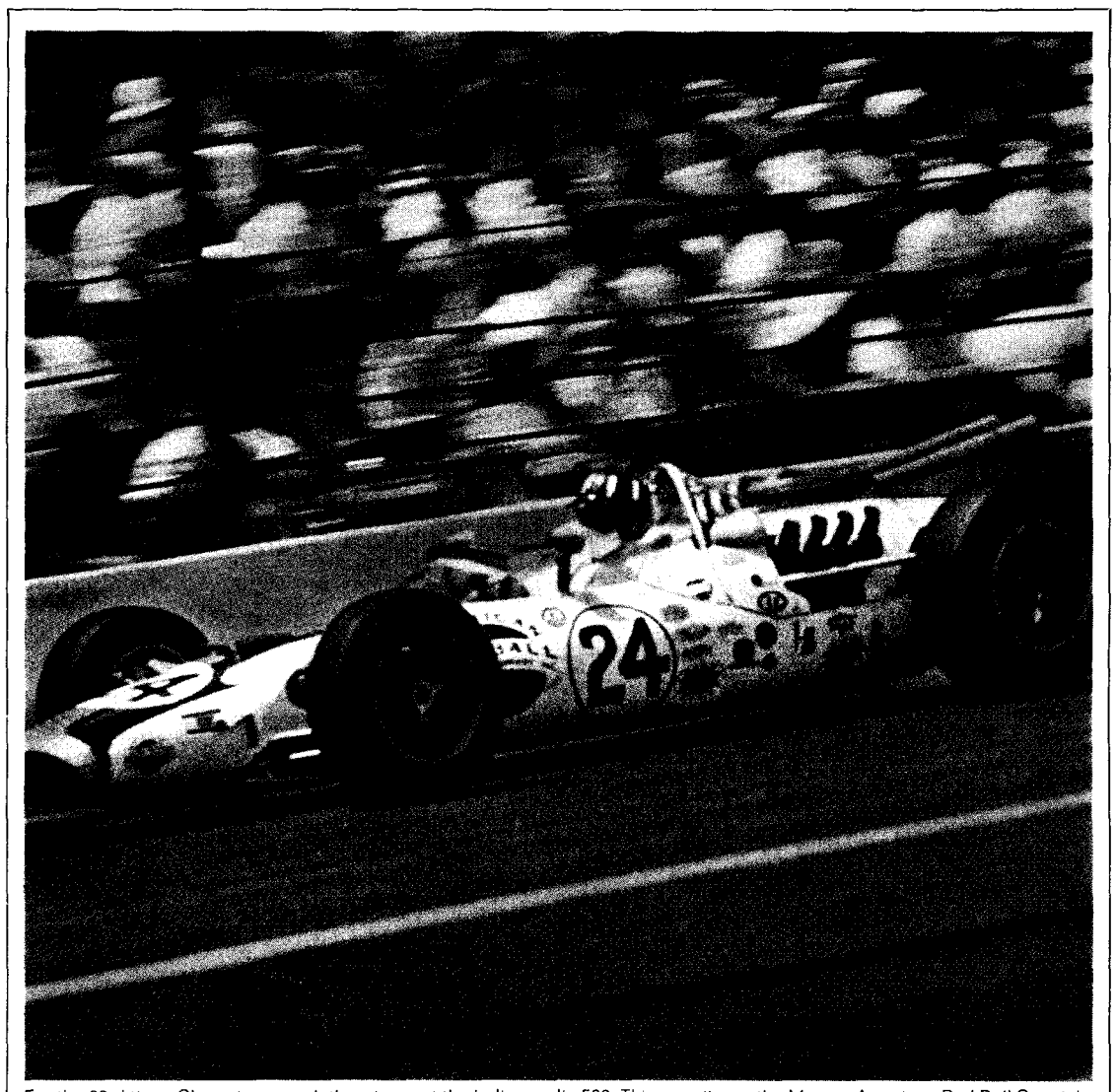
In the middle of the next morning, I was sitting in the garden, trying to read the Italian newspapers, when Cy came out.

"Come on," he said, "I have to go to Cinecittà for a minute. Drive with me."

"Why?" I said.

He looked at me with the mixture of annoyance and astonishment that was so characteristic of him. "Because I don't want to go alone."

I went. He had one of those little black open cars which I don't trust



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very much, and he drove it with the air of superiority, almost of inattention, with which he conducted most of the affairs of his life. You so often had the feeling with Cy that he was really engaged in something much more important than what he was doing at the moment. It was an attitude that often made me want to upset him.

I said, "Why don't you give Dolly a job?"

"Don't you start," he said.

"Why not?"

Cy frowned. "Rome's crawling with women who could play the part better."

"But you don't know them. Dolly's a friend."

"She's not what I had in mind."

"Come off it," I said. "Nothing's sacred."

Cy turned and looked at me for a moment. "What's it to you?"

"I like to see a girl from the homeland succeed."

"You don't understand," he said. "Dolly's a gay heart. She's that left-over word: chichi. We've got to have a solid, dependable dame."

I said, "Put her in the right toga and no one will notice."

Cy shook his head. "I'm not responsible for Dolly. She came here on her own. She's empty-headed. You know. And she wants to use our lives to fill hers up. More that than a job."

I said, "The trouble with young people is that they have no compassion."

"Don't patronize me, old man," Cy said.

Cinecittà is Rome's Hollywood. We drove into it and parked beside a barren building; then Cy left me. I wandered around for a moment and then came back to the car. Like any movie lot, Cinecittà is relentlessly untidy, and I was not in the mood for its backstage humors.

I think that in the hour I had to spend in the tedious heat I came to understand Liz's problem more acutely than I ever had before.

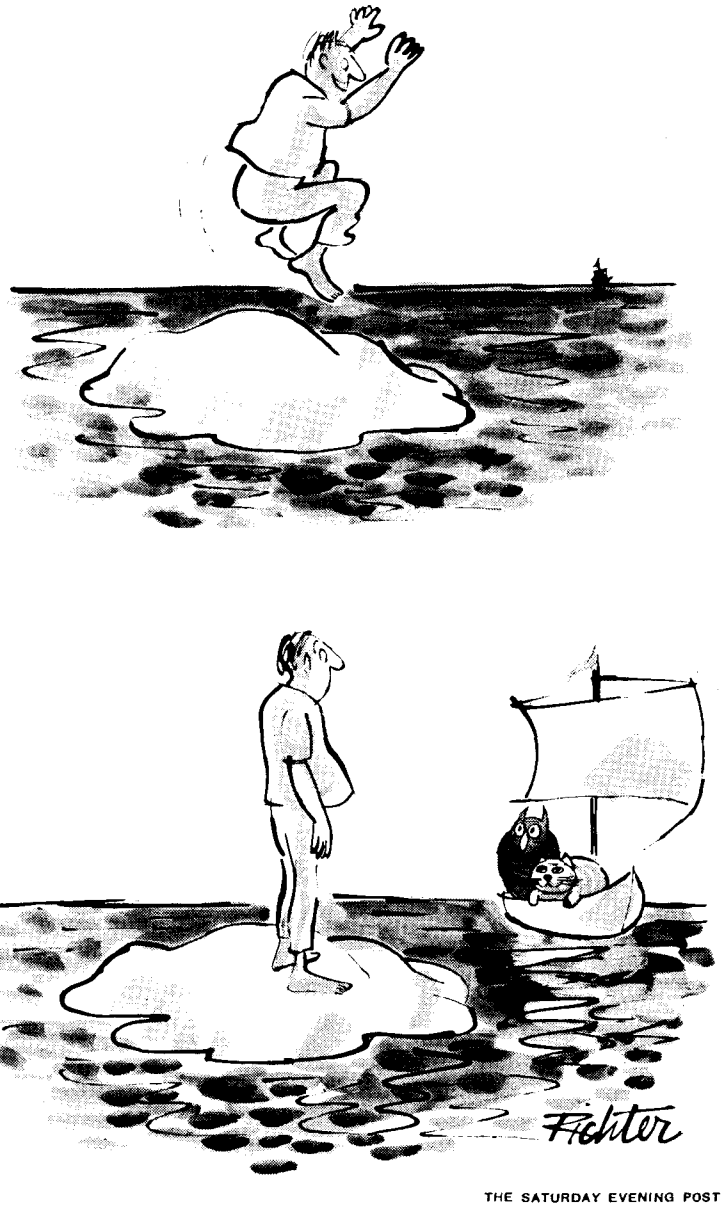
It was not yet lunchtime when we returned to the Villa Aprile, so I went back again to the garden. I intended to continue with the newspapers, but I did not. On the table beside me I saw some sheets of blank letter paper, and the idea came to me that I might make a few notes. I have a bad memory.

I have taken to heart a quotation I read once long ago: "I suppose a good deal happens in daily life; we have only to look at what is near to us, to find the drama of existence." On the odd chance that something might develop out of what I had seen and heard in the last twenty-four hours, I drew the paper to me and took out a pencil.

Only twenty-four hours. It seemed longer than that. Yet it was only yesterday morning that I had sat here, suspecting nothing more of these people with whom I was spending the day than that they were the handsome, successful, pleasant companions they seemed.

And now I had: a husband so driven, so self-centered he did not even notice that his wife was leaving him. A wife so lonely and bitter she was willing to go to the first man who wanted her. Then there was Dolly, the potential fuse. For underneath the worn-out chichi, Dolly was a practicing human being; she was not empty-headed, as Cy thought, but a defender of the faith of pleasure, and no one to stand by willingly if her ability or her place were ignored. In the present situation, even some offhand impoliteness might set the spark.

Three days later, at five o'clock in the afternoon, I was in the Place of the Gracchi, a little triangular square near the Piazza del Popolo. It is a pretty little place, with a couple of palaces, a sidewalk café, a chapel, a proper baroque fountain in the center, and—what I like most—a book-and-print shop which bulges out into the street.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I was standing there idly, under the awning, leafing through a portfolio of drawings and engravings, hoping—that constant and forlorn hope—that I might come across some overlooked masterpiece. I happened to raise my head, and I saw Cy and Dolly coming across the square, and, fifty yards behind, Liz and Sammy. Dolly, in more of her Madrid finery, with a long white stole over one shoulder, seemed deep in conversation with Cy. She was using her hands and frowning. I closed the portfolio and waited.

But suddenly something happened. At the café—which was just at the point where Liz and Sammy were walking, and so behind Cy and Dolly—there was an ominous commotion. A young man, a laborer, jumped up from one of the tables and ran into the square, with another man running after him. In the second man's hand I saw the glitter of a knife, and just as they were in front of Liz—not three feet from her—the young man stopped and turned, and his pursuer struck. The first man fell, at Liz's feet. Blood covered his shirt.

I saw Liz raise a hand to her face, then sway; I saw Sammy catch at her, and then I saw Liz collapse, limp, against him. Sammy picked her up in his arms and carried her over to the steps of the little chapel.

It all happened in an instant. I began to run. People shouted and ran. Suddenly there was a crowd.

When I got to the spot where the young man lay, there was Dolly—I do not know how she had managed to do it—Dolly, down on the stones beside him. She was wiping the blood from his lips and cheek with her white stole. I think he was already dead, but she kept calling, "Water . . . can't you bring water? . . . The fountain. . . ."

Immediately two *carabinieri* appeared, and then, from somewhere, a doctor with his black bag. Cy pulled Dolly to her feet and led her to the edge of the crowd. She stood there, in the sharp late sunlight, shaking her head, and wiping at her eyes.

Now Liz and Sammy came over to us, and we all walked out of the square. There was no reason to stay. We found a taxi soon, and we all got into it and drove back to the Villa Aprile.

At twilight I sat in the garden of the villa with Liz, waiting. There were candles on the table between us, blowing gently, and I could smell Liz's perfume, delicate as

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air, mixed with the fragrance of the flowers around us. We were waiting for Cy and Dolly.

"I have never fainted before," Liz said.

"You had reason," I said.

She shook her head. "No. I had no reason. I feel so heartless. Yet . . ."

"Go on."

"I feel grateful. Isn't that an awful thing to say?"

I waited.

"Grateful for the—" she hesitated "—for the touch of violence. When I opened my eyes, and saw Sammy's face, and felt Sammy's arms around me, I knew it was the wrong face, the wrong arms."

She turned toward me. I saw she was biting at her lip, as if she had said more than she meant to.

"I had to tell you," she said. "I can't tell Cy. And you—after all, you knew. Can you understand, that when something important happened, I . . ."

"You wanted Cy."

She nodded and picked up a cigarette. "Yes. Everything else was foolish, senseless. All the talk about being needed." She spread her hands wide. "That's not the important thing. You can't get off that easily. In marriage . . ."

She did not finish the sentence.

"He's so right for me. Do you know what he said—the only thing he said about the whole business?"

"What?"

"'I've got a real genteel wife. Faints at the sight of blood'—that's what I got instead of gentle words, and that's what I deserved."

I smiled.

"Don't try to figure it out," Liz said.

"You're not talking entirely about the fainting, are you?"

"Of course not. But it's a good-enough symbol." She touched her cigarette to a candle flame. "Dear Cy. He saved his kindness for someone who deserved it."

"Dolly?"

"You heard?" Liz said. "He's going to give her the job?"

"I heard."

"That's *pure* kindness."

"Stop it," I said.

For at that moment Cy and Dolly came out into the garden. Dolly was looking radiant, and in her hand she carried a script.

". . . and I'm going to play her so serenely," she was chattering to Cy. "She's a woman of great depth and understanding, I think. You know, there's a statue in the Capitoline Museum that has *just* the headdress I'm going to use—ring curls all around the face, and a high crown. . . ." They had got to the table and Dolly looked down at it. "You haven't ordered drinks?" she said.

I called to a waiter who was lurking near. We ordered, and then rearranged ourselves comfortably at the table.

When the drinks came, I took my glass and raised it to Dolly. "To our heroine," I said.

"I was *determined* Cy should give me the job," she said, "so all day long I was playing a Roman matron. Otherwise I wouldn't have dared *touch* that poor man."

"Dolly," Cy said, shaking his head, "you appall me."

"It's the truth," she said, and turned to Liz. "And you know, there's blood on my Balenciaga, and no one I can sue."

Liz cringed. "Dolly," she said, "please . . ."

But Dolly was determined. She had a sentence for me too. "But the wonderful thing about the job is this: I can take the whole trip off my income tax."

"That's my girl," I said, and looked up. Muriel, the contessa, was upon us.

"I heard about your adventure this afternoon," she said. "So unfortunate."

"Sit down," Cy said. "Have a drink."

The waiter pushed up a chair for Muriel. "That sort of thing isn't good. The tourists, you know."

"What'll you have?" Cy said. "We're celebrating."

"Celebrating?" Muriel cried. "Celebrating what?"

Cy looked at me and pulled down the corners of his mouth. "The birth of compassion," he said.

"How jolly," Muriel said.

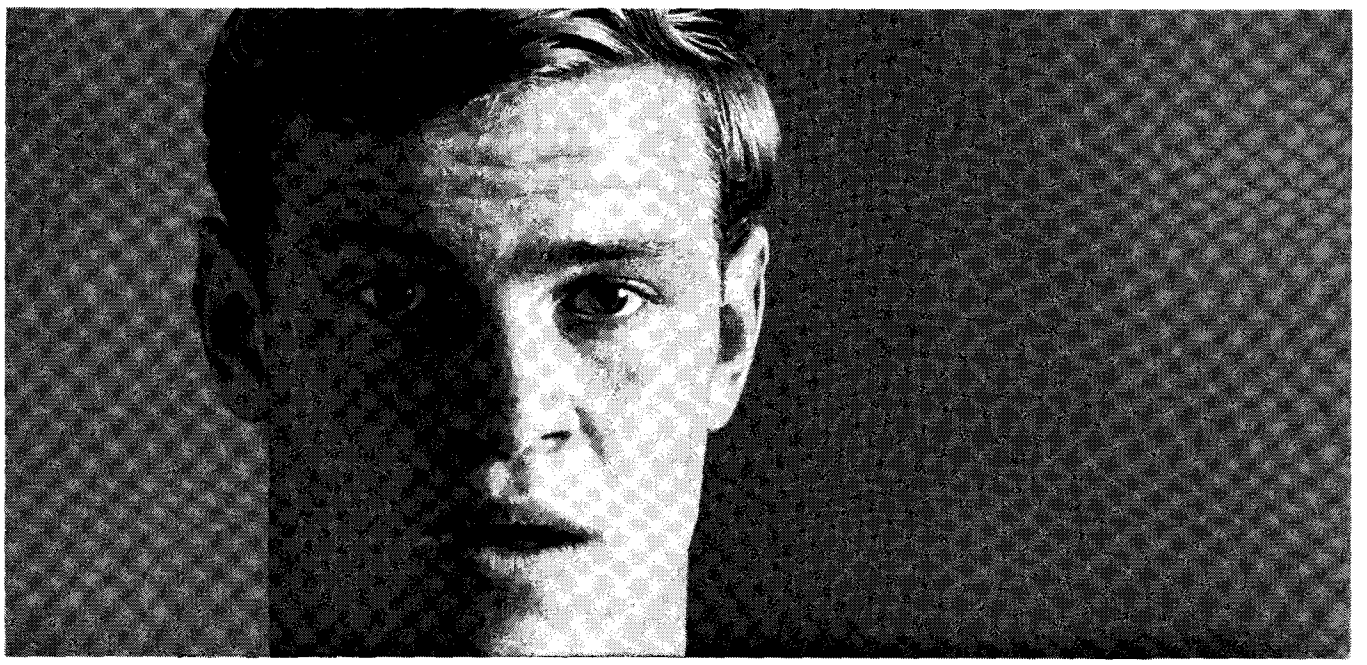
Then Cy frowned. "Where's Sammy? What's happened to Sammy?"

Liz took a deep breath. "He's gone to Milan," she said, and then added, almost to herself, "This was the night."

"I'll have a martini," Muriel said.

And then Cy turned and said—oh, most casually—to Liz, "How would you like to drive down to Sorrento for a couple of days? I can't seem to write well in this Eternal City. Maybe a few days at the seashore. . . . Would you like to go?"

Liz smiled. "I'd love to." □



"But, Dad, you always drive like that..."

It's hard enough to teach your teenager the rules of the road. But when *you* don't know them—or ignore them—how is he going to learn?

For the better part of 16 years, he watched you at the wheel. What did he see? A good driver who heeded traffic laws? Or one who rolled through stop signs, drove too fast, took chances? Even worse, did that child of yours ever become a lookout for motorcycles?

Juvenile courts are filled every day with kids who learned how to drive from their parents.

Many adults are bad drivers and don't know it. They've been driving a certain way for years and have never thought to change. They're too close to the car in front of them. They change lanes without checking the rear view mirror. Maybe it's forgetting to buckle that seat belt.

How about you? Do you know or ignore the rules of the road? Test yourself next time you drive. Take an honest, hard look at your driving habits. If you're making mistakes, you owe it to your children to change. And change now.

Sometimes the lessons of childhood are learned too well. Before the lesson of bad driving can be un-learned, sometimes it's too late.

Your teenager's driving can be one of the biggest problems you'll ever face. It's a problem that can't be solved by rules alone. He must *want* to be a safe driver. Your neighborhood new car dealer hopes this series will help you to help him. The National Automobile Dealers Association commends the *Saturday Evening Post* for their cooperation.

THE NATIONAL AUTOMOBILE DEALERS ASSOCIATION
Official organization of America's franchised new-car and truck dealers

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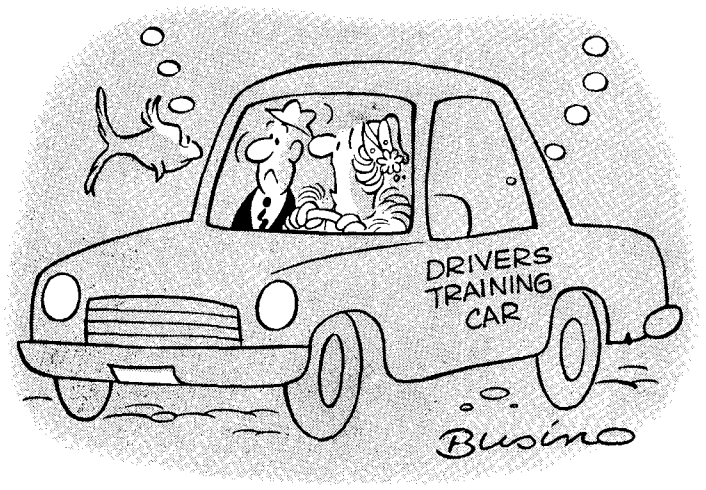
Post scripts

"Star light, star bright, first star I see tonight, please don't let Herbie Maxwell become the new department head."

"You're cute when you're angry."



"Does this mean I've failed my driver's test?"

OBVIOUS IMPOSSIBILITY

One man who is apt, on reflection,
To think of himself as a fool
Is the father of three teen-aged daughters
Who tries to phone home after school.

RUTH CHADWICK

"This will give you a rough idea. . . ."

"Agnes, I want a divorce."

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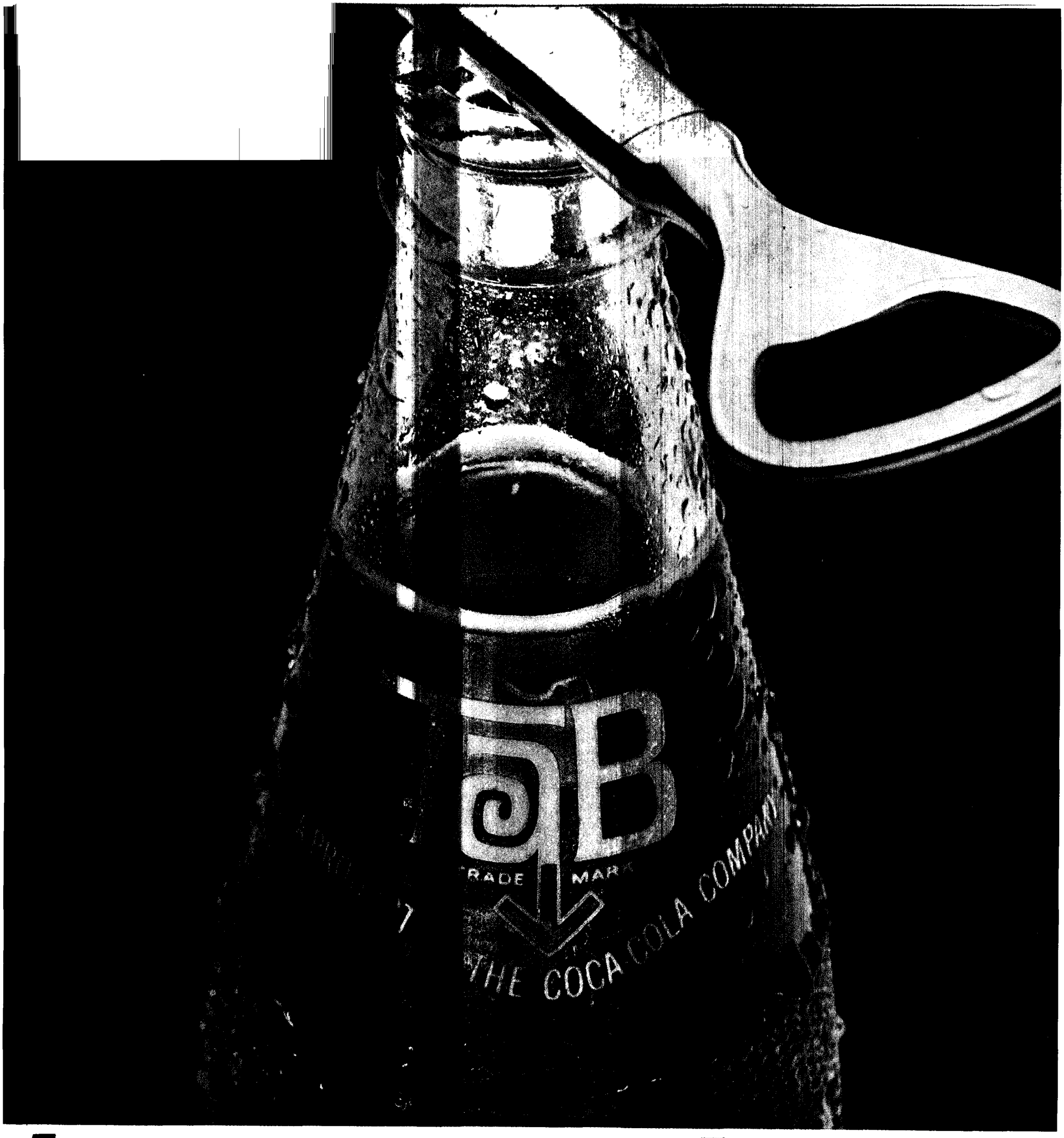

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Unsticky. Unstuffy. Uninhibited. The Now Taste of Tab. Not so sweet.
With 1 crazy calorie in 6 ounces. It's what's helping so many people to keep slim and trim.
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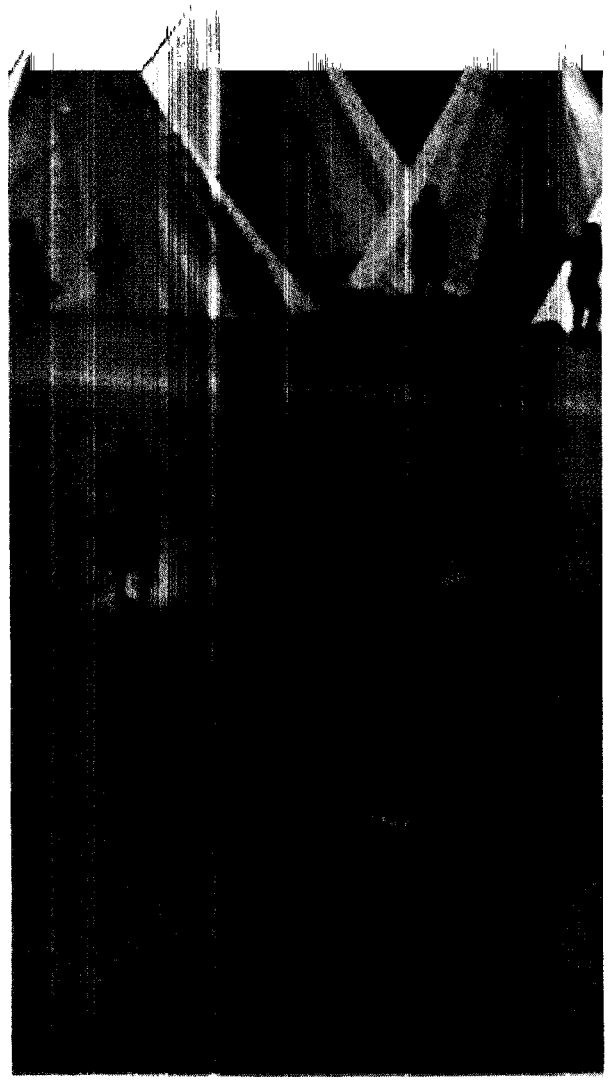

Custer's men rally in front of the bleachers and head for the hills. "On TV the Indians always lose," announced a narrator; "today we're going to give you a little vice versa."

Ninety years ago Gen. George Armstrong Custer rode out to fight Sitting Bull—and lost everything but one horse. Now he tries again every year, but the Indians are still writing the script.

BY ANNE CHAMBERLIN

BAD DAY AHEAD FOR THE

Left, an old Crow rests on his campstool before the assault on Custer. Below, a junior member of Custer's 7th Cavalry is aged with a moustache. Right, the resurrected Custer rides out toward the Little Big Horn. He is Bill Barnett, who owns a supermarket, wears yellow Harpo Marx ringlets and a paste-on beard supplied by his wife.

Photographs by Bill Bridges

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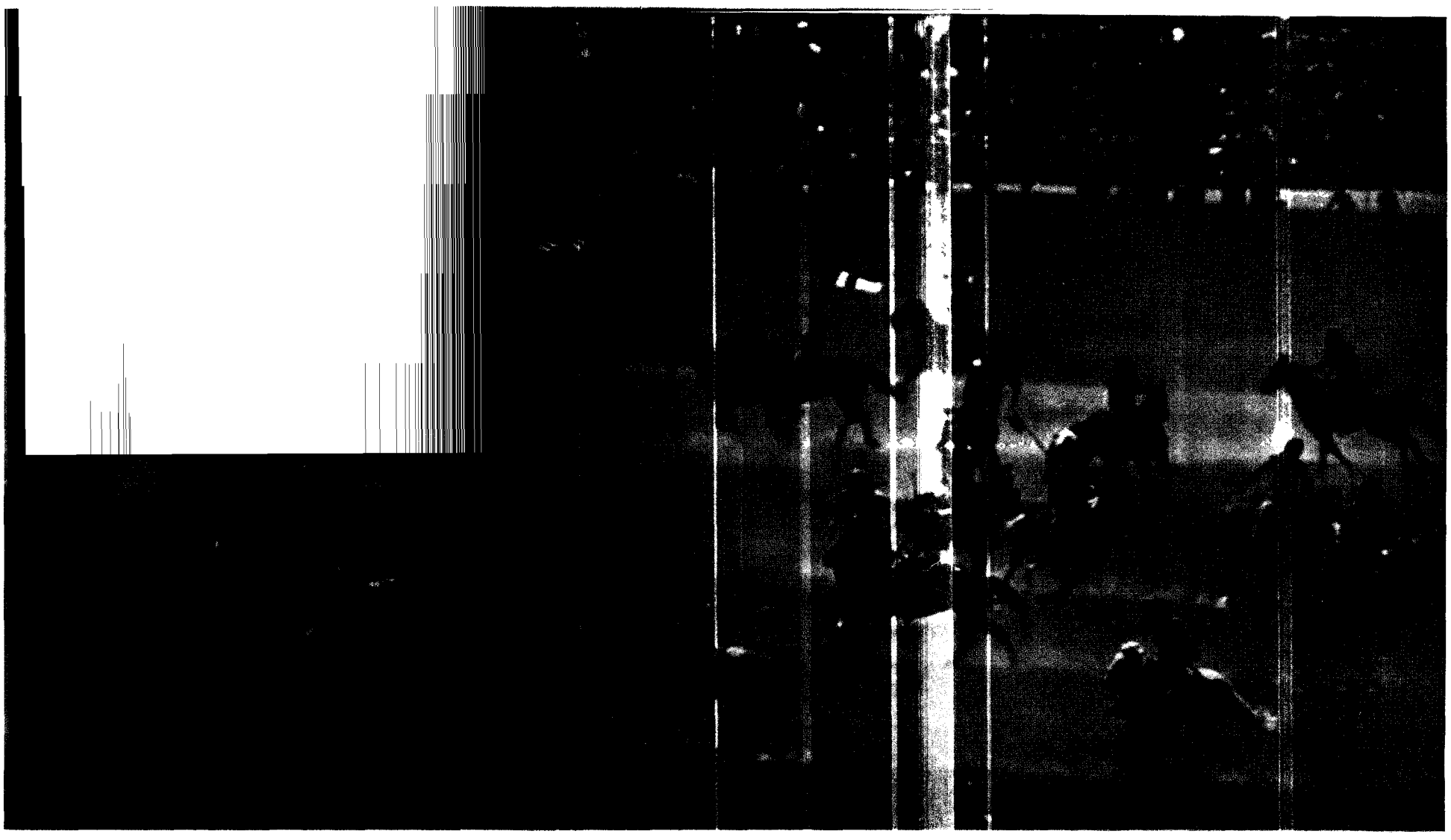

ARMY'S GREATEST LOSER

The social psychologists and freedom marchers of the future may find it useful to ponder a discovery made a few years ago by the town of Hardin, a community of 2,800 inhabitants and one traffic light which briefly interrupts the rolling grazing grounds of southern Montana. In Hardin, nothing has brought the white citizens of the town and the Indians of the neighboring Crow reservation closer together than a full-scale re-enactment of the worst licking the Indians ever gave us.

It wasn't too long ago that the Hardin railway station offered separate facilities for Men, Women and Indians, and Hardin merchants displayed NO INDIANS signs in their stores. But for the past three years, since it was decided to refight the Battle of the Little Big Horn, in which Gen. George Armstrong Custer and some 265 of his men were annihilated, the people of Hardin and the Indians have been working together on as many joint committees as the U.S. Senate. First came a joint sponsoring body called Big Horn County Special Events, Inc., with a Re-enactment Headquarters on the main street of Hardin, where they answer the telephone with: "Custer's Last Stand." (Across the street a Hardin drugstore offers "Last Stand Values" in shampoos, hair sprays and setting lotions.) A ladies' Custer Riders Auxiliary sews uniforms for the opposing forces and opened this year's hostile preparations with a joint banquet in the American Legion headquarters.

For the battle itself, which is held six times over a three-day period, the Indians bring their families and their Styrofoam coolers, barbecue grills and chrome beach chairs, and camp in the teepees set up on the battlefield. The Custer forces bring *their* families and *their* Styrofoam coolers, barbecue grills and chrome beach chairs in camping trailers, and park down by a stream under the cottonwood trees. It may not be three days of uninterrupted hearts and flowers, but when it ends they are still speaking, and this year there was about $10,000 in the joint till when the festivities were over.

Not the least of the attractions of this event, of course, is the fact that the white man went down to total and humiliating defeat. When Gen. Custer, the brilliant and daring cavalry leader of the Civil War and legendary Indian fighter of the plains, was sent to quell the restive tribes so the white man's railroads, gold seekers and homesteaders could push triumphantly to the West, it was assumed that the U.S. Army was invincible. But Custer had problems of his own—including a court-martial and one-year suspension for disobedience to orders and cruelty to his men—and he got a bit overeager. When he learned that Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse had discovered his presence, he ignored orders to wait for the rest of the 7th Cavalry and launched his unfortunate attack. The news that Custer's men had been surrounded and massacred on June 25, 1876, fell on a stunned nation in the midst of celebrating 100 years of independence from England. And since the only survivor on Custer's side was a horse named Comanche, Custer partisans, historians and military strategists have been arguing ever since about what happened.

The Hardin re-enactment improves on a felicitous theme by telling the story from the Indians' point of view. Custer, his men, and other leading U S. figures are allowed on the scene just about long enough to sign a few worthless treaties and get chased into the hills and wiped out. As Edison Real Bird, newly elected Crow Tribal Chairman and one of the battle's narrators, told the audience: "On TV and in the movies, the Indians are always being set back. This afternoon we're going to give you a little vice versa."

On the other hand, anyone who enjoys being confused by the facts will recall that the Crow Indians, the "children of the large-beaked bird," are one of the few plains tribes that have always been friendly to the white man—since 1825, in fact. Only last summer they adopted Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson into the tribe under the name of Pretty Walking Bird. And all the Crow did in the original fight was to supply six Indian scouts—on Custer's side. As a matter of fact, George Old Elk Jr., who plays the part of Crazy Horse, is the grandson of the Custer scout named Curly. Arlis Whiteman, who plays Red Cloud, is the grandson of White Man Runs Him, another of the scouts. The land on which the re-enactment is fought belongs to the grandson of Custer's Indian interpreter. Henry Old Coyote, who plays Sitting Bull, wears the trailing eagle-feather headdress that belonged to his grandfather, who fought at the side of Brig. Gen. George Crook, who was set back by the Indians at the Battle of the Rosebud about a week before they finished off Custer.

Like many battles, this one started innocently enough. The State of Montana had asked the Crow Indians to help celebrate its centennial as a Territory in 1964. It was easy to persuade the tribal authorities that it would be nice to produce a spectacle that might waylay some of the tourist dollars, and it was Joe Medicine Crow, a step-

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These days Custer fights the Crow Indians, but they onl

CUSTER'S LAST STAND

grandson of White Man Runs Him, who hit the jackpot: "Let's fight Custer again."

As a graduate student in anthropology at the University of Southern California, Joe Medicine Crow had written a thesis on Sitting Bull. It was a study of how an uneducated and uncivilized man rose to leadership, and it had been a turning point in his own life. "Up to that time," he says, "I had been kind of ashamed to be an Indian."

The tribal council was persuaded, and in his bare basement office, with its steel filing cabinet, survey maps and pencils propped in the hollow of a bleached buffalo-leg bone, Joe Medicine Crow was left with the dangerous chore of writing the script. "Tamper with the Custer story," he says with some feeling, "and you're in trouble." It also became clear that it would be hard to reslaughter the white men on a grand scale without some volunteers from Hardin and probably some professional guidance beyond that. So before the first shot was fired, the battle had brought about Big Horn County Special Events, Inc., headed by Harold Stanton, an able young Hardin attorney, and the John B. Rogers Producing Company of Fostoria, Ohio, which specializes in turning out community pageants, had been signed up.

There was some brave talk of refighting Custer on the very hill where he took his stand. But it is now occupied by a granite monument, a national cemetery and a National Park Service museum, which overlook the Last Stand Texaco station and Sally's Last Stand Café, which sells jugs of Custer Battlefield Firewater and has signs on the walls that say things like:

YES, WE SERVE CRABS—
BUT WE WOULD RATHER
SERVE PLEASANT PEOPLE.

As it is, the reenacted fracas takes place on a nearly identical stretch of plain, with the same dust and scattering tumbleweed, within sight of the hill where Custer and his men really died.

For the script, Joe Medicine Crow decided to "put the audience on the west side of the Little Big Horn—with the Indians. People have always seen the gallant Custer with his yellow hair, cleaning out the Hostiles to make way for progress. All the books have been written from Custer's side. In our production you would see this thing coming to him, and from years back. This battle was the culmination of the Indian's being cornered. His way of life was being taken away. It was really the Indian's last stand, not Custer's. I pulled out my old thesis, and from then on it was easy. I didn't do anything to Custer to offend his followers. I just left him out, and we played Sitting Bull as the star." As soon as the word was out, more Indians signed up to be warriors than they had parts for.

On the white man's side, Maj. Gen. R. C. Kendall, adjutant general of the Montana National Guard, was game to be Custer, but it wasn't quite so easy recruiting volunteers to die with him. When George Elias, the Rogers Company's professional director, arrived in Hardin three weeks before the opening gun, he was told that Custer's entire army numbered "two ranch hands, a wrangler and a sissy cowboy," but by the time the show went on, their ranks had swollen to 50. This year there were 75 Custer riders, and there would have been 76 if they had produced a horse for the 74-year-old gentleman with a Custer moustache and authentic 7th Cavalry uniform who came all the way from Florida to join up.

For the last two years Custer has been played by one Bill Barnett, who owns a supermarket near the new Yellowtail Dam. He wears yellow-wool Harpo Marx ringlets and paste-on beard applied by Mrs. Barnett, a member of the Custer Riders Auxiliary. "The beards don't really show at that distance," director Elias advised the ladies at their coffee meeting. "Just don't put beards on

Off in the hills the battle goes on: Above, a trooper fires on a red man about to overwhelm his fallen comrade; at right, a rare moment of triumph for the white man, as one of Custer's stalwarts wrestles a heavily painted Indian to the turf.

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ad six men in the original battle—all on Custer's side.

the Indians and war paint on Custer's soldiers."

Elias, 43, who rides herd on the hostilities, is in his 17th year of producing and directing re-enactments of stirring events for the Rogers Company, including the battles of Antietam, Fort Sumter and Vicksburg. He emerged emotionally unscathed from the Civil War, but has become so engrossed with the Custer re-enactment that he has started a book about it called *It Never Should Have Happened But It Did.*

George, as everyone calls Elias, has flaming yellow hair, and on location he wears a black Custer hat, an Indian vest, a black brocade snipped-off tie, and carries a white bullhorn. After rehearsals he retires to his motel room with the homework of whatever course he is pursuing. One year it was a rented accordion for his music lessons, which he dropped after mastering *Over the Waves.* Another year it was conversational Italian. This year it was a correspondence course in hotel management, a field in which he has a head start, having once been a room clerk in the Taft Hotel in New York.

George runs a taut but good-humored ship. "Don't talk back," he advised the young Future Farmers of America who were to help direct the warriors once they left the grandstand and rode off into the hills, "no matter how brassy I get. If I say they're riding too close, they're too close. And keep out of sight. Someone out there with a camera can see you. No shots after everybody is dead. That's the difference between amateur and professional. And have a snakebite kit and a first-aid kit. Make sure every sword is returned. Be careful how you handle those walkie-talkies. And remember: The Indians have got to win.

"Let's come in proud, folks," he advised the Indian chiefs. "Some of you are dragging a little. Let's take pride in your nation. OK, chiefs, come in and sign. Some shake hands and some don't. According to history some were not familiar with the handshake, right? . . . Come on, let's get some action, you're dead as doornails. Crazy Horse, hold it, you're doing it too fast. . . . Gentlemen, look at yourselves. You're a little bit of a mess. Spread out, otherwise it has no meaning. . . . Hey, Custer, move in now."

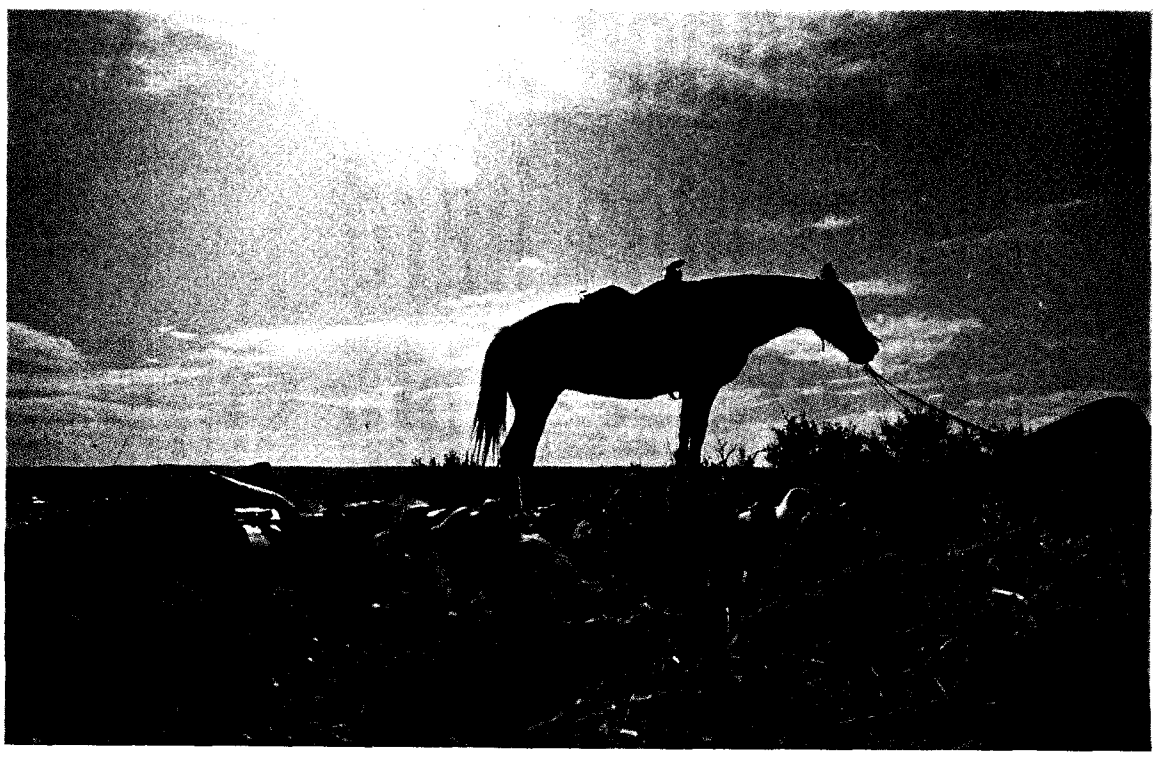
As all this issues from the small glassed-in control booth above the grandstand, 60 Indians and 75 cavalrymen gallop back and forth through endless volleys of blank ammunition; this year, they used 2,000 rounds of .30-06 ammunition, 12 gross of M-80 shells and 300 smoke bombs. It is a remarkable sight.

But not even George can control the unrehearsed events. One year Sitting Bull fainted, and a little Indian boy said, "Oh, Momma, what are we going to do? Sitting Bull is dead!"

This year one horse died of a heart attack, another horse ran away, a covered wagon broke its undercarriage, one of the spectators collapsed from heat prostration, and thunderstorms washed out two performances in a row on opening day. Joe Medicine Crow blames the latter on a curse pronounced on the white people of Hardin by an old Crow chief named Two Leggins, who deemed himself insulted by one of them. Henry Old Coyote has volunteered to try an anti-rain dance, but Joe Medicine Crow says that that sort of thing only worked "before the white man came with science, and the Great Spirit still gave the Indians insight and wisdom. Now the white man has taken us over, the Great Spirit has withdrawn the gift." So Custer has to take his last stand right alongside the rest of us, leaning on the whimsical reports from the U.S. Weather Bureau.

Probably the longest faces around here belong to the tribes who actually *did* fight Custer—the Northern Cheyenne, who occupy the reservation just south of the Crow, and the mighty Sioux, who produced the redoubtable Sitting Bull and who have decided to sit out the war in the Black Hills. Over there, the featured attraction is a Passion Play imported from Germany. □

With all Custer's soldiers "dead," a horse portraying Comanche, the only survivor, stands alone amid the remains.



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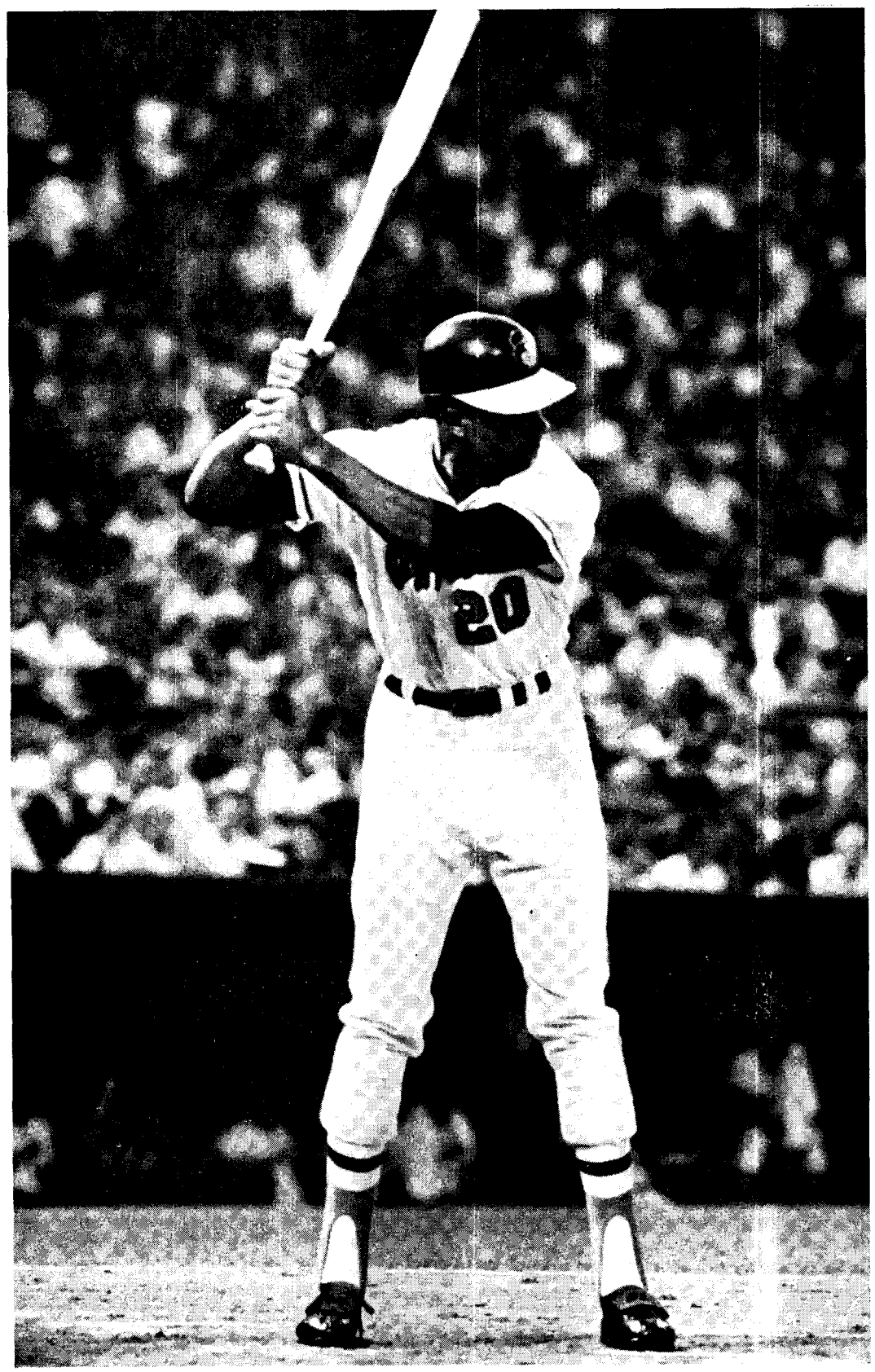

No one stands closer to the plate than Robinson—
defying pitcher with his bat
held high and head "hung in there."

As Frank Robinson goes, s

A good leader slides hard and carries a big stick

By Bard Lindeman

Just having him in the lineup was bound to do something for team morale—he was an established major-league star and a prototype of the "big hitter" managers like to build batting orders around. But the Baltimore Orioles' new outfielder began to lift his ball club this spring in ways that sometimes startled both the opposition and his own teammates. He was on first base in Washington one night when another Oriole hit a soft fly to shallow center; after the catch, he startled everyone by tagging up and sliding safely into second base ahead of the routine throw from the outfield. On the next pitch he stole third. Against Detroit, he scored all the way from first base when a teammate lined a single through the middle on a hit-and-run play. Then there was the big play in Yankee Stadium. Baltimore had a two-run lead with two out in the last of the ninth, but the Yankees had two men on base, and New York's Roy White hit a long drive toward right field that would win the game if it reached the seats.

Frank Robinson drifted back against the waist-high barrier, made a half-turn and leaped, reaching as high as he could. With the ball stuck in his glove, and the game saved, he tumbled backward into the stands and disappeared into the crowd.

More than any other factor, Robinson has made the difference in Baltimore, where the young Oriole teams of recent years have established a reputation as talented also-rans. They were good enough to be contenders, but they were inconsistent and seemed to lack the kind of swaggering, intimidating confidence that is characteristic of a championship ball club. This year the Orioles have dominated the pennant race to lead the American League by a dozen games in late July—and Robinson's impact only begins with the fact that he has been hitting over .300 and is among the league leaders in home runs and four other offensive categories. The headlong style of play that sent him sprawling into the seats at Yankee Stadium seems to be re-establishing another, older Baltimore tradition of tough, combative baseball that dates back to the "old Orioles" of the 1890's.

"The way Frank plays," says Paul Blair, the young center fielder, "he makes you hustle. He'll make a great play and the rest of us will follow." Robinson has played much of the season with a pulled thigh muscle and then a badly strained right knee, but manager Hank Bauer has kept him in the lineup. "I'd like to rest Frank," he says, "but just his being in there peps up the other guys."

Curt Blefary, the tough-talking left fielder, speaks for all the 1966 Orioles when he says, "This is the year we don't foul up."

Robinson's presence in Baltimore could hardly be felt more keenly than his absence in Cincinnati. In a 10-year career with the Reds, he batted .303, averaged 32 home runs and 101 runs batted in per season, and in 1961 led the team to its first pennant in two decades. Despite these credentials, Cincinnati president William O. DeWitt traded him last December for starting pitcher Milt Pappas and two lesser Orioles, on the theory that the team needed pitching more than power for the 1966 race. But the Reds, picked to win in the Associated Press preseason poll, were in eighth place at midseason. "If we had Robinson here," Cincinnati relief pitcher Bill McCool told reporters recently, "we'd be in the race, or even in the lead."

Hank Bauer remembers that he was at home in Prairie Village, Kans., when the trade was announced. Bauer happily began to practice writing a lineup card with Robinson in the order. First he made him the cleanup hitter; then he wrote him

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the Baltimore Orioles run to keep up, and the rest of the American League falls far behind.

into fifth spot, and finally decided to have him hit third, bringing him to bat in the first inning in every game. A friend called from New York to poke fun at his good fortune.

"Have you gone out and gotten drunk yet?" the friend asked.

"No," Bauer said. "I wanted to put the kids on the school bus first."

But there was one small worry. Like other American Leaguers, Bauer had heard reports that Robinson was not only a ruthless competitor on the field but a troublemaker off it. People who passed on this rumor always spoke of the time five years before when Robinson had been arrested for carrying a gun.

Robinson's reputation was not helped by DeWitt when he explained to newsmen last spring why he traded away his best offensive player.

"Frank is an *old* thirty," said DeWitt. He went on to say that Robinson was certain to slow down dramatically one of these days, because as a young player he had led a fast life.

Jim Brosnan, the baseball author (*Pennant Race, The Long Season*), was Robinson's teammate from 1959 to 1962, and he says this is untrue and only "DeWitt's excuse." He laughingly describes Robinson as a bowler, a movie-goer, a big television fan and a tireless baseball talker. These were his pastimes off the field, according to Brosnan.

But the Orioles were wondering what Robinson would be like when he showed up in training camp this spring. The man they watched closely seemed to be extraordinarily confident, in a relaxed way, hardly fitting the "troublemaker" image. He showed this the day he appeared for extra hitting practice, principally to work with several of the younger players. The only time anyone saw him lose his temper was when he wanted to make a point about aggressive baseball. Paul Blair, who became his protégé in time, was slow coming in on a short fly ball one afternoon. Everyone who saw Robinson correct Blair remembers the scene well.

"He chewed him out right there," says one Baltimore newspaperman. "Right there on the field he gave it to Blair. He was so mad you could see his head bobbing up and down."

"I believe," Robinson says, "that every ball that stays in the park ought to be caught."

Once the season began, he did most of his leading by example. In his first Sunday doubleheader in Baltimore he hit a single, double, triple and two home runs. The second home run was the first ball ever hit out of Memorial Stadium. It stopped rolling 540 feet from home plate in the black-topped parking lot that is called Babe Ruth Plaza.

Later, as Robinson talked about the home run with reporters in the clubhouse, he used his big hands to help illustrate what he was saying. With each movement, the ridges of muscle that begin at his shoulder, and are still sharply defined halfway down his back, rippled and swelled.

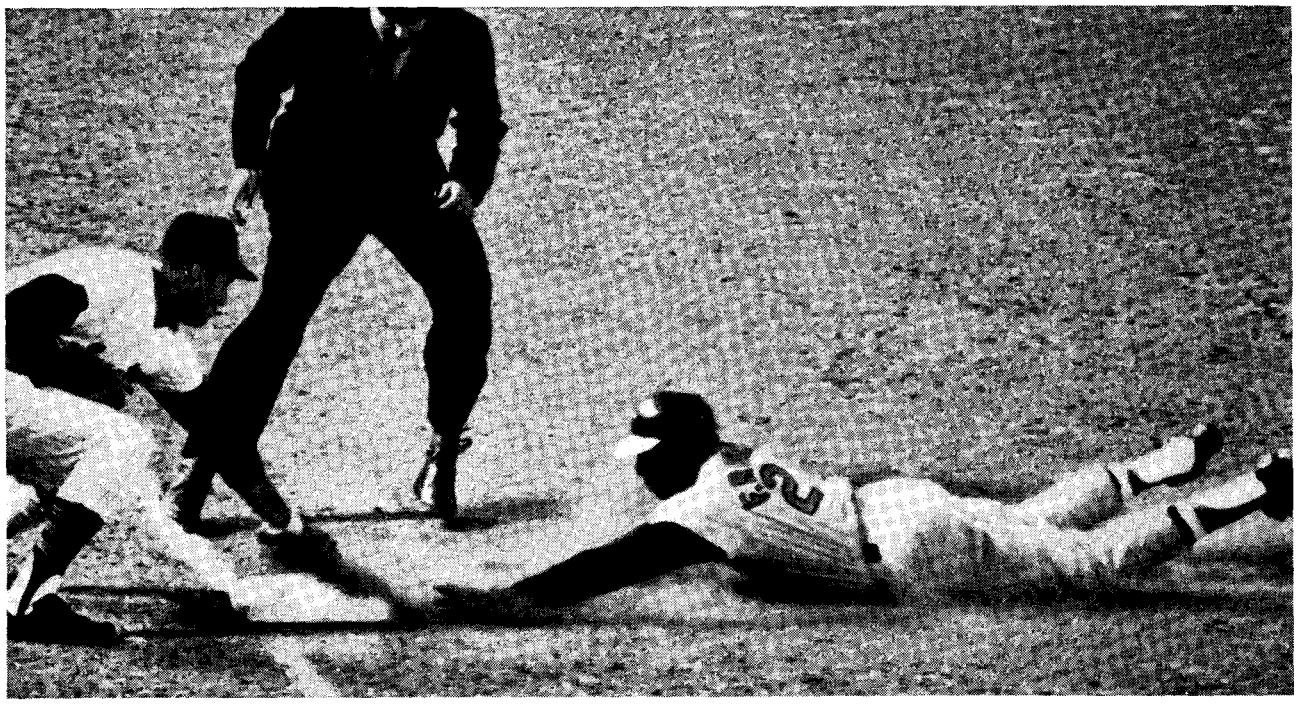
Bob Johnson, the utility infielder, watched Robinson giving the interview.

"Frank is an exhibitionist," he said, shaking his head. "He's such an exhibitionist they should lock him up. See those muscles? He did thousands of pushups as a kid to get them."

"He still squeezes a rubber ball for his wrists," said Blair.

"But look at those ridiculous wheels," Johnson said, pointing at Robinson's legs, which are long and slender, almost girlishly thin for a big man.

"If Frank's legs didn't have those big feet on them," said pitcher Dave McNally, "they'd stick in the ground when he walked."



With an all-out, headlong slide, Robinson beats the tag by the Washington Senators third baseman, Ken McMullen.

He has always had skinny legs and always he has been teased because of them. On Myrtle Street, in Oakland, Calif., where he lived as a boy, and in the Tompkins School playground where he first played the game, he was called "Pencils."

Robinson was the youngest of 10 children. His mother, Mrs. Ruth Shaw, who was separated from her husband, raised the big family alone and, while he remembers "things were pretty good," Frank was 12 before he owned his first glove. Five years later, in 1952, he was graduated from high school and signed with Cincinnati for $3,000—which he gave his mother.

There were three minor-league seasons then, two of them at Columbia, S.C., where he was called "Nigger" when he didn't hit. In 1956 he moved up to the Reds. "I was in a shell in those days," he says, "and I didn't have a friend on the club. That was the dark side of baseball for me."

In successive years he was the National League Rookie of the Year, Sophomore of the Year and "Gold Glove" winner as the leading defensive left fielder. Somewhat dazzled by this immediate success, he indulged a new fondness for cash money. He spent as much as $140 for sports-clothes outfits, bought a new car at least every year—he traded in one model after only 1,000 miles—and he walked around with from $500 to $2,500 wadded up in his stylish slacks.

He was carrying a good-sized cash roll the February night in 1961 when he and two other young Negroes fell into an argument with three white men in a Cincinnati drive-in restaurant. The police were called and asked the whites to leave the place. What happened next is confusing. Robinson says the restaurant cook so provoked him that he challenged the man to "come on, try me out."

The cook started toward him, carrying a butcher knife. Robinson took a .25 caliber Italian hand-pistol out of his pocket and held it in his left palm so that the cook would see it.

"He's got a gun!" the man screamed. Robinson was arrested and charged with carrying a concealed weapon. He spent the night in a detention cell because Bill DeWitt went back to bed after a newspaperman had told him the story over the phone. The Reds' president said the middle of the night was no time to have to deal with a bail bondsman and a desk sergeant.

Robinson was indicted and pleaded guilty, explaining to the court that he kept the gun as protection against the threat of robbery. He was fined $250. And everywhere he went that '61 season, he had the "gun incident" hurled at him. From dugouts and grandstands he heard, "Hey, ump. Frisk him . . . it's Pistol Packin' Frankie."

But he played as though he had to atone for his act. He hit .323 with 37 home runs and drove in 124 runs. He was named the league's Most Valuable Player and it was no coincidence that the Reds were the surprise pennant winners.

"I've never seen such a dramatic change in one player," Jim Brosnan says. "Frank became the club's leader that year."

In late October of that year, Robinson married 20-year-old Barbara Ann Cole of Los Angeles, and now his life began to change. He went two years without buying a new car, he lived on a budget, and 11 months after he was married he became the father of an adopted infant son, Frank Kevin.

"Having a child then," he said, "did us a lot of good. It filled out our lives, gave us a little more responsibility and made us a complete family. That's what life is all about it, isn't it?"

The shadowy story of the old gun incident followed Robinson to Baltimore—"I guess I'll never be free of it"—and so did his reputation as a vicious base runner, a man some National Leaguers said would deliberately try to maim an infielder with his spikes. One day recently he sat slouched in a canvas chair in front of his locker in Baltimore and talked about his approach to the game.

"I don't know where all that 'mean' stuff about me got started," he said. "I believe you should do everything to win, short of hurting someone deliberately. If you're going into second on a ground ball, you've got to break up the double play. If you just go in there with one of those easy slides because you and the shortstop are having dinner afterwards, you're letting your teammates down.

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"They don't play football halfway and nobody criticizes them. When you hit a man in football, you put a shoulder into him. That's the way I play. Sometimes somebody gets hurt. A few times it's been me."

Proof of this is on his body. Along his smooth, brown forearms is a series of ugly scars. They are mostly four or five inches long, the length of a tear in the flesh from a steel baseball cleat.

"Baseball, all baseball," he said. "That's where they came from."

He was holding out both his forearms and he began to finger the scars, one by one. "This is 1956, this one is '57, here's '63 and another '63.

"This one," he said, holding his forefinger on a scar halfway up the left forearm, "I got trying to steal home."

"You were out?"

"They said I was," he said.

As he told it, the scars had simple, undramatic histories. Almost all of them, he said in this matter-of-fact voice, resulted from plays around second base. He would slide in hard, intent on dumping the fielder, and the defensive man would come down on top of him, spiking him on the arm.

The longest scar fills the crease of his left arm. It is a raw-looking, ribbed line, remnant of a punctured bicep which took 30 stitches to close. He got it at second base three seasons ago. The Mets' Ron Hunt was the fielder.

"Funny thing," Robinson said. "He laid the arm right open only it didn't bleed much."

"Was it deliberate?"

He shook his head. "There was no way he could do it intentionally."

"Why not?"

"He doesn't know where I'm going to slide," Robinson explained, "but I know how he's going to cover the bag because I've studied him."

There is a professionalism about his style which has nothing to do with showmanship, even though he is one of the game's most exciting players. After his big catch in Yankee Stadium, he did not hold the ball over his head in the usual gesture as he headed for the dugout. Later a reporter told him, "Mantle thinks you should have shown the ball, so there was no doubt you had it."

"You go tell Mantle to catch them his way," Robinson said. "I'll catch them mine." He said it without resentment; what he meant was that showmanship was unnatural for him.

"There's only one way for me to play," he says. "I bear down all the time, and I've got this drive that makes me always want to be the best."

The pride which marks Robinson is evident the moment he arrives at the park. He doesn't smoke, nor does he drink during the season. He dresses slowly, with an almost ritualistic care. As he walks toward the plate his pants are evenly bloused below the knees and he is unwrinkled. The shirt is tucked in tightly, so deep inside the trousers that his No. 20 is almost at belt level. Now he steps quickly into the batter's box, and here Robinson makes his challenge. No one in baseball stands closer to the plate. His left foot is up against the forward chalk line. It can go no farther. His head is cocked around, defiantly over the plate. The bat is held straight up, and his left elbow juts out, aimed straight at the pitcher's belt buckle.

"He's out to get me," Robinson says, "and I'm out to hit him. When I got to the majors, I figured I couldn't afford to give the pitchers the outside corner. So I moved up closer to get the best possible look. Then I hung my head in there."

There have been times when Mrs. Robinson, who knew very little about baseball when she met her husband, couldn't stand to watch him at bat.

"At Cincinnati," she said, "the wives used to sit right behind home plate. Some days I would have to move. I can understand that the closer to the plate Frank stands the better he does, only I just couldn't take any more. Do you know that ball comes only *inches* away from Frank's head?"

In 6 years out of 10 he was hit oftener than any other National Leaguer. Going into this season, he had been hit 118 times, and he was hit in his first at bat as an American Leaguer. Three times he has been struck in the head and regained consciousness in the clubhouse or in the hospital. Still, he refuses to stand back from the plate. Late in the game, when the lines of the batter's box have been rubbed away, he seems to stand even closer.

When he was with Cincinnati, he once called a clubhouse meeting because too many Reds were being hit by the opposing pitchers. Robinson, standing in the middle of the room, delivered an ultimatum. The Cincinnati pitchers had to help out by brushing back the first batter they faced after one of the Reds was dropped.

What happened then is recalled by the Houston Astros' third baseman Gene Freese, who at the time was playing for Cincinnati. "One of our guys was hit the next game," Freese says, "but our pitcher forgot he was supposed to throw the brush-back ball. I looked over my shoulder and here comes Robinson. He's trotting in from right field to pop our pitcher right there on the mound.

"I hollered over, 'Here he comes! Here he comes!' The pitcher turned around, pretending to be rubbing up the ball, and waved Robinson back. He was nodding at Frank, 'OK, OK.'" As Freese remembers it, the very next pitch hit the batter under the ribs.

Robinson, as a new man on the Orioles, has called no clubhouse meetings. But he finds ways of being heard.

One night this spring, the team came home to Friendship Airport from a road trip to find 30 fans waiting, standing under umbrellas in a light rain. As their charter bus was filling up, a few players stood and signed autographs.

Second baseman Jerry Adair, hiding a can of beer in his raincoat, walked past this scene and from his seat at the rear of the bus began to ridicule.

"Look at those bush fans," he said. "Why don't they come out to the park and pay two-fifty? Damn, Baltimore is a bush town."

Despite the fact Adair holds four major-league fielding records, he was not playing. He had lost his job in spring training to Davey Johnson, a rookie, and he openly showed his unhappiness. Now he sipped his beer and looked around for someone to needle.

"Damn, Blefary got twenty hours' sleep and went 0-for-four," he said. "Me and my roomie got two hours' sleep and my roomie was one-for-one."

"Hey, Robinson?" Adair said, meaning Frank, who was then hitting .400. "I'm going to work on you now. I got Blair shut up. He's down to .200. I want to catch your act in August, when you're only hitting .300."

"You may not be here in August," Robinson said, not even raising his voice. The line was well delivered and drew laughs. Suddenly the tension was gone out of the incident.

Jerry Adair quietly finished his beer then and rolled the can the length of the aisle. It was the way Robinson did it that was significant to the Orioles. He didn't cut Adair down hard. He didn't even demand the last word and, as he had guessed, the second baseman was traded to the White Sox in June.

Another speculation about Frank Robinson when he came to Baltimore was: How would he get along with Brooks Robinson, the gentle-mannered Arkansan who is the team's established star and its spokesman? The Orioles depend so heavily on Brooks that a bad press-box joke goes, "At 9:30 tonight, Brooks Robinson dropped dead at third base. At 9:45, manager Bauer decided to remove him from the lineup."

Frank has made no effort, other than that of his day-to-day performance, to challenge Brooks's position. And, except for the nine or more innings they are together on the field, they go their separate ways. But both are professional ballplayers beyond anything else, and each has a strong professional respect for the other.

"Frank got a lot of print when he came over," Brooks says, "and he deserved it. Looking at the records, he's the best ever to play for Baltimore. And he has taken over as team leader. I don't project the way he does. He can talk about hitting, and I can't. When he talks about hitting to the young players, they listen.

"But," Brooks adds quickly, so there is no misunderstanding, "I don't want to be second best, not even to Frank. As for which of us is No. 1, I think I am. We'll just have to see how it works out. All I know is that having Frank here is good for me because I try harder."

Frank is the higher-priced Robinson, earning about $62,000, $5,000 more than Brooks, but Bauer will make no comparisons between his back-to-back batting stars. He knows only that the Orioles with two Robinsons are given their best chance to win a pennant since the moribund franchise of the St. Louis Browns was moved to Baltimore in 1954. In the 13 years since, the Orioles have challenged the league with 223 players, including the likes of Jehosie Heard, Frank Zupo and Angelo Dagres. But the '66 challengers, in addition to the Robinsons, are thoroughgoing major-leaguers—shortstop Luis Aparicio; Boog Powell, the 240-pound, freckle-faced first baseman; cocky Blefary; the rookie find, catcher Andy Etchebarren, and what Bauer calls "the best bullpen in baseball."

The Orioles' manager still wears his 1949 gold-and-diamond World Series ring. He also has eight other series souvenirs from the years he played right field for the New York Yankees in much the same way that Frank Robinson now plays it for Baltimore.

"We had a saying on the Yankees," he remarked one day recently. "When someone didn't run going down to first or eased up in some way, one of us would get on him. 'Stop fouling up our series money,' we'd tell him.

"Well, most of my guys are kind of quiet out there. But Frank, he has the same idea we had on the Yankees. He speaks up. He's not afraid. He's after that series check." □

"Forget to stop the newspapers?"

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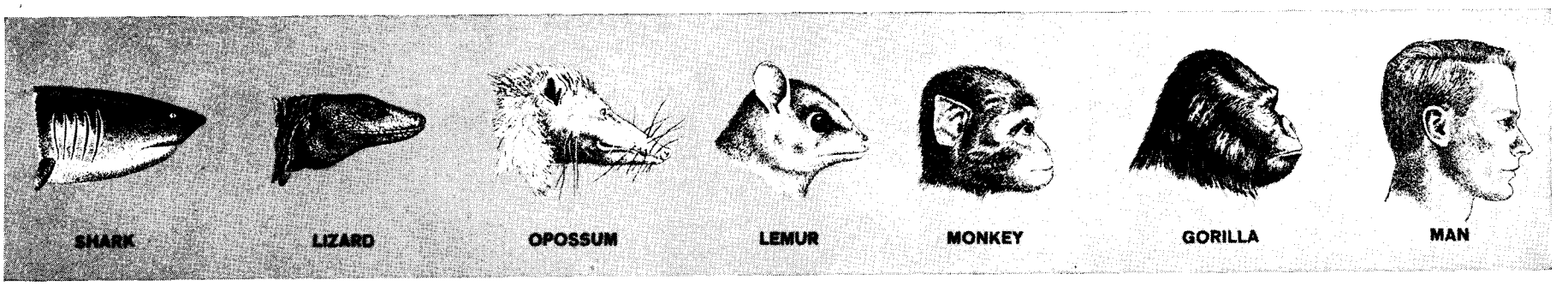

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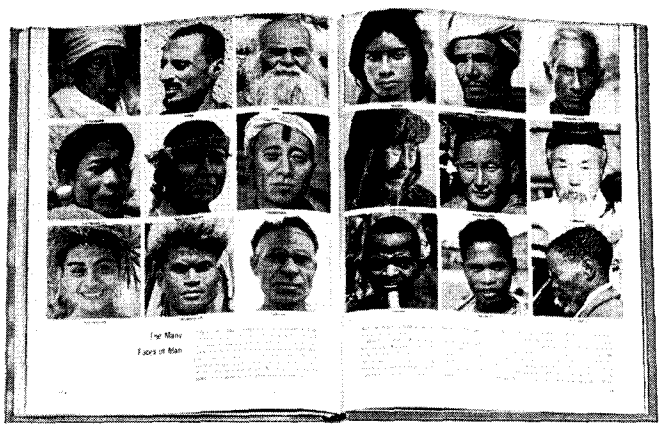

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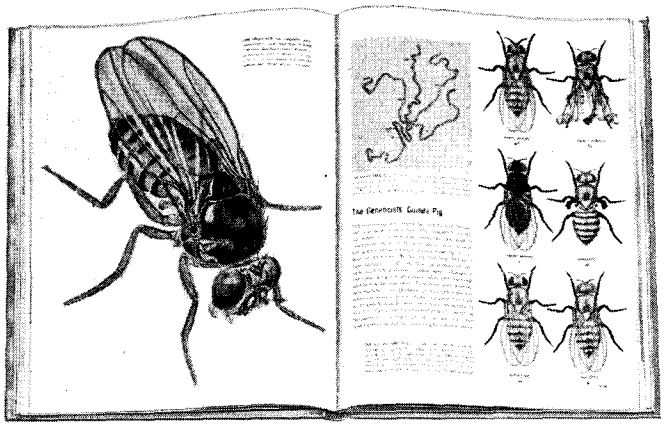

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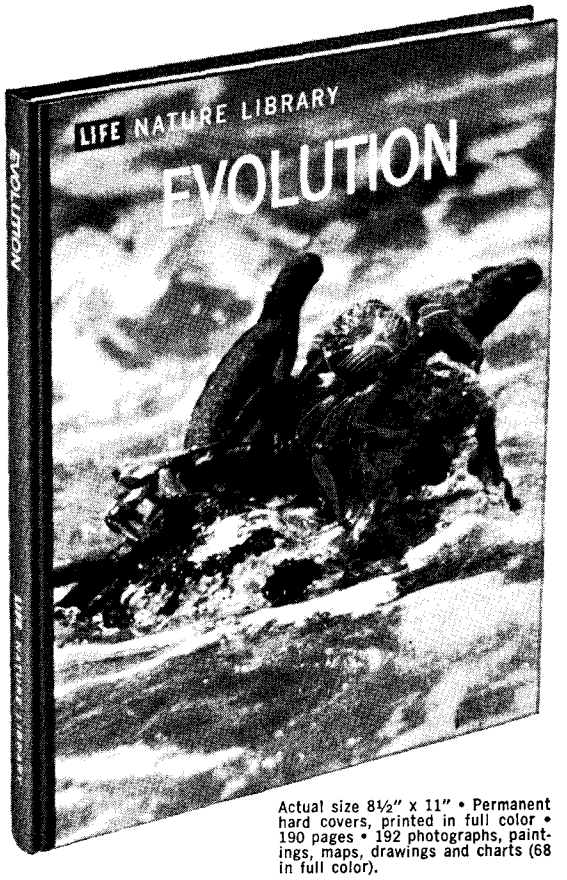

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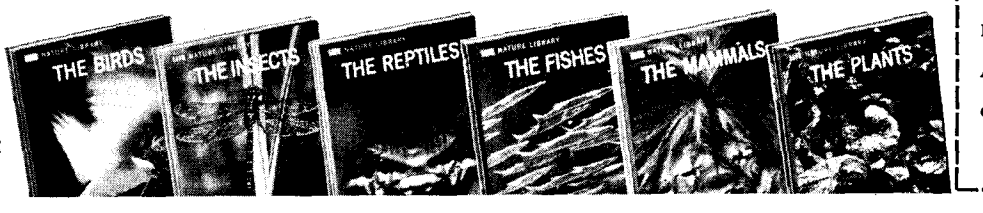

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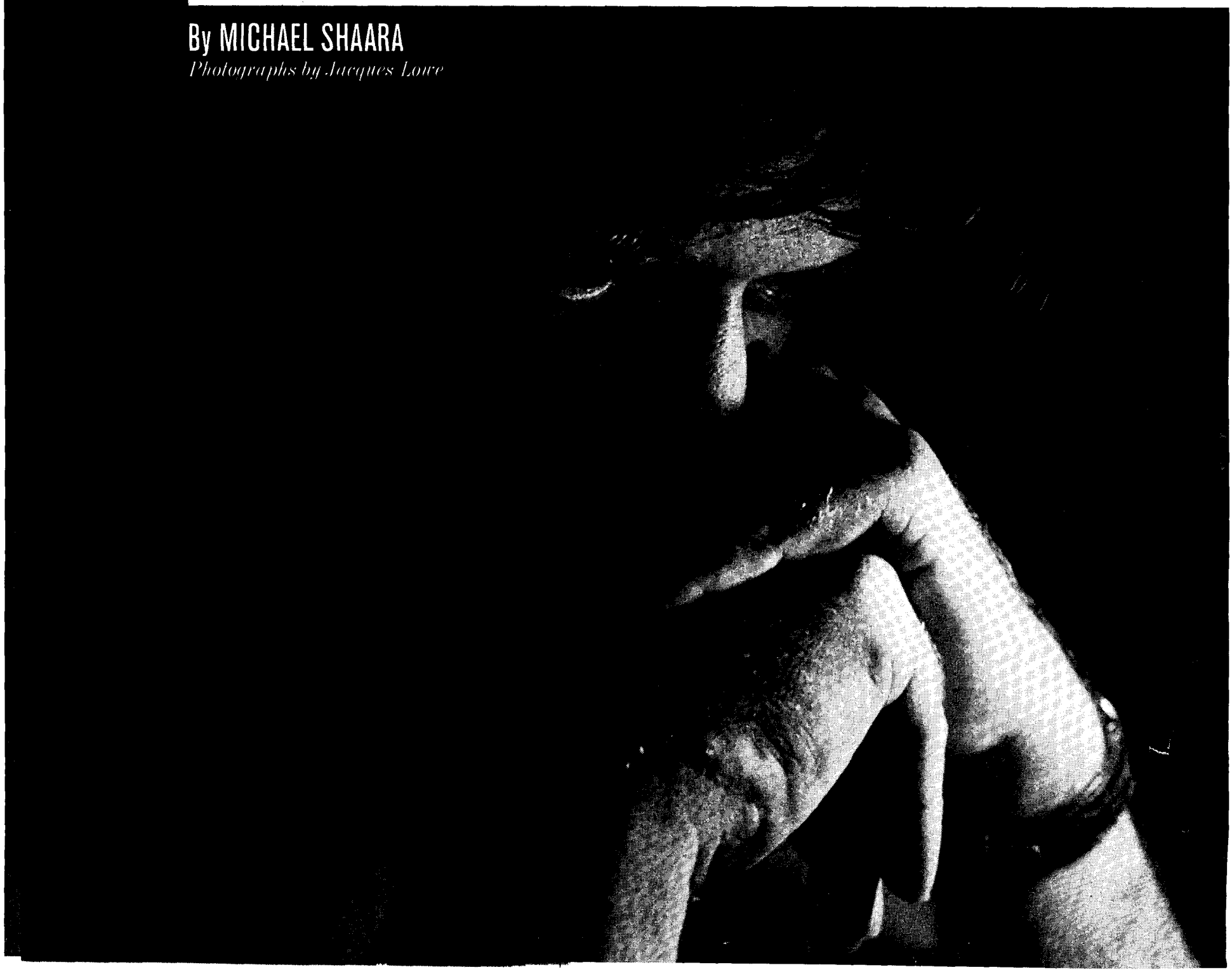
IN THE MIDST OF LIFE

A young teacher, suddenly stricken, his heart stopped for nearly an hour, describes what it is like to suffer a 'fatal' heart attack.

All that last year there were warnings. The first one came in the summer of 1964. I was lying in bed very late at night, watching the moon, unable to sleep, and my heart gave a sudden violent thump. Then there was a long, long breathless pause, and the heart thumped again. It seemed to be turning over inside my chest. I had never felt anything like that; until that night I had rarely ever been aware of my heartbeat. It was a frightening thing. I remember that I got out of bed and smoked several cigarettes before lying down again, but for the rest of that night the heartbeat seemed steady and normal. A few days later—again at night, waiting for sleep—the same thing happened again, that same unnerving heavy beat. Right after that I went to see my brother Rich, who is a doctor. He told me that I was pushing too hard, smoking too many cigarettes and drinking too much coffee, that I needed a good long rest. Well, of course, I was much too busy. I felt those peculiar heartbeats with increasing frequency all the rest of that year, but I did not take a rest. I was not worried, not then. I was intellectually aware of what those warnings could mean, but I was only 34 years old, had no history of serious illness, and had always prided myself on my energy.

By MICHAEL SHAARA

Photographs by Jacques Lowe



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'I PROMISED MYSELF A GOOD REST—AND WENT ON WORKING.'

I was an assistant professor of English at Florida State University. I was teaching a full load and doing some educational television and just finishing my first book. I promised myself a good long rest when the book was written, and went on working all night and smoking three packs of cigarettes a day and drinking an average of 20 cups of coffee. In the fall of 1964 I came down with viral pneumonia, but worked right through it. All that winter I was bothered by an increasing weariness, that same breathless thumping of the heart. By Christmas I was worried, but I was still too busy. In February of 1965 I developed a severe kidney infection. I stayed home for a week, the longest I've ever been off a job. I went back too soon. The last warning came on Friday, March 5, 1965.

The last class I was to teach ended at 11:05. The subject was to have been Thoreau, but I was aware as soon as the class began that I wasn't physically up to handling any serious discussion, so I deliberately dawdled, tying up loose ends from Emerson, and postponed Thoreau until the following Monday. When the class ended I was surprised to find myself actually weak in the knees. I blessed Friday and began the long walk down four flights of stairs and across the campus to the local coffee shop, for I badly needed a cup of coffee.

I had an office upstairs in the English building, but I rarely used it. I preferred the informality of the coffee shop and spent too much time there. This particular morning I was accompanied by four students. As we sat down together, I became aware of a really enormous weariness. I drank two cups of coffee rapidly, but they had no effect. The conversation went on around me, and then one of the students, a girl, remarked with brutal candor that a friend had mentioned the other day that I seemed to have aged 15 years during the term. It was at about that moment that I became aware something was wrong. I felt no pain. It was as if something had broken somewhere inside me, but the pain was delayed.

I rose and excused myself. I was no longer tired; I was suddenly afraid. There was in the air all around me a sensation of impending doom. I wondered if I was having a nervous breakdown. I began gradually to realize that I was on the edge of complete exhaustion, that if I did not stop now, right now, something terrible would happen. I drove home to my wife Helen and told her that there was something wrong.

My wife immediately called for an appointment with our family doctor, Earl Wilkison, but I didn't want to see him. I knew that I had no real complaint to make except this feeling of "impending doom," which would sound ridiculous, but I knew also that it was absolutely essential that I take a rest, that I come to a stop, regardless of what anyone said. I promised my wife I would see Dr. Wilkison, but when I left her I went back to the English Department and saw the chairman, Francis G. (Guib) Townsend. I told Guib I was shot and I needed a rest. He agreed instantly—he'd already warned me about spreading myself too thin—and helped me to get some of my friends in the department to take over my classes while I was gone.

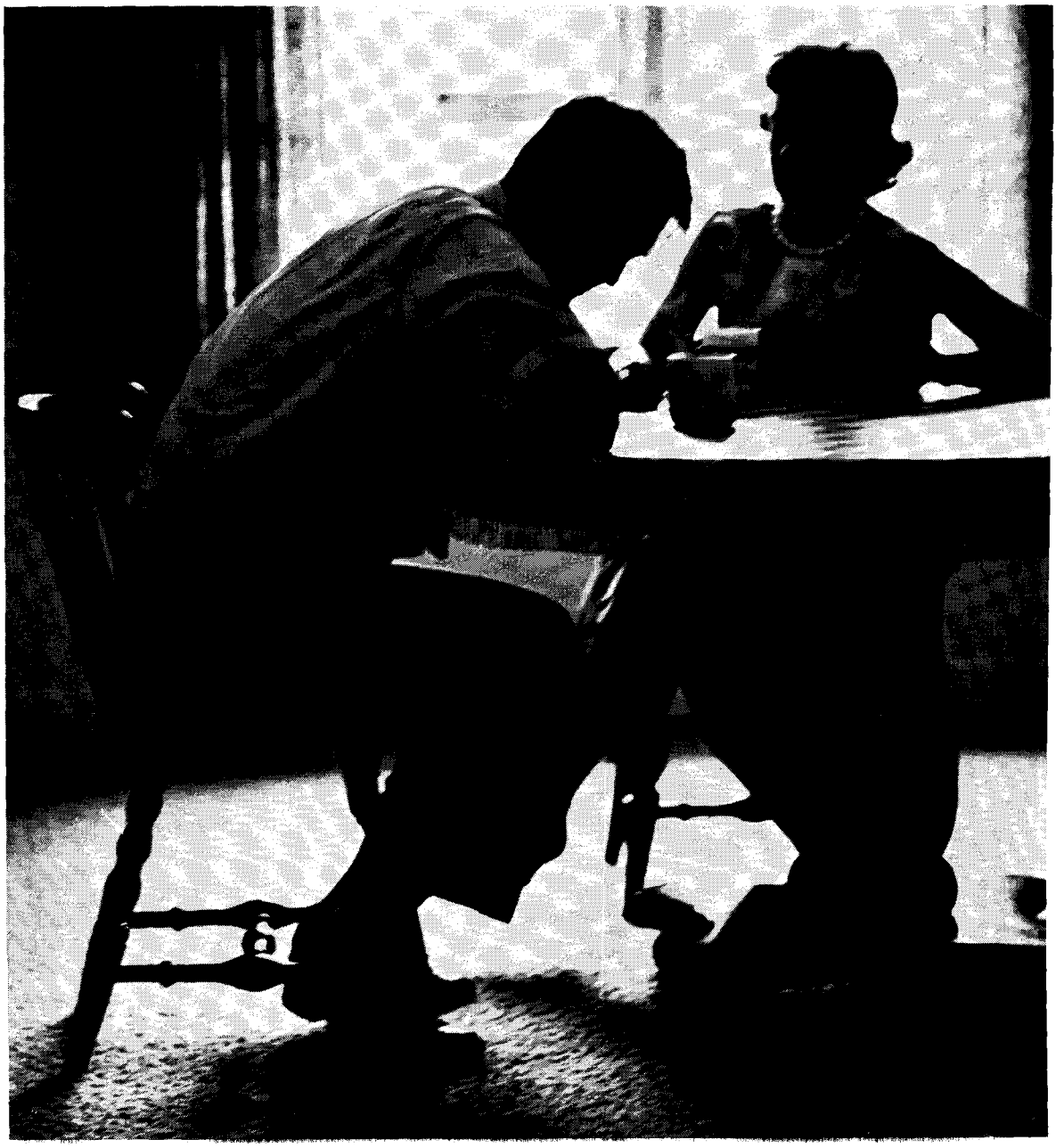
When that was done I began to relax. I went over to see Earl Wilkison and felt embarrassed to tell him what was happening, but he listened seriously and carefully and then listened to my heart, and then said I was right, I ought to take a rest. But there seemed to be nothing basically wrong. He advised me one more time to cut down on the coffee and cigarettes.

That night I packed my fishing gear and left town. I passed most of the next two weeks at a lakeside lodge by myself, fishing, reading. The weariness stayed with me, in every bone.

I went down to see my brother, in St. Petersburg. Rich listened to my heart. At about that time the heart had begun to speed up. The usual rate now was about 120 to the minute; average is anywhere from 60 to 100. There was still, always at night, that peculiar, heavy beat. Rich said the fast heartbeat was probably caused by too many cigarettes and too much coffee, and he knew there was absolutely no way in the world to stop me from smoking. As to the irregular heartbeats, all heartbeats are irregular at one time or another, since the heart is human and not purely a machine. But more even than that, Rich wasn't worried about heart trouble because of my age, and because there had been absolutely no history of heart disease in the family.

I got back home on a Sunday night. I did not feel substantially different than when I'd left, except that the feeling of doom was gone. There was now a feeling of silence.

The next morning I was due to teach that same class: American Lit. I had breakfast—three cups



Shaara drove home and told his wife something was wrong. He thought he might be having a nervous breakdown.

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of coffee—in the coffee shop. A student walked with me up the hill to the English Building and remarked that I sure was moving slowly that morning. When I got to the building I ran all the way to my classroom, up the four flights of stairs. I was trying to work myself up, to get the blood moving. I sat down on the desk, breathing hard, and listened as a girl in the front row began bringing me up to date on what the other professors had been teaching. And then I became aware of a cold feeling in the center of my chest.

There was, again, no pain. After a moment I excused myself and walked downstairs. I thought at first I'd get a drink of water, but then I realized I was sick. The coolness was spreading all through my chest. I went into the English office and asked the secretary to call my doctor. Then I found myself leaning over the railing, and I was trying to breathe. When I straightened up, I couldn't see. I told her I was going up to my office to lie down, but I couldn't see anything. I started walking, and somebody was holding me up and talking to me. I recognized the voice—it was a graduate student—but I couldn't see him. I am told that at that moment, going up the stairs, I was very close to death. We went into my office and I lay down and began to tell him whom to call. Then I could feel myself smothering. The coolness had swelled up inside my chest and I was being suffocated. I knew that I was having a heart attack. I remember once asking my brother how do you know you're having a heart attack, and his saying sardonically: "If it's serious, you'll know."

Somebody asked me if I could walk downstairs. I said, "Tell them I'm having a heart attack." Right after that I tried to say something about my wife; I wanted to say that I was fond of her, and I thought, that's an odd word, "fond," but somehow it was a stronger word than love, and then I went under.

I find it necessary to write the next part of this as if it happened to someone else. I was not conscious during most of it and remember almost nothing, and despite the fact that I have researched it all thoroughly, it is still difficult for me to accept what happened. In order to write this at all I must be objective about it, and I know that, as you read it, you will understand. I am going to refer to myself as "the patient."

I, the patient, had suffered a massive heart attack: medically, a myocardial infarction. An artery in the heart had become blocked and had hemorrhaged, causing necrosis or death of an area of heart muscle. Twenty to forty percent of patients with a first myocardial infarction die of it—half of them die within the first 24 hours. "The patient" had already survived the crucial first few minutes, the walk up the stairs to his office when he was in fact on the black edge of death, and he was still alive some 20 minutes later when he reached the hospital. But his condition was now extremely grave.

One of the most striking ways in which the heart attack differs from most other human diseases is that youth can be a handicap. The fact that the patient was a *young* man weighed heavily against him. The human heart is an incredible organ, and one of its most marvelous attributes is its ability to rebuild itself. As a man grows older his arteries harden, and, inevitably, his arterial passages grow ever more narrow. In most human beings the heart responds by building *new* arteries, developing what is called collateral circulation, *additional* circulation. The older man has less need to rely on any one artery; he has others to fall back on. The young patient, on the other hand, could not possibly have built up, at his age, much collateral circulation. He had no reserve.

And the attack had been massive. It is possible to have a very mild heart attack—so mild, in fact, that there are many people who have had recurrent heart attacks and have ignored them as indigestion. In angina pectoris, the most common form of heart pain, the arteries of the heart become too narrow to pump enough blood for normal needs. The act of walking upstairs, running for a bus or simply bending over—all these cause the heart to do more work, and it responds with a warning: pain. Sometimes the pain is quite acute, like a clamping vise in the chest, and often it radiates to the left arm and elbow, but it is still only a warning. Although the heart is weakened, it is not yet damaged.

What had happened to the patient was much worse. One of the arteries serving his heart had become blocked. There is no way of knowing exactly why. There are two main coronary arteries serving the heart, pumping blood to the heart muscle, and a portion of one artery had been cut off. Deprived of blood, an area of the patient's heart muscle had begun to die. His heartbeat, already erratic before the attack, was growing increasingly uneven.

The heart is composed of muscle fibers which are also electrical conductors. The heart muscle must beat in *rhythm*, starting at one end and beating toward the other, timed so that the blood is pushed out. But the damaged area of the patient's heart was no longer conducting; the electric pulse which should have initiated regular heartbeats was being shunted now into new paths. The heart was misfiring, skipping beats. A new electrical pattern had to be set up and maintained.

Dr. Earl Wilkison's office was less than a block from the hospital; when the patient arrived Wilkison was already waiting. When he saw the patient he was appalled. That there had been a severe heart attack was obvious. Wilkison ordered oxygen, to help the labored breathing—not enough blood was moving through the patient's lungs and therefore not enough oxygen was reaching his system. He also ordered morphine, both to ease the patient's pain and to relieve him of his fear. Then he called Dr. John Orson Smith.

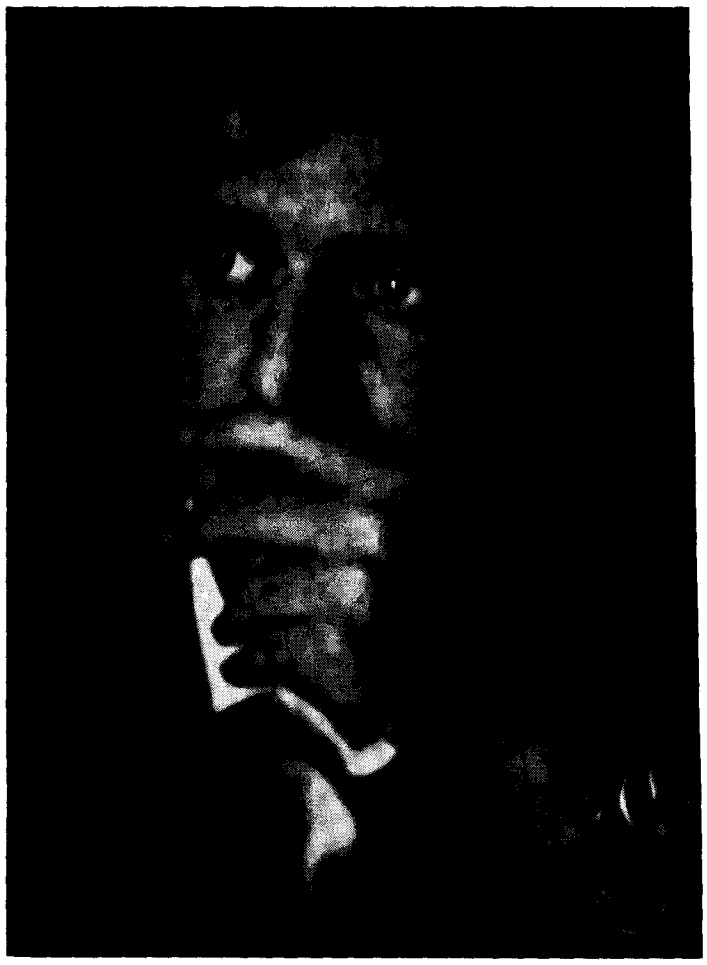
Orson Smith is an internist, a cardiologist. He is younger than the patient, four years out of his residency, a partner in the group of Butler, Harrison and Smith. He is a small, serious man, rather pale, studious. His reputation in that hospital is already considerable, in spite of his age.

Smith came as quickly as possible—myocardial infarction is a medical emergency. By the time he arrived the patient was conscious.

The first order Smith gave was for an electrocardiogram, which shortly confirmed the diagnosis of infarction. Then he took a history, noting the previous "heavy beats." It occurred to him that some of the dizzy spells could have meant brief cardiac arrests: heart stoppages. Smith is often uneasy about infarctions; he was especially so with this patient. He ordered him placed in the Intensive Care unit of the hospital, where a constant watch could be kept on him. The morphine was taking effect: the patient began to sleep.

The patient's wife was not informed until shortly after one o'clock that afternoon. Her first reaction was disbelief. There had to be a mistake. There was simply no heart disease in the family, and her husband was only 35. She drove out to the hospital and went directly to Intensive Care. The patient was in an oxygen tent, awake but very groggy. He said, "Honey, I'm sorry." She sat with him and he could see how afraid she was, and he was beginning to feel some fear himself. He could not help but think of his life as ended. When he went to sleep again, his wife left and went to Dr. Smith's office. He deliberately made no predictions; he told her only that her husband needed complete rest. She then called Rich, who was in his office more than 200 miles away.

Rich was stunned. He told Helen he would be there as soon as possible. He telephoned Dr. Smith to confirm the diagnosis, and then realized how close his brother was to death. Rich boarded the plane to Tallahassee at about five o'clock that afternoon. By then the patient's heart had already stopped beating.



'I am told that at that moment, going up the stairs, I was very close to death.'

The patient's wife was allowed into Intensive Care for only a few minutes every hour. She spent most of the rest of that afternoon standing in the hall just outside the door. At about 3 P.M. she went downstairs to meet a friend, who had brought her two children to the hospital. The patient's son Jeff, 12 years old, was told that his father was having chest pains. But the boy saw his mother begin to cry and concluded that the chest pains meant lung cancer, because his father was a heavy smoker and his mother had so often tried to make him stop. The boy thought his father was dying, but he did not ask, because he did not want to know for sure, and as long as no one spoke of it, he was safe. Helen arranged for both children to be taken care of, and shortly after four she went back upstairs to the Intensive Care room.

The patient was lying with his head slightly elevated. He was complaining of pain, of uneasiness. "My heart seems to be beating all over my chest." The pain worsened. He could feel it in his neck and arms. Just after four he was given another shot of morphine. Within a few minutes his heart began to fail. His wife saw his face turn gray. He tried to raise himself on an elbow. He said, "Honey, I feel funny," then fell back

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'I CAN'T HELP FEELING A CERTAIN SENSE OF DIVINE INTERVENTION.'

unconscious. His wife heard his throat rattle. She screamed for a nurse. The nurse, only a few feet away, rushed over, looked at the patient and led Helen outside. Then she called Dr. Smith.

Smith happened to be standing by his telephone. When he heard that the patient was "in trouble," he raced out of the office and across the street to the hospital.

He found the patient already blue with cyanosis, a state in which the blood is being deprived of oxygen. The nurses had rushed him onto a hard board, anticipating the possibility of cardiac massage, and oxygen was being forced into his lungs through a respirator. He was not breathing, and when Smith listened to his chest he could hear no sound. The heart had ceased to beat.

Until that moment the patient's luck had been incredible. He had taken a two-week rest just before the attack and so had built up some physical reserves. He had survived the first few moments and that walk up the stairs. His wife had been with him when the heart stopped, and Dr. Smith had not only been within call but had actually been less than two minutes away. And the patient's arrest had occurred inside the Intensive Care room, the only place within at least 100 miles equipped to handle the problem. But the last and most astounding piece of luck was that anything could be done at all.

Throughout most of human history, failure of the heart has meant death. The patient was, in fact, clinically dead, and it is only very recently that doctors have begun to realize that death is not always irreversible. "Clinical death"—a term coined by the Russian, Negovskii—is the state immediately following heart stoppage. It lasts for varying periods of time, never for more than a few minutes. The patient's heart can sometimes be restarted, but it must be done quickly. If the patient goes untreated, sensitive brain cells begin to degenerate irrevocably, and the heart itself shortly becomes too anoxic—oxygen-starved—to begin beating again on its own. Most authorities place an upper limit on clinical death at between 6 and 10 minutes, but brain damage usually begins to occur by the second minute.

Orson Smith had never succeeded in reviving a patient of his own. He had assisted other doctors, and helped on one successful case, but he knew the odds were against this patient's survival. Even if he were to revive the patient there was a very strong possibility of brain damage, of the patient surviving as a mindless vegetable, and the horror of that was a terrible thing to inflict on the man's family. But Smith had arrived soon enough; he thought there was a good chance. He decided to try cardiac massage.

He placed the heel of one hand above the patient's heart, pressed down with all his strength, and released. The heart was dilated, filled with blood. The pressure of Smith's massage forced an artificial heartbeat, expelled blood out of the heart and into the arteries. Smith kept up a steady rhythm, 60 beats to the minute. He was joined by his partner, Dr. I. B. (Bud) Harrison. Within a few seconds the bluish color in the patient's face began to recede. Now oxygen was being fed into the patient's bloodstream and circulated to his brain. The death of the brain was being delayed. As long as massage was effective there was a chance of reviving the patient. Smith bent down and listened to the heart. Sometimes the first few pressures of massage will start a heart beating. There was no sound.

Dr. Harrison had hooked up the electrocardiograph to the patient's ankle. Until he looked at the machine Orson Smith did not have a clear picture of what had happened. The patient's heart could have come to a complete standstill, or it could have gone into fibrillation. Fibrillation is the result of an electrical imbalance; the single, ordered pulse collapses into a wild quiver, out of control. The heart is unable to pump. Fibrillation can continue after death for as long as 12 hours. It cannot be heard. It is somewhat more serious than a complete standstill, because the fibrillation must be stopped before the heart can begin beating in rhythm, and stopping it is sometimes impossible. The patient's heart proved to be in fibrillation. The only cure is to give the heart a shock, electrical or chemical. A special machine for that purpose has been devised, and one had been installed in Tallahassee Memorial Hospital less than a year before the patient's attack. It was standing within 30 feet of his bed.

At that point two other doctors arrived and pitched in to help Smith with the massage. Smith then arranged the defibrillator, placed the two electrodes on the patient's chest, and delivered the first electroshock. The electrocardiograph went into convulsions, overwhelmed by the electrical forces involved, and took a few moments to settle down. Smith then saw that the jolt had been unsuccessful. The patient's heart was still fibrillating. The machine was set to deliver a current of approximately 200 watt-seconds. Smith applied the electrodes again. And again. On the fifth or sixth attempt the defibrillation was successful. The patient's heart began to beat rhythmically, by itself.

But the patient was now in profound shock. He had no detectable blood pressure. This is a grave complication, and 70 to 80 percent of all heart patients who go into shock will die of it. Smith and Harrison moved quickly to administer drugs to control the shock, and the patient's heart went abruptly back into fibrillation.

The massage was restarted. Smith again prepared the electrodes and again jolted the heart with the defibrillator. But it did not work. The current was increased. Still it didn't work. He called for Adrenalin and injected it directly into the heart. That was unsuccessful. He applied more electric shock, causing a burn on the patient's chest. That, too, was unsuccessful. He continued the massage, looking down into the patient's face.

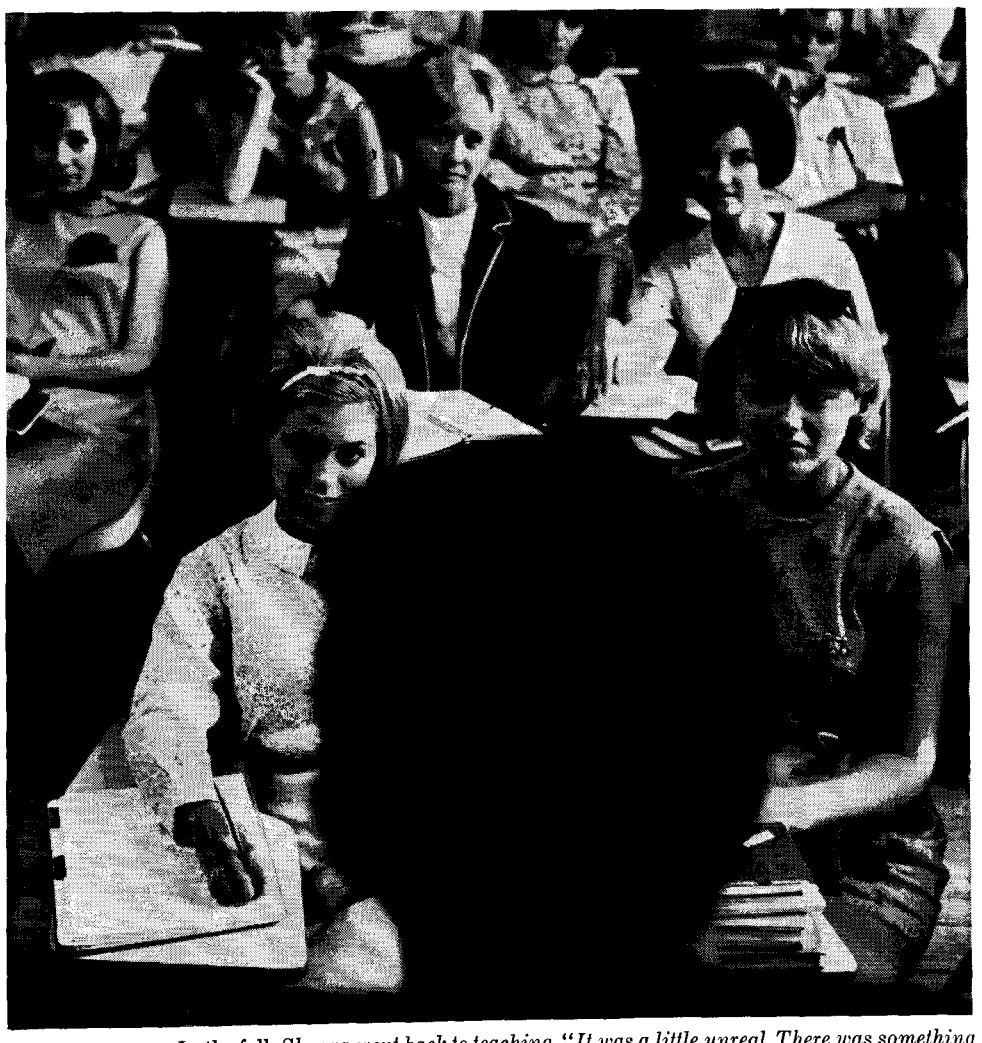
The patient's color was good. But he had been out now for nearly an hour, and cardiac massage is not nearly as effective as his own heart would have been—there would inevitably be brain damage, Smith felt. He talked the situation over with Harrison. There was one other step, a drug called Pronestyl. This drug is difficult to use because it can cause complete heart stoppage, but Smith and Harrison agreed that the situation could hardly get any worse. Smith ordered 500 mg. of the drug, administered it and went on with the massage, waiting for the Pronestyl to take effect. Then he turned the defibrillator up as high as it would go, to 400 watt-seconds, and delivered the shock. Within a few moments he could see that the patient's heart was beating. Blood pressure slowly began to come up. The patient had not gone back into shock.

He was not breathing; he had to be kept on the respirator for several more minutes. But then he began to breathe on his own. The heart was now beating with surprising strength. There was no way yet of knowing if there had been brain damage. After a while the patient opened his eyes. He said, in a very weak voice, "Now just what the hell's going on around here?"

The patient had been under massage for approximately 55 minutes. His wife had been waiting outside for more than an hour. Throughout that time she had been alone, trying to prepare herself for her husband's death. At about six o'clock Dr. Smith came out and told her that he thought the patient would be all right.

Smith went back in to wait by the patient's bed. A few moments later the patient's brother arrived. When he saw Helen's face he knew his brother was still alive. He went on into Intensive Care, alone, and saw his brother peacefully asleep in the oxygen tent. When Smith told him what had occurred, Rich was again certain that the patient would not live. Shortly after that the patient revived again, and Smith brought in his wife and his brother to see him. He recognized both of them, but not Dr. Smith, and he did not know where he was or why. He could remember nothing of the past few days.

I was in the hospital for 22 days. I remember very little of the first few days, in the oxygen tent in Intensive Care. I distinctly remember hallu-



In the fall, Shaara went back to teaching. "It was a little unreal. There was something new about it which I find difficult to explain. Things had been reassembled."

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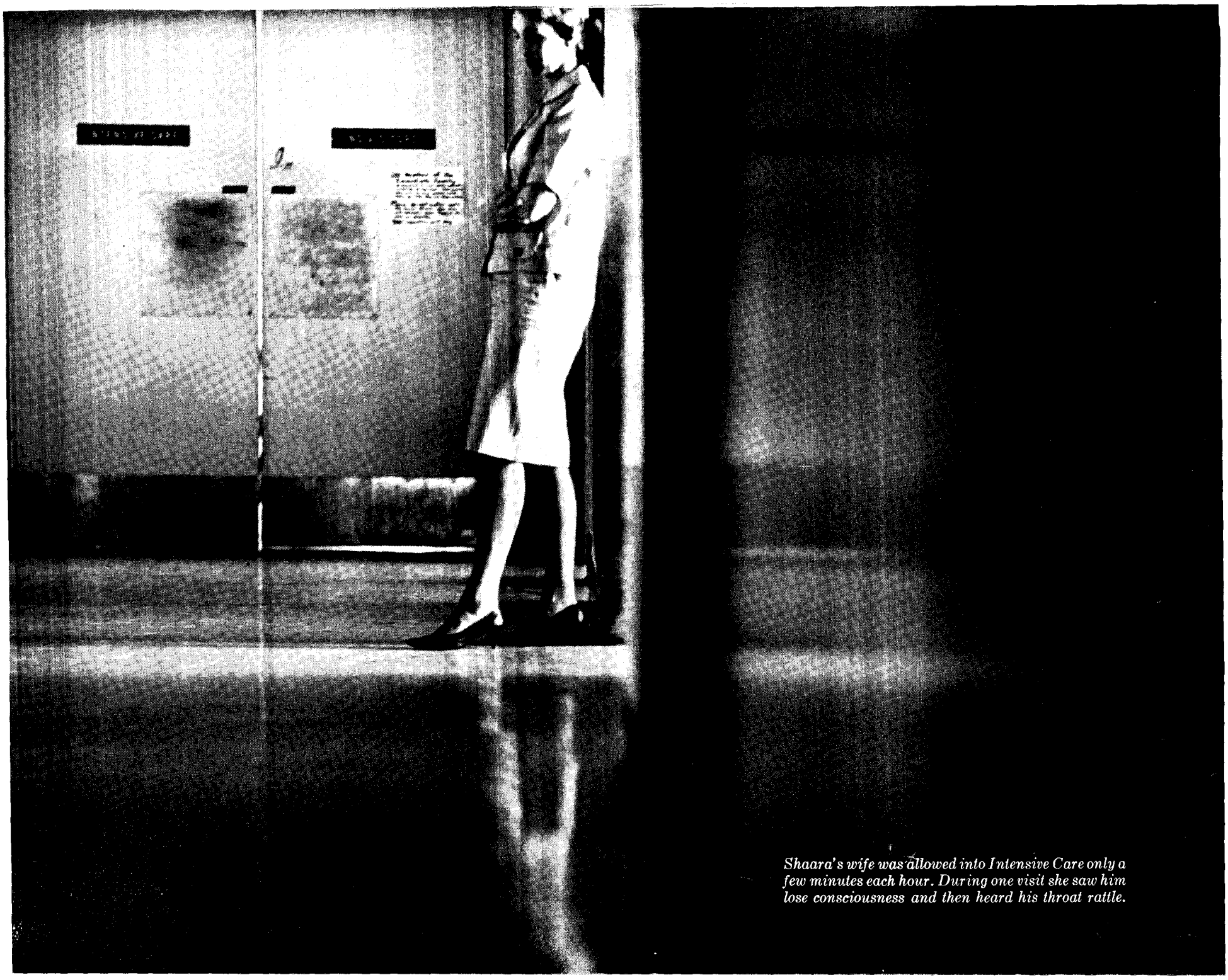

Shaara's wife was allowed into Intensive Care only a few minutes each hour. During one visit she saw him lose consciousness and then heard his throat rattle.

cinating; several times when I awoke there was music in the air all around me. For a while I thought they were piping it in through the same tube that poured in oxygen, but it was always the same song, a Christmas carol: *The Little Drummer Boy*. Any English prof would be quick to catch the symbolism in that: The song deals, as I recall, with a boy who beats his drum for the Christ child. On the sixth day they took me out of Intensive Care and gave me a private room. Two weeks later I was home.

I don't remember exactly when I first learned that my heart had stopped, but I knew about it before I was out of Intensive Care. I must have gotten the information from one of the aides, who didn't realize that I understood the term, or perhaps I overheard when they thought I was asleep.

For a while I worried about brain damage. In the early days I couldn't remember anything; every day I would read the cards sent in by the people at school, mostly students, and gradually it dawned on me that I was reading the same cards over and over. But after that first week things improved quickly.

I spent three weeks at home, then three weeks slowly getting back on my feet. At the end of nine weeks I was substantially cured. I wasn't scheduled to teach that summer, and I spent a quiet time resting and walking and doing a great deal of thinking.

During the first few weeks there were occasional spasms of horror—attacks of sudden, acute anxiety—and I am still unable to discuss the thing calmly. I have given up smoking, and I feel stronger and more rested than I have in years.

I went back to teach, in September, with a certain anxiety. I didn't know if I could do it anymore, and I was afraid of getting back into the same deadly exhausting routine. But it turned out to be easier than I expected. I sat down on the desk, and everyone was watching me and the faces were all young, fresh, open, curious, and there I was, back again. It was a little unreal. There was something new about it which I find difficult to explain. Things had been reassembled.

The worst of all this is what it does to your family. I catch them looking at me, sometimes, with fear. I am very sorry for that, and I try to take care of myself. I find that whenever I feel the need of a cigarette all I have to do is think of what my wife must have been going through in the hall outside Intensive Care.

I don't know if anyone has ever done a study on how men change philosophically after a serious illness. I am aware of a profound change in myself, but I am unable to describe it. Of all the hundreds of millions of people whose hearts have stopped beating, since time began, I am one of the very few who are still alive. Although the principles of cardiac resuscitation used on me are in use throughout the country, and resuscitation is now almost a monthly occurrence in many hospitals, cases as serious as mine are rare, and I know it. I can't help feeling a certain sense of divine intervention.

You have to treat this sort of thing lightly, of course. To your friends you say, paraphrasing Twain: "Reports of my death were not at all exaggerated," and at the same time you feel an extraordinary sense of calm. The knowledge that the heart has once stopped makes you listen more carefully. You realize clearly that it is going to stop again, soon, for good. But along with the listening you begin to hear other sounds, and eventually you get an incredible feeling of freedom. You know you won't ever again push that hard, you'll never again do the things that almost destroyed you. You've found the limits, you're free of that terrible drive. But at the same time you're headed somewhere. You don't know where, but you know something new is beginning. □

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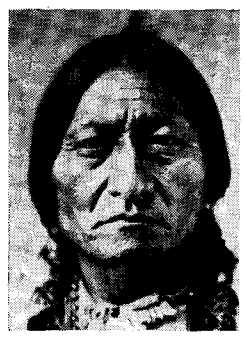
Editorials

Nice guys and losers

General Custer



Sitting Bull

For a nation that is supposedly obsessed with competing and winning, we show a strange affection for losers. Gen. George Custer, as Anne Chamberlin reports on page 70, was something less than a hero, but we have always cherished a certain admiration for the foolishness with which he went down to utter defeat. Nor is he alone among our great failures. We have repeatedly been told to "Remember the Alamo," but how many people outside Texas remember who actually *won* the battle? For that matter, who won the Battle of Gettsyburg that was so gallantly lost by Robert E. Lee? Do we remember that Admiral Dewey's victorious flagship was called the *Olympia*, or do we remember the *Maine*, so ignominiously sunk?

It is possible to argue, of course, that we remember these defeats and failures, these sufferings at Valley Forge and conflagrations in the White House, only as an inspiring prelude to the victories that customarily followed. But it is not true. We retain a kind of awed affection for our losers, and the more they lose, the more we admire them. The New York Mets are scarcely as popular now that they have climbed from the cellar into ninth place, and the powerful Los Angeles Dodgers bear little resemblance to "Dem Bums" who wallowed lovably in the second division during the '30's. Jack Dempsey, widely hated as a champion, became a hero when he lost his title. Even our villains acquire a certain aura of the heroic if they go down to miserable defeat. In all the saga of the Wild West, there are probably no more romantic figures than those two cold-blooded killers, Jesse James and Billy the Kid. Even Wild Bill Hickok is preserved in history at the moment he was shot in the back in a Deadwood saloon.

Why does the world love not a lord but a loser? Because we suspect that the Horatio Alger stories may not be true, that very few of us will grow up to become presidents and millionaires and the commanders of great armies, that most of us face, instead, a greater or lesser degree of frustration and failure. Thus the winner, admirable as he is, is a reproach to the rest of us, even a threat. The loser, on the other hand, is our surrogate—the man walking ahead of us under life's ladder just as the can of paint falls. We love him precisely because we're glad we're not him.

It is a love that we prefer to hide, because it violates every rule we have been taught, violates the idea that virtue is rewarded, that justice is strength, and that victories go to those who deserve them. So it annoyed us when Leo Durocher snapped, "Nice guys finish last." He was probably right, or more than half right, but we treated the statement as though Durocher were condemning himself rather than all of us. Still, if we refuse to accept Durocher's direct statement, we tend to find some truth in its reverse form—anybody who finishes last, no matter how stupid or incompetent, must be a nice guy. Even Sitting Bull, after all, is no longer an enemy but ultimately a loser like all the rest.

The unthinkable

The incredible paradox in the Nike X controversy—which Bill Davidson describes on page 19—is that Defense Secretary McNamara must make decisions based on two alternative possibilities, neither one of which can be rationally understood. It is assumed, on the basis of magical prophecies worked out by the Pentagon's computers, that the Soviets have enough missiles to launch a strike that would kill 140 million Americans and destroy this country as we know it. Aside from our retaliatory power, which would wreak even greater destruction on Russia, it is believed that Nike X could shoot down enough attacking missiles to reduce our death toll from 140 million to 70 million.

Thus one alternative assumes that there will someday be a war between the U.S. and Russia, as there have always been wars between world powers. If this assumption is true, and if it is true that Nike X would cut our death toll in half, it would be insane not to build it.

But the other alternative assumes that there will never be such a war, simply because no nation can accomplish any goal by destroying most of the world, including itself. If this assumption is true, then it would be insane to spend $30 billion on a weapons system that will never be used.

Thus the logic in either choice is insane logic. Secretary McNamara, the highly efficient executive to whom we have entrusted this decision, seems, in this instance, to have abandoned logic altogether. Instead, in deciding to delay construction of the Nike X, he is taking a gamble. We believe the odds favor his gamble, and we can only pray that the odds are right.

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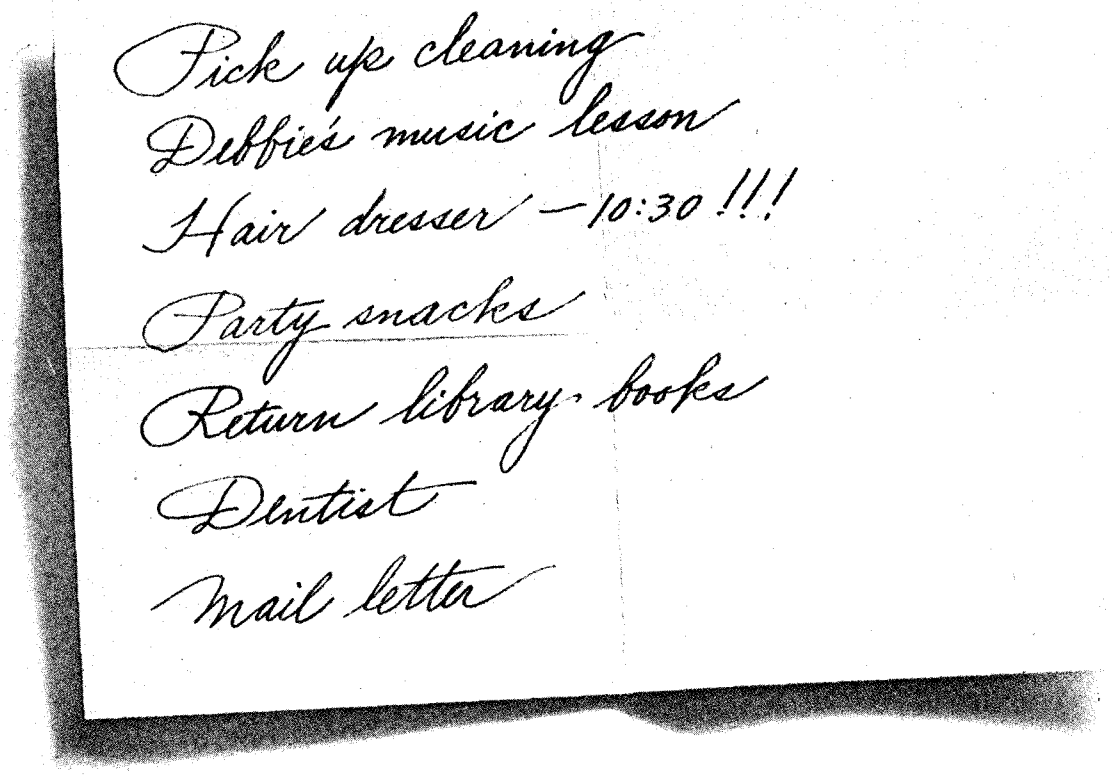

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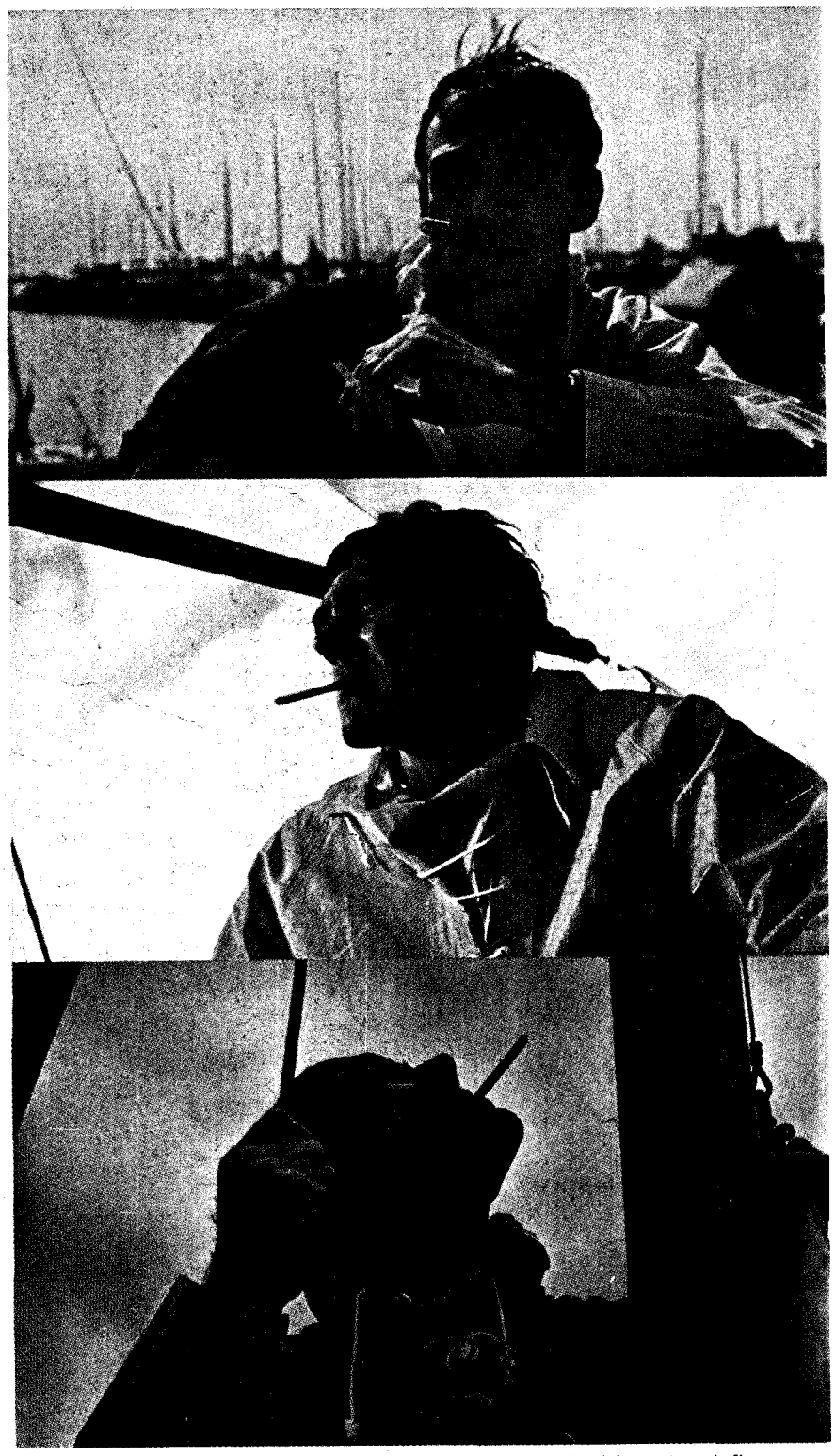

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